

The Australian

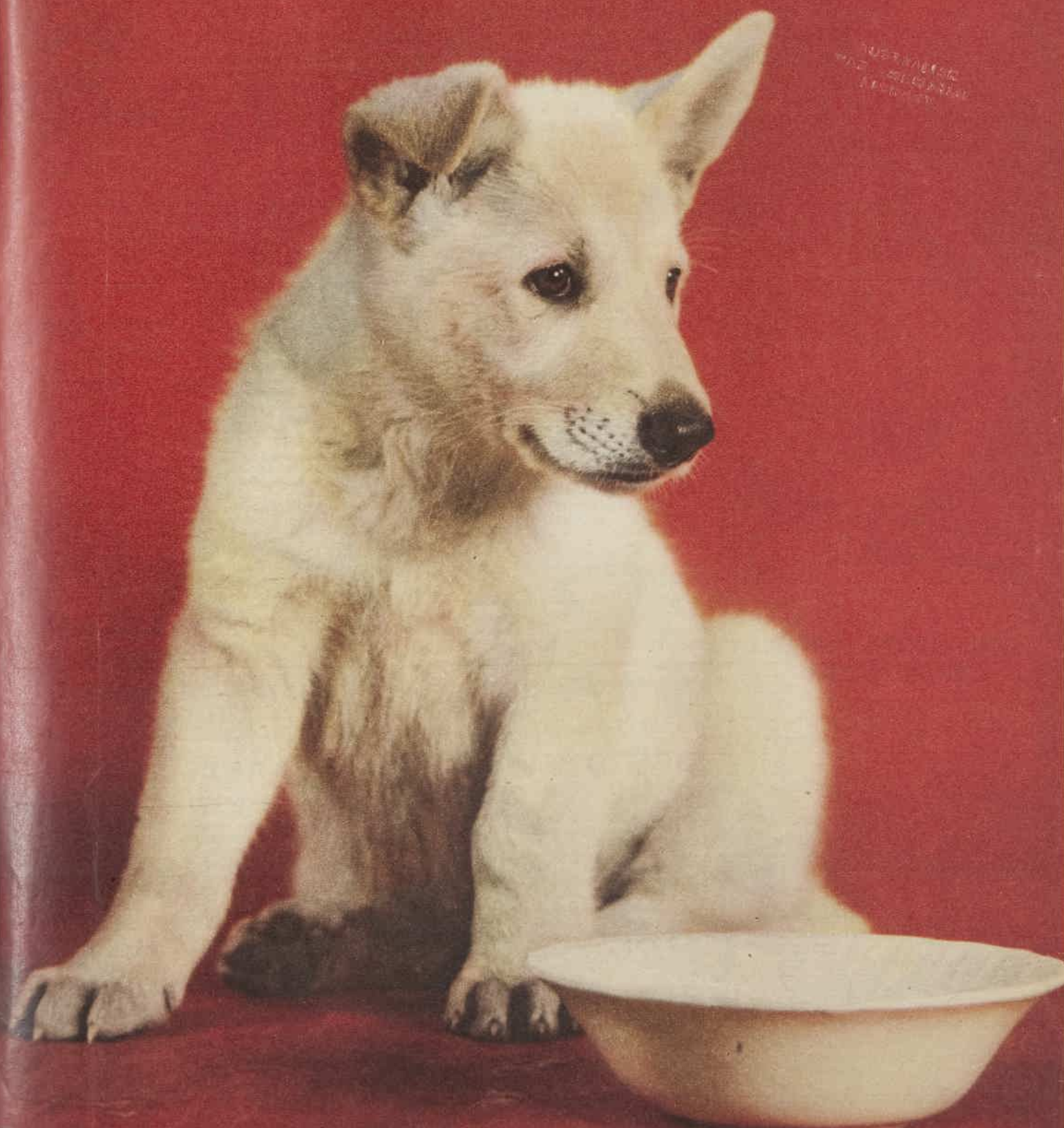
Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

OCTOBER 13, 1954

PRICE



PRINCESS MARGARET. Full page portrait page 11.

THE COLOR OF YOUR MONEY

It does seem extraordinary that, with all the colors of the spectrum from which to choose, Australian banking authorities should have selected such murky hues for the new notes.

Chief outcry against the banknotes has been on the score of confusion. Cashiers and others who handle money complain of making expensive errors by mistaking one denomination for another.

They sometimes confuse the ten shilling note with the ten pound note.

In the Federal House the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, said in answer to a question that he was getting advice from the Treasury about this reported confusion.

From a woman's viewpoint, quite apart from these very practical points, the colors chosen are so excessively dreary.

Money is cheerful stuff. Why shouldn't it be in cheerful colors?

The orange of the old ten shilling note was appropriate. It was a good, gay color, suitable for a sum which could be spent by most people without undue worry.

It is probably right that the colors should sober up as the amount rises in scale.

Why not red for ten shilling notes and brilliant blue for pound notes? Purple would be a color very befitting to the solemn worth of five pounds.

As for ten pound notes, nobody would quarrel with a drab and conservative hue for them.

A ten pound note, in spite of inflation, still retains an awesome and impressive character for most people.

We realise that other considerations besides aesthetic govern the designing of currency. Possibly too-bright colors would be hard on the eyes of bank tellers.

They could, however, wear dark glasses.

The majority of other people never see enough money for long enough to be dazzled.

Letters from our readers

NEW settlers in our country should be alerted to the danger of bushfires. Although notices tell them the necessary precautions to take, many of them don't imagine they could easily start something like the 1939 fires in Victoria, when so many people lost their lives.

H. Abbotts, Camberwell, Vic.

THE arrival home of Australia's famous young tennis players recently after months abroad, prepared to defend the Davis Cup, makes one wonder about amateurism. What is an amateur? Are these young men all sufficiently wealthy to leave their jobs for months at a time, year after year, to play tennis? Where do they get the money they spend?

B. Norman, The Glebe, N.S.W.

IT is surprising to see that Japanese authorities have a higher standard for butter

• 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

tests than Australians. It is alarming, too, to find out that, according to newspapers, various bacteria tests are not made on our butter. Even if the bacteria are harmless, it is nasty to think of eating them.

B. Black, Brisbane, Qld.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 148, Castle-street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 180, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 38A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

Our cover:

● The Alsatian puppy on our cover was seven weeks old when Mr. Ray Leighton took his picture. Since then the puppy has acquired new owners and has been called Rafi. Mr. Leighton tells us that Rafi's father, whom he owns, is a well-established cover and calendar boy.

This week:

● Mary P. Lucy, author of the short story on the opposite page, is a Sydney journalist now working in London. She has spent two spring holidays in Spain, the story's setting, and tells us that it should be high on the itinerary for all Australian travellers, because it is not only the cheapest country in Europe, but, in her opinion, by far the most interesting.

● We have some new features this week, among them "Woman of Interest" on pages 16 and 17. From time to time we will picture other Australian women in a similar way, showing them in the setting of their homes and in their favorite clothes. Luxury recipes in the cookery section is another new feature, which we present as well as our Inexpensive Family Dish series. Also in the home-maker section you'll find our iron-on transfers.

Next week:

● Now that our series of lift-out novels for fireside reading has finished for this year, we have decided to extend our serial instalments to twice the usual length. Next week we present the first half of a two-part serial, "Of Masks and Minds," by Frederick E. Smith. This is a remarkable first novel by a talented young writer whose plays have already met with success in London theatres. From now on we will publish outstanding novels in these long instalments, two, three, or four parts, according to the length of the book. They include Compton Mackenzie's latest novel, "Ben Nevis Goes East," and "The Royal Box," by Frances Parkinson Keyes.

● Our teenage section next week has an extra attraction—Candy Hardy frocks which readers can buy. Candy Hardy chose the materials and designs, and they have been made in our own factory. They can be bought either ready to wear or cut out ready to make. There are seven designs, illustrated in color, and they are in top-fashion materials, including straw cloth and polished cottons.

● Other attractions for teenagers: A new hair style, specially created for us by a leading Sydney hairdresser; a collar to make (crochet, studded with rhinestones and pearls).

By Madame de Groot, well known Continental dress designer and fashion advisor.

Vilene THE FASHION SHAPE-MAKER

Have you discovered 'Vilene' yet? It makes the difficult part of sewing easy. It's the first and only non-woven interlining that builds perfect, permanent shape into a fashion garment. It never needs starching, can't be permanently crushed, but will wash and dry quickly and, yes, will dry clean.

Q. What about a half-circle slip?

A. This type of slip gives you a smooth hipline, so use net or any other light material and line the slip with 'Vilene' starting 10" from the waist. You can make it straight or star-shaped like the Weigel pattern sketched. 'Vilene' is smooth and doesn't snag your stockings. Use 'Vilene' cream A65, or black S65.

• WAIST PETTICOAT pattern — Weigel 1610 (in waist sizes 24, 26, 28), at your favourite pattern department... or by mail if you send 3/4 (which includes postage) to Madame Weigel, 225 Lomax Street, Richmond, Victoria.

Q. How can I keep my Jersey dress in shape?

A. A 'Vilene' interlining will take care of those beautiful soft folds that are so important in a jersey dress. It will give a permanent 'new look' to jersey, without sacrificing softness. Use 'Vilene' A50. Line cummerbund with 'Vilene' A80.



'Vilene' hints:

HINT 1. When sewing 'Vilene' and a fabric together, always sew with the outer material on top.

HINT 2. It's best to use larger stitches than usual when using 'Vilene'.

HINT 3. Don't use too hot an iron directly on the 'Vilene'. But when it is covered, just use whatever heat is right for the outer material.

HINT 4. Don't use 'Vilene' under pure white or with metal-thread fabrics.

ALWAYS work with pre-shrunk fabric when you use 'Vilene' and press it before you sew. Because 'Vilene' is unshrinkable.



HELVETIA Free Arm

SWISS ELECTRIC PORTABLE SEWING MACHINE

It's so simple and easy to slip a trouser leg, a blazer sleeve, blue-jeans, overalls, skirts, a sock... ON TO THE HELVETIA "Free Arm" for darning, mending, patching or reinforcing. See a demonstration at your authorized HELVETIA retailer — take along a holed sock and use it darned on the spot. The "Free Arm," plus the controls, plus the seven attachments (NOT EXTRAS), being advanced sewing within easy reach of the home sewer. A 10-year guarantee with full service and spare parts stocks backs every HELVETIA sold anywhere in Australia.



The extension table clips into position in seconds for normal sewing. Note the in-built light.



There's a place for everything in the handsome week-end type carrying case. Three colours — cream, green or burgundy.

SWISS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

DISTRIBUTORS:
N.S.W.: John Martin Pty. Ltd., 190 Pitt St., Sydney.
VIC.: A. H. Gibson (Electrical) Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.
QLD.: Charles P. Pty. Ltd., Brisbane.
S.A.: Swaine McLean Ltd., Adelaide.
W.A.: A. H. Gibson Pty. Ltd., 110, Perth.
TAS.: E. J. Casley Pty. Ltd., Launceston.
AFRICA: A. H. Gibson (Electrical) Co. Pty. Ltd., Johannesburg.

COUPON

(To your State Distributor)
Please send me full details of the HELVETIA "Free Arm."

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W. No.

A madness most discreet

By MARY P. LUCY

THE tourist coach shook itself across the dry Castilian plateau, like a dog coming out of a bath. On one of the back seats, Miss Swinnithwaite swayed gently, rhythmically, with the motion of the vehicle.

Being English, she had opened her window to the fullest extent, so that a fine golden film of dust settled itself on her, on her protégée Clare Marshall, and on most of the other passengers.

Also being English, most of the other passengers didn't care—but Clare was battling at once with a desire not to miss a single olive-tree of the landscape and an inability to hear a stream of comments from the engaging young Australian schoolmaster cross the aisle.

The young Australian, who had joined the touring party two days before, at Irún, had tried hard to manoeuvre himself into the seat beside Clare that morning when they left Madrid for Toledo.

But he had reckoned without Miss Swinnithwaite, who did not approve of talking to strange men—even on ten-day tours—and who regarded all those who came from the Dominions as only once-removed from Huns or Vandals.

The voice of the guide, speaking through the public-address system, broke in on Clare's exasperated thoughts:

"We are now approaching Toledo," it said brightly, in clear English. "When we have turned the next curve in the road, you will see the city spread before you on its heights above the river Tagus . . . It is, of course, the same river Tagus on which stands Lisbon, the Portuguese capital."

The voice then proceeded, quite effortlessly, like linguistic sleight-of-hand, to repeat this statement first in French—for the benefit of two middle-aged women who had joined the coach at Bordeaux—then in Spanish, for the benefit of a South American honeymoon couple holding hands in the front seat.

Miss Swinnithwaite regarded these translations as an affront. She would never have booked Clare and herself to make the tour had she realised that they might gather foreigners along the way . . . Foreigners! Colonials!

Miss Swinnithwaite gave the mental equivalent of a sniff. Her eye lighted disapprovingly on the young Australian: he looked back with a gaze at once naive and unabashed.

He was a slight young man, with good features, thick fair hair cut short as a convict's, neat—but deplorably cut—clothes, a surprising knowledge of European history, and an unmistakable accent.

Miss Swinnithwaite, as founder and headmistress of Thornford College for Girls, reluctantly conceded his knowledge of history. As a Londoner by birth, she could also, at a pinch, have overlooked his accent. But the fact that they did not really know him she could not forgive.

"You're not listening to the guide, Clare, my dear," she said reprovingly. For once, Clare didn't answer.

"Oh-h-h!" Miss Swinnithwaite heard her say, half to herself.

For the coach had stopped, and, even as the guide had promised them, there lay Toledo like a brilliant and lovely mirage in the sun—a mirage in which the pages of history had fluttered back a thousand years; a city straight from the Arabian Nights—but with touches of Romanesque and Gothic to complete the fantasy.

Incongruously, Shakespeare words came to Clare's mind: "the gorgeous palaces, the cloud-capp'd towers" . . . Incongruously—because no cloud disturbed that Spanish

To page 55

With anguish Miss Swinnithwaite noticed that the man had picked up a long knife and was testing its point, his eyes fixed on her.





So young,
so very exciting
is Pier
Angeli

and so
are those
Californian
styles
by
Betty
Barclay



U.S.A. EQUIVALENT
\$11.19
PRICE IN AUSTRALIA
£4/19/6

Betty Barclay
CALIFORNIA

FROCK OF THE WEEK: (Style 5118). A two-tone pin spot in crease-resistant polished cotton. Alternate tones in skirt. A glorious *Marchington* Fabric.

REPRODUCED & DISTRIBUTED BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LTD. IN AUSTRALIA

Tense and exciting conclusion of our
swift-moving, colorful serial.

FALSE FACE

By VERA CASPARY

MICHAEL Q. SHANNON was addressing a luncheon meeting of the Downtown Business Men's Guild. His subject was the private citizen's responsibility for crime prevention. When he found among the downtown business men's faces the countenance of Philip Everclyde, Shannon almost forgot the point he had intended to make.

A new thought came and he said, "On the other hand, there are certain citizens who are almost too zealous in their interest in criminal activities. This is sometimes more dangerous than public indifference."

At the end of the speech Philip joined the group who wished to shake the District Attorney's hand. "Great speech, Shannon."

"Maybe you should've made it. What are you doing here?"

"Trailing you. I called the office but your secretary said you were booked solid for the day. I want to talk to you."

"I tried to reach you last night. Why did you hang up when you heard my voice?"

"Was it you? We must have been cut off. I answered but there seemed no one on the line. Why should I be afraid to talk to you?"

"I can think of reasons. I telephoned again. Several times."

Philip laughed at fears that no grown man should have given brain space. "After the first call I just didn't answer. I thought I was being teased by mobsters."

"You'll be teased by a lot of people if you don't mind your own business." Shannon offered his hand to the business men's chairman, said, "Great meeting, wonderful lunch," then took Philip's arm. "How about coming with me to eat at the club? I never touch the food at these shindies."

The club's dining-room was deserted except for two ancient members still addicted to heavy noon meals. After he had ordered a three-inch steak, Shannon said, "One question before you say anything. Are you acting in Miss Redfield's interests or collecting data for your next exposure of laxity and corruption in the office of public servant Michael Q. Shannon?"

"Isn't that what you advised citizens to do? In any case I'm within my rights as citizen or attorney."

"You've been poking your nose in some strange holes lately."

"How do you know where my nose has been?"

"My organisation has ways of finding out."

"What a pity your organisation can't discover facts more pertinent to Miss Redfield's whereabouts than the location of her attorney's nose," retorted Philip.

Since Shannon did not rise to the challenge, he continued, "Any more news about Brazza? Has your organisation discovered when he got out of Westfield? There's been nothing about that angle in the papers, I notice."

"What purpose would it serve? There's no sense in destroying public faith in our institutions. Even you can't impugn the integrity of the warden."

"What about the report that Brazza was seen on the grounds after the news

of Miss Redfield's disappearance had been made public? Has that been cleared up?"

Shannon laughed. "What I gathered from my last talk with the warden was that no one was sure Nick had not been seen there on Tuesday."

"So the confusion still exists."

"All of Nick Brazza's records are in order. There are stamped, signed copies of his dismissal from the infirmary and of his return to the cell block."

"I notice," Philip said with a smile, "that the records of Westfield are more carefully guarded than the prisoners."

"It was at my advice that the warden gave out nothing about the confusion in the time of Brazza's escape."

"You're all very tender with your organisations."

"We've got our work to do. Would publication of these details help find Miss Redfield?"

"Concealment and subterfuge haven't helped much. I prefer fighting in the open."

"Then let's fight the people responsible for her disappearance rather than use up our energy quarrelling with each other." The rebuke was so urbane that it seemed an offer of friendship.

"Look here, Phil, what have I to gain if Nina's disappearance remains a mystery? Your side will use it against me for the rest of my life. Right now our only idea should be to find her. We may disagree on broad principles but we've got to work together."

For the first time Philip recognised the charm which had won so many votes for Shannon. In the next half hour he learned more about the handicaps of Shannon's job than he had learned from years of counsel from political advisers. A man had to be tough of fibre and strong of bone to bear the weight of compromise, to keep friends, work with enemies and hold on to a splinter of principles.

Although he knew enough of practical politics to be sure that election moneys are garnered in strange ways and secret pacts honored as sedulously as public duties, Philip had always believed he would be able to uphold a rigid code. Perhaps he was ignorant, stiff-backed, too unyielding. As a lawyer, he knew how to split hairs a thousand ways but he had never been willing to shave an ethic.

Was his prized integrity a neuter virtue? Had he the moral agility for a job like Shannon's?

While Philip was thus engaged in introspection, Shannon returned to the Redfield case. It was not Nina's name but Jake Landsome's that amused Philip.

"We know now that Landsome and his family went to Florida on the thirteenth of October. They always go south early in the season because Landsome finds this climate hard on his heart."

"Last month. You're quite sure?"

"He was seen driving in Miami last Thursday. On Friday he was taken sick and he's been in bed since."

"It was Thursday that Bushie Neal was picked up, wasn't it?"

"What does that prove?" asked Shannon sharply. "According to the report I got, Landsome hasn't been out of the house and his doctor's called twice a day



and servants say he's too weak to see visitors."

"You think he's here in town?"

"We're trying to find out. The aeroplane companies have no record of his flight on Friday but he might have used a private plane or travelled under an alias. He's such a colorless type that nobody'd remember him. What did Nina say he looked like? A history teacher. To me he's more like a lawyer."

As lawyers they laughed over this.

"There's one thing more, Phil, and I believe it might help us find the girl if you'd open those clam-like lips and give us a clue," teased Shannon. "What's the sixty-four dollar secret?"

"You mean the information that Nina is supposed to have got from Nick Brazza?"

"If it's big enough to get Jake Landsome out, it must be tremendous. Has she told you anything?"

"Believe me, I'm as ignorant as you are," Philip confessed. "I've accused her of deceit, treachery, connivance with criminals but all she'll admit is that Nick Brazza's an old friend for whom she once cherished a schoolgirl passion."

"Do you believe there's more to it than that?"

"Perhaps from Nina's angle, but not from Nick Brazza's or Landsome's. As you've found out, I've been doing a

Swinging round in front of Andy and Nina, Nick fired as the men emerged from the thicket.

little investigating on my own. It may interest you to know I was closely shadowed last night. That's why I thought the cut-off phone call was just more of it."

Philip told Shannon of his journey to The Cushion, his investigation of the cabin, and of certain subsequent developments. A car had followed him on his return journey, and a man had watched from the house opposite.

"There might be other suspicious tenants in your building. Or maybe it was a fellow waiting for his girl," commented Shannon. But he took copious notes. "Exactly where is The Cushion? When did you first notice the car? How'd you like a man from my office to work with you?"

"That'd make it convenient for your staff to discover what my nose sniffs out."

"Why should the Everclyde Committee get all the credit?" laughed Shannon. Then his eyes softened and he said, "What's the sense of our breaking ourselves out trying to get something on each other? This is no game of cops and robbers. A woman's life may be involved."

"Okay," said Philip. "I'll notify you before I start out on any important investigations and you can unleash the bloodhounds."

Later that afternoon a man reported to Philip. He had a square-jawed, open face, strangely familiar.

"Where've I met you before?" Philip wanted to know.

"I don't think I've ever met you, Mr. Everclyde, but I seen your picture in the papers."

"What's your name?"

"Sam McHenry." Noting Philip's frown, McHenry added, "Yeah, Gracie's my sister. We look alike but we're not. I don't approve of her any more than you do. There's always a rotten apple in every barrel."

"Isn't it rather a coincidence, your being assigned to this job?"

"No coincidence at all. I happened to

grow up with some of the people concerned in this case, knew 'em as kids in school. Mr. Shannon thinks that might be important, although I'm telling you I don't know nothing."

"Whoever suggested that you did?" asked Philip.

Later, when he was alone, with neither Shannon's charm nor Sam McHenry's logic to divert him, he wondered if he had not been as gullible as any of the private citizens who had voted the District Attorney into office for the third term.

Had Sam McHenry been assigned to that particular duty in order to protect Philip or had it been to keep Shannon's most dangerous critic from discovering the weak link in the chain which bound Bushie Neal to Sam's sister, Gracie to Nina, Nina to Nick, Nick to Jake Landsome, and Landsome to the local political machine?

WITHIN a few days Nina Redfield has been seen eleven times in places as remote as Montreal and El Paso. "But I am Nina. You'll be sorry if you don't believe me," shrieked a woman with newly dyed red hair as she was borne off by ambulance attendants in Chicago.

In Council Bluffs, Iowa, a body bloated by weeks in the Mississippi was said to have the same proportions as those given in official descriptions of the missing school-teacher. The police of many cities were watching railway express offices for trunks not immediately claimed, and in Georgia a couple registered as man and wife in the Dixie Moon Hotel were hauled off to the police station, because the woman had freckles and red hair. But her eyes were brown and she was honorably married, although not to the man she had registered with at the Dixie Moon.

On the same day in Hollywood, California, two motion picture studios registered the

title "The Nina Redfield Story," and in Long Beach, twenty miles down the coast, a medium claimed to have held communication with Nina's spirit.

Flo Allan suggested a reward fund and pledged five thousand dollars. The Everclyde Committee added five thousand in addition to the sum offered for Bushie Neal's capture and rejected by Nina. An anonymous donor added ten thousand more. Teachers, pupils, neighbors, friends brought dollar bills, pennies, and war saving bonds to Dr. Griffin's office.

Of this clamor and anxiety Nina knew nothing. She had no idea that her friends mourned, and would not have believed that in some part of the nation her name was on the radio every hour of the day. The fog had closed around it so densely that Oakheart seemed to stand alone in a world devoid of all life but that which its walls held.

Yet for Nina it was a period of sharp consciousness. She was as excruciatingly alive as in a dream where self-awareness is all throb and climax without the chores and dreariness of habit. Not for her a static, bodiless existence where, by avoiding its pangs, one misses the enchantments of the flesh. The trifles, brushing, washing, combing, were her link with herself. With sanity.

Most marked of all was the change in her way of thinking about Nick. No longer the product of schoolgirl ardor, medieval prince, Correggio's angel, he was still not the reverse, the front-page gunman, Public Enemy Number One or Ten.

He had become like all the others, a man of flaw and virtue, soiled, a weary traveller groping his way through the dark in an unknown land. To Jake Landsome he might have played willing stooge but he was also the crime boss' victim, a sucker as well as a scourge to the society that had bred him.

Sensing the change, Nick tried to restore the old status, teased, cajoled, sought ways to amuse her. There was no more boasting, nor talk of violent adventure, nor reference to his association with crime's social register. If she asked questions he said brusquely, "I told you before, it's not healthy to know all the answers."

What Nick wanted was to wash yesterday off the calendar, to restore the day before, to dwell in the distant past. How ardently he remembered details that Nina had considered too ordinary to think about twice. He could talk endlessly about secrets of school days, athletic triumphs, teachers' peculiarities, chocolate-pineapple sundaes, skating races on the mill pond, Sundays at the river beach, a girl's lisp, a boy's tennis racquet, a father's car, graduation rings, bonfires, spelling bees, Christmas parties.

His joy in it made the past come alive, filled the room with half-forgotten voices.

These games entertained Nina for a time, but could not satisfy her. She had not Nick's desperate need to disown the future.

"How long have we been here now?" She

To page 10

"Cute Tomata"

by **CUTEX**

NEW...the FRESHEST, RIPEST RED ever cultivated..
Prettiest pick for fingertips!

Warning to bachelors! Here comes the gayest, brightest, cutest breath of spring that ever breezed into town! It's YOU . . . flaunting this season's fresh and flirty new red . . . "CUTE TOMATA" by Cutex.

a stop, look and whistle red . . .
that's just your pick for spring



A short short story
By NEIL
MELVILLE

I'd rather lose a day

I WAS reading a book of Dr. Samuel Johnson when I came across the phrase which stuck in my mind. A great writer and thinker, Doctor Johnson was one of my favorite authors.

You ought to read some of his work some time. Full of good, down-to-earth sense he is, and there is plenty of it in his writings.

Anyway—to get back to the phrase. It was remarkable, and I read it three times. "I look upon every day," it said sagely, "I look upon every day as lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance."

I put the book down and thought it over, and then thought of all the days in my forty-three years that had been completely wasted.

My circle of friends was like most ordinary persons' circles—not too big. There was my wife, my family, her family, including at a pinch, I suppose, her mother, all our relations, with a few violent exceptions, the next-door neighbors. Except, of course, when little things like an unreturned lawnmower or a fiver intervened. And a few regulars at the club.

But outside of this circle I practically knew no one. What, I thought, did I know about men in different sorts of jobs—say, a baker, a panel-beater, a wharfie, a barrow-man, and so on?

And then I read Johnson's sentence again and drew myself up. Tomorrow I would not waste. In fact, I would try to make up for as many days as I could while I was at it. It would be good practice for what should become a daily habit.

I tried it out early. "Good morning," I said to the tram-conductor, a thing I'd never done before. All he did was look amazed, but I wasn't to be put off so easily. Find something to interest him, that was one way to make a friend.

"I see your wage-claim has been passed," I countered.

And there was a definite response. He smiled. "Yes, 'bout time."

"Yes, you work very hard, you chap, and quite deserve it."

He warmed to me now, and I could feel friendliness just oozing out of him. "Ours we work are somethin' shockin'," he said. "shockin'. Up at four this mornin', I was, and don't go off duty till three this afternoon."

I nodded sympathetically and the conversation was proceeding well till he realised we were nearing town and he had to dash away to get all the fares collected.

It wasn't till I'd got off and was walking to the office that I realised I'd quite forgotten to pay my own fare. Ah, well, I would pay it tomorrow. My friend the conductor would understand.

Pleased with such an auspicious start, I walked into the office and glanced across at Diana—Diana the cypist, with the golden curls, the blue eyes, and tinkling voice.

Up to now I'd never had the courage to say more than a mere hello and good-bye to her. But today, with Johnson whispering encouragement in my ears, I went across boldly.

"Hello, Diana. My, what beautiful earrings!"

She simpered. "Yes, aren't they, Mr. Piper."

A good start. "You look simply ravishing, too. Cool-looking dress, that off-the-shoulder idea. You

know," I bent down and became confidential, "I often wonder how those things stay up."

She smiled again, but was there an anxious look on her face?

"Ah, your eyes! So blue. Like the Mediterranean. And your lips like a bright red coral, and . . ."

But I stopped suddenly. Diana's lips had wavered and she burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, but vainly.

"I take your hands off me. Leave me alone—you—you wolf!" she said.

I didn't try making any more friends during the morning. My colleagues at the office are those types you can only be acquaintances with and no more. And, anyway, men in the same office are never conducive to close friendships.

I enjoyed a good lunch at my restaurant, and then it struck me that I always enjoyed good luncheons there and never did anything about it. Today would be different. I would see the chef and make a new friend.

I did, and I made a great friend. The chef, a Mr. Tomaso Bianchi, was a man of extravagant dimensions and extravagant talk. He welcomed me like a long-lost brother when I explained my visit.

"Ah, com inside, com right in. I will show you just how everything she is cooked. Now here . . ."

It was all most interesting and

Tomaso was most voluble, but it was well past two when I dragged myself away.

Whenever I'm late the boss is always early, and so it was today. He signalled me into his office when I got back.

Well, I never had been a great friend of his anyway, and what was one friendship severely strained to two completely new ones?

In the hotel on the corner I scrambled up to the bar and hung on there. "You serve good strong beer at this hotel," I said to the barman in a lull in his serving.

He beamed. "She's not bad at all, eh?"

I tacked on to a new course. "I don't think I'd like your job, you know. Too much like hard work."

"There's no harder job than bein' a barman," he began. "For a start, I 'ave to get up at . . ."

With short breaks while he served customers, the barman, whose name was Montague, Monty to me, became a firm friend of mine and poured into my left ear all his woes. I listened sympathetically, knowing that a good listener is the best conversationalist.

Monty wouldn't let me pay for my second drink, nor my third, nor my fourth. We talked and talked, and, when six o'clock came, we parted with firm resolve to remain the best of friends.

On the homeward tram my acquaintance of the early morning, the conductor, was on duty again.

But now he wouldn't hear anything of being a friend of mine and threatened to call a policeman if I didn't pay the fare that I hadn't paid that morning.

"Making me talk away like that just to get out of paying your fare," I heard him saying loudly. And I was too much aware of the looks of the other passengers.

"Friend!" And he gave a disapproving grunt before passing along the car. I crouched in my seat in the corner and slunk off the tram when it reached my stop, and slunk up the avenue home.

My wife was not in the best of

moods when I got in, and she drew back after I kissed her.

"You've been drinking!" she snapped.

"Only my usual," I felt droopy and not inclined to argue with her in spite of all the things she said. I sank into a chair, exhausted and bewildered.

I ducked just in time as a book came sailing close by my head, followed by the angry words, "You're not listening to me." I said I was, and picked up the book. It was one of Dr. Johnson's, and I let it fall again.

I never read Dr. Johnson now. He's a bit dry, and some of the things he says are stupid. At least, I think so.

(Copyright)



"You look ravishing," I told Diana. "Cool-looking dress, that off-the-shoulder idea."

PLAINS
ROAD
MAY THE WIND BE AT YOUR BACK - MAY THE

Half-Wish, Half-Prayer

WHEN you start a wish—or rather a half-wish, half-prayer—the way Judy did that September morning eight years ago, you never know. You can't tell who will pass it along or to whom, or where it will end. Nor can you foresee the amazing thing it may help bring about. You just don't know.

Judy sat at breakfast that bright day, pretending to eat the substantial plateful her mother had set before her, but doing no more than crumbling the crisp bacon into the egg. Her mother watched her silently, her eyes tender and anxious. This was the morning her mother had dreaded all summer.

"Can't you eat more than that, dear?"

"I'm not hungry," Judy stood up abruptly, in quick decision. "Lloyd's leaving this morning. I want to say goodbye."

"There's really plenty of time."
"I promised I'd be early."

She dropped her serviette into her chair and walked to the kitchen and through the back door. After a moment her mother followed. She watched the slim, young-girl figure, the blond hair hanging loose to her shoulders, the legs long and tanned beneath the shorts.

Judy walked along the wooded path that led to the golf course beyond, Lloyd Bartner's cottage, where he had been staying all summer with his parents, was on the far side of the course, nearer the beach.

Judy's walk was so jaunty and gay, her mother thought, and the swing of her arms so eager. Even today, even now, so jaunty and gay and eager. Judy, who was no longer a child and not yet a woman, could be both at the same time.

Some of the hurry went out of Judy's step when she was on the smooth green of the fairway. Here, where she had golfed so often with Lloyd these summer months, it was

nice to move slowly through the moist grass, and to think back to every word he had said to her, to every approving smile he had given when her drives sailed straight and true towards the green. And she really could remember, she thought. She would always remember. Practically every word, every smile, back to the first day they'd met in June.

He liked playing golf with her, he said. She gave him all the competition he wanted. He hadn't bothered with any of the older girls in the summer crowd, she thought happily, either for golf or dates. Unless, of course, there was someone unknown to her whom he had met at the late dances at the club, to which Judy was not yet allowed to go.

But when she asked him about these times, always the next morning and always trying hard to pretend she was joking and that it didn't matter to her in the least, he laughed and said, "They're not my type. Not one of them." That was what made it so wonderful. It had been just she and Lloyd all summer long.

She crossed the smooth approach to the fourteenth hole. Lloyd's cottage was in sight just ahead. She stood still for a moment. The only sound in the morning calm was the thumping of her heart. Then she started forward, arms swinging again, to say goodbye to the man she loved and would always love.

He was twenty-six years old, which made it marvellous. It made it just perfect, because it meant they wouldn't have to wait too long. Perhaps just a year, until he had his medical degree and she was sixteen.

His car was in the drive at the front of the cottage, and he was loading bags into the boot. Her heart gave a sudden bounce at the sight of him, the way it always did. She drew a deep breath and raised her voice. "Hi there, you!" she called.

He straightened and turned. "Judy," he called, his hand raised in salute. "So you made it?"

"You knew I'd be here," she said reproachfully. "I promised."

"You're not always the early bird, kid. You've kept me waiting at the first tee many a time."

"I couldn't sleep," she said.

It was partly true. But it was not this morning that she could not sleep. It was last night when she first lay on her bed, listening to the end-of-summer chirping of the frogs outside and feeling an end-of-summer ache in her heart. She had stayed awake for hours, dreading the morning to come.

She walked from him towards the side of the cottage. There was no privacy here in front. A lilac hedge, leafy and tall, ran along the side path. She heard him following her, his feet crunching into the gravel.

She stopped and waited. Here they were shielded from view. It was the goodbye spot she had decided upon as she lay awake last night. Here at last she would hear him say the things she had waited all summer to hear.

"It was the most wonderful summer I ever had," she said. "Was it for you?"

"Great fun," he nodded. "The best."

"Why does it have to end?"

"Time has an annoying habit of running out," he said lightly.

"How long before I see you?"

"Cleveland's a long way from here," he said.

"You'll have the Christmas holidays," she said hopefully.

"I'll settle for the day with the folks. I'll be cramming for my exams."

"Won't I see you till you come back next summer?"

He laughed. "I won't be back next summer, kid," he said. "Playtime's over for me for a while. I'll be a brand-new doctor next summer,

if I can make it. And that spells work."

She watched him anxiously. "You'll write me, won't you?"

His shoulders lifted and fell. "It's like this, Judy," he said. "I'll be hitting the books hard. The last year at med school's the tough one. But if I do have a chance around Christmas—"

Her eyes widened in dismay. "But that's months away!" Her voice softened. "It won't matter," she said bravely. "Just so I know you're thinking of me."

He glanced at her quickly. "I won't forget you," he said. "You're a sweet and lovely kid."

Her heart pounded with panic as she stared at him. "Is that all there is to say?" The alarm in her voice surprised and startled him.

"That, and thanks for being kind to me," he said. "I'd have been a lost soul here without you."

"You wouldn't either!" she cried. "There were older girls you could have gone with. And you didn't want to." Her eyes pleaded with him. "So you must like me!" she said, her voice rising with the assurance she needed so terribly. "You must!"

He watched her closely. "I'm very fond of you. I—Judy, what is it? You looked scared or something."

Her eyes were enormous in her young face. "Lloyd, you love me, don't you? Please, don't you love me?"

The suddenness of it shocked him. "Love you? Judy, I never said—I never meant—we've had fun together with golf and swimming and movies. But you're only—"

"If you say I'm only a child I'll want to die!" she broke in miserably.

He turned away. You've messed things, he told himself. You didn't mean to, but you have. Why didn't you realise? Why didn't you stop to think? How old do they have to be before they really feel things? How old before they can be hurt?

She put her hand on his arm. "Girls do marry at sixteen," she said insistently. "Lots of girls do."

He took her hand from his arm and placed both of his on her slim shoulders. "Listen, Judy," he said gently. "Ever since I was a kid I've wanted to be a doctor. The war's given me a late start. It hasn't been easy for the folks to see me through.

I can't let them down. It'll be nothing but work and more work from here on until I make the grade. I can't afford to fall in love or think about marriage for—oh, perhaps not for a long time. That's why I didn't want to go with any girls this summer. I couldn't take a chance on being involved. I—"

She gave a small, hurt cry. "Don't!" she said, and drew back from him. "Don't say any more." Her eyes filmed. "I understand now. You were sweet and kind because you couldn't possibly fall in love with a— a baby like me! You couldn't get involved with a plain, homely little kid who—"

"You're a beautiful little kid, Judy," he broke in solemnly. He stooped and kissed her lips gently. It was the first time he had kissed her. "You'll forget me," he said.

"I never will!"
"Sooner than you think."

She stepped forward and clung to him, her head pressed hard against his shoulder. "I'll never stop loving you," she said, and wept softly.

He touched her hair awkwardly. "Judy. Dear Judy."

"Let me, if I want! Please let me love you!"

He loosened her hold on his arm. He moved her from him gently. "It's a lot more than I deserve," he said thickly. He glanced at his watch. "It's goodbye time. Wish me luck."

She dried her eyes, little-girl fashion, with the back of her hand. "Not just luck," she said. "There's a special way of saying goodbye when you love someone very much. It's an old saying. My grandfather taught it to me when I was little."

"Teach it to me, Judy."

"It's sort of a prayer really," she explained solemnly. "You're supposed to say it to the one you love when you know you'll—" She had to pause to clear her throat. "When you know you'll never see him again. May I say it to you, please?"

"Yes, Judy. Say it to me."

"It goes like this," she said, and smiled at him. "May the wind be at your back. May the road rise up to meet you, and may God always hold you in the palm of His hand."

He looked away. His lips closed tightly and he felt a stinging at the back of his eyes. "It's a beautiful way to say goodbye, Judy," he said softly. "May the wind be at your back. May the—what's the rest?"

A tender and unusual love story By MATT TAYLOR

RISE UP TO MEET YOU AND MAY GOD

"May the road rise up to meet you. My grandfather said it means may the road be smooth and straight ahead of you as you go on your way to wherever it is you're going."

He nodded. "And may God always hold you in the palm of His hand. I'll remember that, Judy. If I ever have to say goodbye for good to someone I love very much—"

She shook her head with certainty. "It won't happen to you. You'll meet someone in a year or two and fall in love and marry her and have her always. You'll never know what it means to—" Sobbs choked her voice.

"Judy! I'm so sorry. So terribly sorry."

She smiled. Her voice steadied. "It's all right. It's what I want for you, Lloyd."

"And I want it for you when you're older."

Someone was calling him. He went to the end of the hedge and came back. "My parents," he said. "They must think I'm lost." He held out his hand. "Come with me to the car."

She shook her head. "It's better here."

"You'll be all right?"

"I'll be fine."

"You said you had a boy-friend last year in the tenth grade."

She turned away. "Don't, Lloyd!"

"But you do like school, don't you?"

"Don't worry about me," she said firmly.

"Growing up takes time."

She smiled faintly. "I know. I didn't realise. Please, will you kiss me once more?"

Their lips touched. "Goodbye, Judy."

"Goodbye."

He turned quickly and moved from her and was out of sight behind the lilac hedge. She walked forward slowly. She could not be seen from here, but separating the branches with her hands, she could see clearly.

She watched him kiss his mother and take his father's hand. Then he was in the car. The motor started and the car raced forward. The horn sounded a salute of three short blasts; and, as he passed the lilac hedge, his hand waved to her through the car window.

She stood motionless and covered her face with her hands. A layer of mist began to roll in from the sea. It billowed in tenuous clouds around her. Later, when the wind shifted, as it often did later in the day in September, the low fog would be blown away and the air would be clear again.

Lloyd Bartner was graduated with honors the following June. After a year in a Cleveland hospital, he met again, fell in love with, and married the daughter of a college professor, whom he had known and forgotten several years before. She was a slim, blond girl named Anne, and she adored and loved her young doctor-husband completely and wholly.

After the honeymoon he set himself up in a small suburban city in Ohio. The hospital there, with which he was associated, was new and well equipped and well staffed, and he knew he was lucky to find his

To page 51

The words were for the one you loved, the one you knew you would never see again.

ALWAYS HOLD YOU IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND

LUCAS

Permanently Pleated Nylon



Exquisitely feminine and featuring wonderful, knife-fine permanent pleating in a new SUNBURST treatment. Delicacy goes hand in hand with long-wear and carefree washing. In unrivalled Lucas Nylon Tricot, trimmed with lovely nylon lace. Shades: Rose and Creme. Sizes: 12-38. At the practical price of £8/19/6 from all fine stores.

Write to E. LUCAS & CO., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, for the name of your nearest store

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 5

asked the question too often. "Why? You getting tired of my company?"

"People must be worrying about me."

"What people? Your folks are dead."

"I have friends." The oldest Flo Alan, the newest Philip Everlyde. What were they thinking?

In Nick's world there were connections, not friends. Still, he said, "Better your friends worry about you alive than cry over you dead."

"My job, too. I'm supposed to be at work. A responsible person can't just wander off without explanations of any sort."

He shrugged off her arguments as feminine caprice, sought ways to divert her, did card tricks, magic, sang almost the entire score of Robin Hood as it had been performed at Westfield, inviting her laughter with imitations of the convicts who had played the women's parts. Then he enticed her into a duet of which had been his favorite in school.

"You used to sing it in French. What a thrill! I'll never forget you standing there with your red curls, singing. Come on, let me hear you now."

He coaxed, she sang in a sweet, wavering voice and he said, "That's where we'll be soon, you and me, where the oranges bloom." He caught her in his arms and began to dance.

Now the past was restored. Talking could never accomplish it. They had always been closest when they danced. No other partner had discovered Nina's true rhythm, the subtle and important sense that guided each inclination of muscle and whim.

It ended abruptly. Nick let her go and she stumbled backward. He had gone to the rescue of a record, but did not put another on the machine.

"We'd have made quite a couple, you and me. Kind of a waste, don't you think? Suppose it had been you and me for the rest of our lives?"

"I could never live your kind of life."

"Yeah. Perhaps it wasn't meant that way." To avoid her he became busy with the fire. "I was rotten and you knew. Kotten, since I was thirteen." The log fell heavily on to the flame. Sparks jetted out. Nick stamped on them. "Once rotten, always rotten."

She was cold and came close to the fire. Its heat scared her face but she did not move away. She wanted some part of her, exterior and bloodless, to sting and ache.

"You know what I'd've been good at? Law. I should've been a lawyer. I could always figure out the angles. I'd be okay at that." The bravado, another attempt to divert her, failed. Nick laughed hoarsely, a schoolboy defiant of teacher. "I'd probably been a good lawyer. But now!"

Nina neither spoke nor stirred.

"Some joke," Nick said, his voice brassier. "Who you showing off to, Brazza? Don't you think she knows?" He left the room.

Tongues of flame licked the air with sucking, lascivious sound. Heat dried Nina's eyeballs. The dance tunes whirled through her head: Runnin' Wild, Linger A While, I Love You. Her journey into the past had ended in a blaze of old jazz. Had she loved a living man or an image shaped by her wishes? To escape she had only to open a door.

It was not easy. There were still ties. Sentimentality held her prisoner more than Oakheart's gates and walls. She could not open the door and walk out, robbing Nick of all faith. His belief in her was real. Through a closed

door she heard his cough rattle. The sound made her wince.

She heard something outside, started, peered through a slit in the curtain. The world was as still as before.

She hurried into the billiard room. "Nick, do you hear anything?"

He lay face downward, one arm folded under his head, the other trailing over the side of the couch, the prone body so still that Nina's hand shook as she touched her fingers to his cheek.

The flesh burned. Her own face seared by the flame was cooler and moister. The fog and the excitement had fed Nick's fever. She spread a cover over him and left the room softly so that his sleep should not be disturbed.

The hall seemed larger and emptier as she sat hunched upon a stool, embracing herself with aching arms. Silence hung about the place, thicker than ever, and all she heard beyond the restless fire was: A schoolgirl dream, grow up, Nina, you're a woman now. Philip's voice sounded close and she became angry because he had demanded more than she had been willing to give.

"Grow up Nina." Philip Everlyde's voice indeed, but was it memory?

"Open up, Nina."

PHILIP was there. He had made his way to the old gambling club on the bluff above the river and, further than this, to the remote plateau of Nina's schoolgirl dream.

Of necessity they had driven slowly. The pace had been a torment to Philip whose impatience had measured each dwindling minute as a heightening of Nina's danger. After many halts, arguments, questions, and a few mistakes that led off the road, they arrived late in the afternoon at the locked gates of Oakheart.

Sam McHenry had not been in favor of the journey. "If you ask me, it's a wild goose chase."

No one had asked Sam's opinion and it struck Philip as odd that he should protest so vehemently. "It's just an idea but no worse than all the others that have led us to dead ends."

"If it was a good idea, Mr. Shannon'd have followed it up," Sam argued with professional scorn. "The way you act, anyone'd think he was laying down on the job."

No one could accuse Shannon of having been idle. His men were following every conceivable trail. Investigators had broken through the fog to search the hunting lodge on the old Cushing place.

According to its title the tract known as The Cushion was owned by a millionaire named Jones who spent most of his time abroad. He had not been seen in the neighborhood for more than a year. Nor was there any trace of anyone else about. Detectives had found the cabin locked and deserted. Their only discovery had been some recently burned paper and roast beef bones in the incinerator.

The lodge was luxuriously furnished and fitted out with all kinds of sports equipment, including a costly billiard table. Every cue and ball, as well as the furniture, had been left waxed clean so that there were no fingerprints under the dust.

"I'm not accusing anyone," said Philip, denying doubts that grew stronger each hour, "but I feel that we must follow every possible clue no matter how impractical they may seem to us."

"But I know Nick Brazza.

Why should he be so dumb as to go someplace that's associated with his name? Does it make sense to you?"

"You knew Nick and you knew Bushie and you knew Nina in school, so have you any better ideas?" asked Philip, who was sorry he had let Sam McHenry come on this day's journey, but certain that if he had not, Shannon's man would have trailed him. In any case it was better to have him in the role of an ally.

There was no way to enter Oakheart except by climbing the wall, leaping from it to uncertain ground. Out of the mist the house rose like the castle its architect had copied for the pride of a patent medicine king. There were doors at the front, the back, the sides, and a long low line of windows on the terrace. Sam kept watch while Philip tried each door in turn.

"Nina, open up!"

As at The Cushion he discovered silence. He could not see but he could smell wood-smoke mingled with the mist. This merely meant that the house was occupied. Anyone might be there, caretaker, squatters, poor relations. "Nina, open up!"

A curtain was pushed aside, a hinge creaked, she stepped through a door.

"Go away," she said.

Having come so far and given so much of himself to the search he could barely believe he saw her . . . alive! . . . in a man's flannel shirt and a pair of blue jeans fastened round the waist by a man's belt. Relief struck him dumb. His hand groped towards her as if shock had destroyed his sight.

"Go away." She tried to close the door.

He had the wit to thrust his foot in. "You're all right, Nina? No one's hurt you?"

She thought of Nick on the couch, prone and vulnerable. "Is anyone with you?"

"I want to take you back. I've got my car. Come along."

"Are you alone?" She strained to see past him into the garden. No one was in sight. Sam McHenry stood watch on the other side.

"Nina, what are you doing in this place? Who's with you?" The fencing and the repetition offended Philip. He had come a long way to rescue her and was justly wrathful at being rejected.

"Just go away, please. I'm all right. Tell people not to worry about me. I'm safe and all right, tell them that but not where I am. Not anyone."

"Who do you think you'd be fooling? My dear girl, you've got the whole country aroused. There's a reward . . . twenty . . . twenty-five . . . something between that and thirty thousand dollars!"

"For me?"

"Naturally. They think you've been kidnapped. Or killed."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars! Why, I'm not worth more than thirty-six hundred a year."

In astonishment at her disaster value Nina had let her hand slip from the doorknob. Philip took advantage of the lapse and entered the room.

She hurried after him. "No, don't stay here. Go back and tell people I'm sorry they're worried. Go now."

Philip whirled round. "Is Nick Brazza with you? Tell me. Is that why you're afraid to let me stay?"

Her mouth tightened. She looked older, furtive, the prophecy of a woman she might become if her nerves were always drawn, her heart fear-bound.

"I'm going to take you

To page 38

PRINCESS MARGARET

By ANNE MATHESON

• Princess Margaret, 24 years old and still keeping everyone guessing about whom, and when, she will marry, has settled down to a busy, happy life.

WITH two ladies-in-waiting and a secretary, she controls a small household within Clarence House, where she makes her home with the Queen Mother.

Next door stands Marlborough House, tenantless since Queen Mary died, and badly in need of modernising. It will remain this way until Princess Margaret marries, when it may become again a Royal residence and not a museum—its alternative fate.

Princess Margaret is not only keeping the Ministry of Works waiting and the gossips guessing.

Court circles, too, are wondering, for she appears to be romantically attached to no one.

It is astonishing to many people that a beautiful young princess, with the world at her feet, has not yet chosen a husband.

Some observers believe that Margaret has no wish to marry young. They say she is in love with her freedom.

As her pictures show, she has clearly come to terms with herself. Her restlessness no longer shows in her warm smile, and the over-eagerness has gone.

She has said her private life is her own affair, and claims a right to live as she chooses.

When the Press sympathised with her lack of freedom, she said: "I cannot think of anything more wonderful than to be who I am."

With her increased household the Princess is expanding her official programme and at the same time increasing her circle of friends.

The "Princess Margaret set" includes some of the most eligible young men in Great Britain. It is a very exclusive circle, with just a few regulars—old friends like Billy Wallace and Mark Bonham-Carter.

According to some of her intimate friends, no one enjoys all the guessing about her love life more than Princess Margaret herself. She has a sense of fun and, it is said, is amused by the speculation on her marriage plans.

PRINCESS MARGARET on her birthday. This portrait was made in the morning-room at Clarence House by Cecil Beaton especially for the Princess' 24th birthday on August 21. She wears a patterned pure silk dress.



Twice as Economical!



Non-Foaming!

Concentrated!

BIG Bottle!

Miracle DETERGENT!

ONLY
3/3

**Save money -
Save work -
Save time**

... by using Trix,
the miracle deter-
gent, for practi-
cally every house-
hold cleaning task

DISH WASHING... CLOTHES
WASHING... CLEANING
WINDOWS... GLASSWARE
... LINOLEUM... TILES
... PAINTWORK... STOVES
... UPHOLSTERY... GREASY
MARKS... BURNT POTS &
PANS... CLEANING THE CAR

Certainly Trix is twice as economical as other detergents... but that's only one of the reasons for buying it.

First and foremost, Trix makes quick work of practically every household cleaning chore—and does it better than any soap or powder you've used before.

Trix can save you hours in washing-up alone, for when you use Trix you can forget drying-up! Just leave the dishes to drain—they dry sparkling clean and virtually germ-free. There's no trace of greasy film or streaking.

Try Trix... and you'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps and powders.

Trix is thick

it goes twice as far
as ordinary detergents.

TRIX IS A PRODUCT OF SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LTD.
makers of famous MORTEIN



STATE TRUMPETERS, who sound the fanfare when Royal guests arrive at a Mansion House banquet, are well looked after when their work is done. A luncheon is served for them below stairs.



ONE OF THE CHEFS at work is watched by Mr. Lindsay Ring (left), general manager of the catering firm, and the head chef, Mr. Bigg.

When Royalty
dines with
the Lord Mayor
of London:

THERE'S A BUSTLE BELOW STAIRS



THE BANQUETING HALL at the Mansion House is known as the Egyptian Room. Tall columns support the lofty roof and 18 niches in the walls are filled with famous sculptures by British artists. In the centre of the top table is the Queen's chair, in which Her Majesty always sits when she attends a Lord Mayor's banquet at the Mansion House.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 13, 1954



THE MAIN DISH—spring chicken—is ready and an army of waiters crowd round while the head waiter, Mr. Seaborn (at centre, pointing), organises the distribution. Ninety waiters are on duty to serve 400 guests.

THE MANSION HOUSE, London, which for the past 200 years has been the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, is also the place where the City's State Banquets are held. For 129 years the same firm, Ring and Brymer (Birch's) Ltd., have been catering for these banquets. They have, says the present general manager, Mr. Lindsay Ring, prepared banquets for more kings and queens than has any other firm in the world.

Every Coronation banquet given by the Corporation of London since Queen Victoria's Coronation has been handled by them. The walls of Mr. Ring's office are hung with framed menu cards recording Mansion House functions for the kings and queens of many countries.

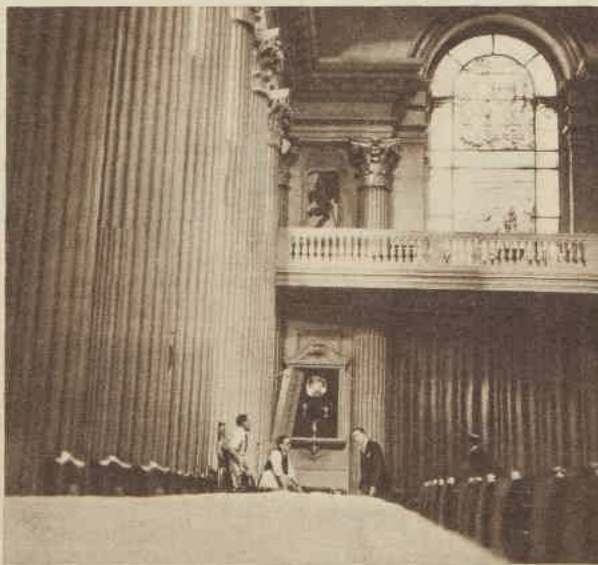
These pictures, the first ever to be taken in the Mansion House kitchens, give you an idea of what goes on behind the scenes when Royalty accepts an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor and Corporation.



MR. LINDSAY RING (right), general manager of the famous catering firm of Ring and Brymer, samples a vintage port while his cellarman, William McCleary, awaits his verdict. On the walls are framed menus of past Royal banquets, including the menus for Queen Victoria's Coronation banquet.



WHEN THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a State Banquet, the Duke's personal footman (left) and the Queen's page wait on them.



TABLECLOTHS are laid and smoothed by waiters. The big stained-glass windows above the gallery are a feature of the Egyptian Room. They are over 200 years old and portray scenes from British history.



COOKING for any banquet is hot work, but it has compensations. The cooks scorn the champagne that is available, preferring beer straight from the bottle.

Book now on the "pressurised" propeller - turbine

TAA VISCOUNT

BUILT BY VICKERS . POWERED BY ROLLS-ROYCE



The fastest, smoothest airliner in Australia



PANORAMIC WINDOWS

The Viscount's huge oval windows, the largest in any airliner, provide for every passenger, a wide, unobstructed view of the changing scene below.



4 ROLLS-ROYCE TURBINES

TAA Viscount's Rolls Royce 'Dart' propeller-turbine engines have no reciprocating parts to cause vibration and it is so quiet inside the cabin that conversation is easy.



SUPERLATIVE HOSTESS SERVICE

Two friendly, efficient TAA hostesses are on the Viscount to bring you delicious meals, drinks and magazines. They take special care of children and old folk.



YOUR PERSONAL COMFORT

Your deep, adjustable armchair has a reading lamp, ash tray, ventilation control and hostess call-button right by your side. The Viscount is equipped with all toilet facilities.



PRESSURISED AND AIR CONDITIONED

Viscounts are pressurised to give ground-level comfort at altitude. They're air-conditioned too, for even temperature, regardless of height or weather.



EXPERIENCED PILOTS AND ENGINEERS

TAA's world record of passenger safety has been largely achieved through the conscientious skill of highly trained pilots and ground engineers.

Vast operational experience on overseas airlines has demonstrated the efficiency of Viscounts

"Fly TAA - the friendly way"

BOOKINGS : Phone TAA or any authorised Travel Agent





BRIDE. Mrs. Peter Lindstrom, formerly Dr. Agnes Rovnanek, with her bridegroom, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, after their wedding in Pittsburgh. The bridegroom is the ex-husband of film star Ingrid Bergman. Their daughter, 15-year-old Jennie (Pia) is in the wedding group, above, with Bishop Austin Pardue, who officiated at the ceremony.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



FILM STAR Ava Gardner sings in Spanish at a recent Buenos Aires party. She recently made the headlines when asked to leave her Buenos Aires hotel because her parties there were too noisy.



FEMINIST. Senora de Perodi, Vice-Speaker of the Argentine Chamber of Deputies, photographed on a London visit. She succeeded Eva Peron as the president of the Women's Peronista Party.



MODEL for Dior's H-line is actress Jane Russell, who shows the frock she bought in Paris. Dior says his severe new H-line has been misunderstood.

Choose yours!

For EASY-TO-WAVE Hair
(Grey Box)



For HARD-TO-WAVE Hair
(Green Box)



Richard Hudnut now presents two types of **HOME PERMANENT**

Women everywhere have acclaimed Richard Hudnut Home Permanent as being easier, surer . . . and giving the most natural-looking curls. Some women, however, have hair which is hard-to-wave . . . and for these women, especially, Richard Hudnut now provides a special home perm. So, no matter what kind of hair you have; no matter what style of perm you prefer . . . one of the two types of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent will provide you with just the "hair-do" you want—both types have the Revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutraliser with Creme Rinse built-in.

For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR
... SOFT, NATURAL CURLS

This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz . . . never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.

For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR
EXTRA QUICK . . . FIRMER CURLS

NEW! This is the special, new Richard Hudnut Home Perm just introduced. Look for it in the new GREEN box. This special formula home perm now gives to hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it . . . no "fail-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES . . . 12/-

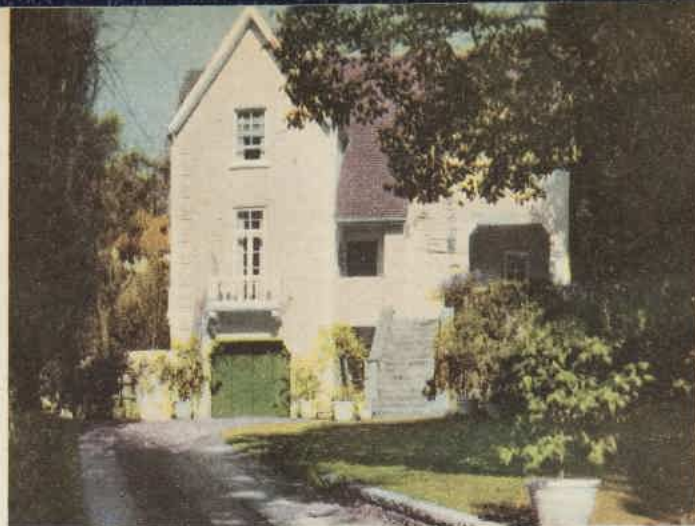


WOMAN OF INTEREST



● Mrs. Blaxland with her poodle Brutus awaits her guests for an informal dinner. She wears a white spotted shirt, crimson sash, and black slacks.

● Standing on the front porch, Mrs. Blaxland is reflected in the decorative mirror designed by artist Paul Jones. Carnations set off her charcoal-grey suit.



● Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland's house at Woollahra, N.S.W., is called "Brush." Pictures on these pages by staff photographer Robert Cleland.

MRS. GREGORY BLAXLAND, of Woollahra, N.S.W., whose husband is a direct descendant of the Australian explorer Gregory Blaxland, is one of Sydney's beautiful women.

Her Victorian, white-painted stone house in Woollahra reflects her personality. She thinks a house should have "a bare look, not cluttered like a boutique." She likes polished woods, fine furniture, rare Queen Anne lacquer pieces.

Her home contains her superb collection of contemporary Australian paintings. Many of the artists are her friends. The paintings are hung in a decorative and interesting manner which adds to the charm of her house.

Even the bathroom has a gay Regency air about it, with an amusing bird mural and a pink-and-white-striped swag over the window.

She does not collect flower pictures.

owns only one—a Francis Lyburner. This lack of flower pictures is surprising because Mrs. Blaxland, a great lover of flowers, is noted for her skill in arranging them. As Helen Blaxland, she is the author of two books on flower arrangements.

She is on the committee of "A Show of Rose and Flower Decorations," held annually to raise money for the Bush Book Club of N.S.W., and is a member of the National Gallery Society.

Mrs. Blaxland has a lively sense of humor. Tall and slender, she can wear any fashion gracefully, but prefers a simple line and hates anything with a brand-new look. At home she favors slacks, beautifully tailored, and soft colors, especially pinks.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaxland have one daughter, Antonia, a keen photographer, now travelling in Europe.

Georgie Swift





● On her way to attend a lunch-time concert at the National Art Gallery in Sydney, Mrs. Blaxland, hatless, wearing a red wool coat, carries her sandwiches in a black straw basket.



● Wearing a cotton dress patterned in black and sand color, she prunes the cumquat trees growing in large decorative pots beside the entrance to her home.



● With her white lace ball gown, Mrs. Blaxland wears a pink satin stole, pink shoes, and a pink rose tucked in her belt. Picture on the wall is by Justin O'Brien.



● In her drawing-room, she discusses with Mrs. Dundas Allen (centre) and Mrs. Gordon Russell plans for the rose show taking place on October 13, 14, and 15.



● She arranges flowers in a vase set on an alabaster stand, and uses a mat made from a yard of chintz to catch clippings and discarded leaves.



● Reading the morning mail, she sits on the terrace beneath a mural by Jocelyn Rickard. Her French poodles Gardenia and Brutus enjoy the sun.

DON'T BE CHAINED TO THE OLD BAR-SOAP HABIT!



RINSO's THICKER, RICHER SUDS set you **FREE** from dishwashing drudgery

In home after home all through Australia, more housewives wash-up with Rinso than with any other soap product, because Rinso is fastest for dishes . . . kind to hands. Sprinkle a little Rinso into the sink after tea to-night—see how those thicker, richer suds dissolve grease from plates and pots and pans! And those Rinso suds stay lively right to the end of the biggest stack of washing-up . . . a thing you never get from slow, skimpy bar-soap suds. Cutlery, plates and glasses gleam. Modern housewives agree Rinso's as good for dishes as for clothes.

Mrs. Farrer of Chapel Road, Bankstown, says:



Z.348.WW1419K

Naughty 'Nineties Ball



ABOVE: Greeting friends at the ball are Mrs. John Goodwin and her husband, who covered his face liberally with greasepaint.

RIGHT: The president of the ball committee, Mrs. W. J. Smith (right), admires the decor with Mr. Smith and Mrs. Ben Fuller.



DANCING. Ford Albright and Jill Chapman tread a measure at the ball, which was held at the A.C.I. Ballroom, William Street.



QUARTET. In front of a cottonwool "snow-storm" are Boy Thompson (left), Trish Power, Sam Walder, and Jennifer Chapman. Ball proceeds will aid the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.

NAUGHTY 'NINETIES COQUETTE. Mrs. Lionel McFadyen with Mr. McFadyen. This year, the ball was named after "La Boutique Fantasque," and many guests went as characters from the ballet.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 13, 1954

At last! the make-up that keeps its promise!

Only **Creme Puff***
makes you look so
pretty so quickly . . .
stay so pretty so long!



Just the kiss of a puff and this magical make-up — Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder — brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

It veils tiny imperfections instantly . . . yet always feels fresh and light.

Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups . . . blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

That's why only Creme Puff by Max Factor Hollywood looks so lovely—so long.

Creme Puff brings you two lovely *new* shades especially made for light complexions and those that need colour.

They are: **Light 'n Gay** . . .
a beautiful light blush shade

Twilight Blush . . .
a lovely medium rose tone

And, of course, there are five more radiant shades that you know so well—Truly Fair (Fair), Tempting Touch (Natural), Candle Glow (Medium), Gay Whisper (Deep Natural), Sun Frolic (Tan).

Ask for Creme Puff to-day . . . and suddenly you'll find everything you've wanted in make-up in one precious mirror compact. Carry it with you everywhere.

At Chemists and leading Department Stores.



Regular metal colourful container (or refill).

Beautiful ivory hinged compact with mirror and luxury puff.



*Smooth on your prettiest face
... with just the kiss of a puff.*

Creme Puff

by **MAX Factor** HOLLYWOOD

* Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.

MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Look at your skin... others do!



Rexona Soap helps skin blemishes disappear

Blotches and skin faults not only mar an otherwise good complexion, but so often make you self-conscious... unsure of yourself. But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cady* to restore skin to natural smoothness and beauty. Give baby's precious skin the gentle, safe protection of pure mild Rexona Soap too.



*Cady is a fragrant blend of five rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona soap. Rexona's silky-soft lather carries Cady deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

SPECIALLY MEDICATED FOR SKIN CARE...
REXONA SOAP DOES MORE THAN BEAUTIFY!

X-128.WW73g

GALA PARADE



COUNTRY GUESTS (above) at the gala opening of our Irish Fashion Parades are (from left): Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bishop, of "Wootton," Scone; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Munro, of "Gundibri," Merriwa; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pse, of Scone.



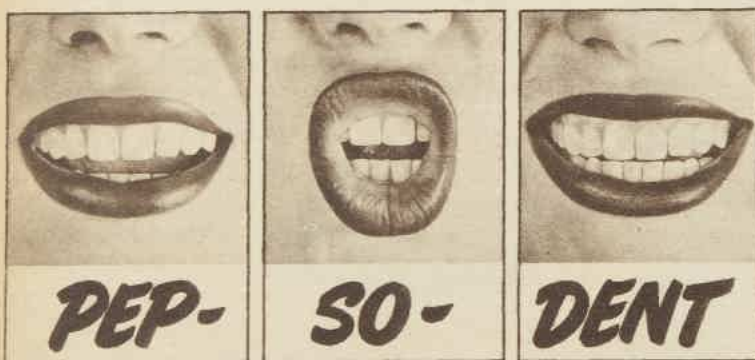
LEMON SATIN bertholero (above) covered the dress of matching organza chosen by Mrs. Alex Macleod, of "Llangollan," Cassilis, who attended the gala opening with her husband.

TIERED FRILLS composed the skirt of the gown chosen by Mrs. Bob McInerney (right), who was escorted by her husband, Dr. McInerney.



AT THEIR TABLE are (from left): Mrs. A. J. Kelly, Mr. Frank Hidden, Mrs. Steve Ahearn, Mr. A. J. Kelly, Mrs. H. H. Nowland, Mr. Hugh Mucken, managing director of Murk Foy's.

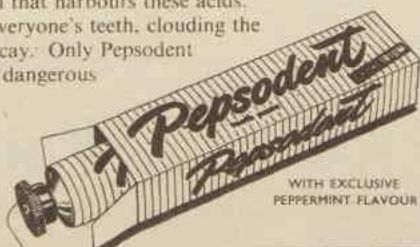
WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



**Pepsodent with Irium removes the film
that harbours decay-causing enzymes**

Dangerous enzyme-formed acids cause tooth decay. But Pepsodent, with Irium, gets rid of the film that harbours these acids. Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium to remove this dangerous film... get teeth thoroughly clean and white.

BUY THE BIG, ECONOMY TUBE
—plenty for all the family



WITH EXCLUSIVE
PEPPERMINT FLAVOUR

PL123.WW73g

Our Irish fashions



JUDY BARRACLOUGH at the premiere of our Irish Fashion Parades, wearing "Lena," a cocktail party ensemble of blush-pink white-washed donegal tweed coat worn over a pink satin blouse and matching skirt.

By NAN MUSGROVE

The skirl of Irish pipes began a fabulous evening of fashion at the premiere of our Irish parades at Prince's restaurant when a sophisticated audience enthusiastically applauded Dublin designer Sybil Connolly's latest collection.

THE pipers formed a guard of honor for Miss Connolly's arrival to compeer the parade.

The gala parade, presented in association with Mark Foy's Ltd., began a week of crowded parades held twice daily at the new Empress ballroom.

It was a rare occasion. Not only did the designer present high fashion clothes but she gave a picture of Ireland as she described the origin of the national fabrics used in many of the dresses.

Guests arriving were greeted by programme girls gowned in green Irish damask embossed in shamrocks and harps. They drank emerald-green "Blarney" cocktails and the dinner

menu was named for Ireland, starting with "Hors d'oeuvres a la Ballinacree."

The programmes carried souvenir dress clips—golden Irish harps threaded with emerald-green ribbon.

The men of the audience surprised with their appreciation, not only of the clothes but also of the hats.

"Those leprechaun caps are magnificent," one fashion-conscious man said, clapping madly.

Behind the groomed perfection of the models in the restaurant were hours of planning by Judy Connolly. As fashion co-ordinator to her famous sister, she has the task of timing, planning, arranging for the collection to be shown with the smoothness of a well-rehearsed stage show.

In the dressing-room, dominated by racks of clothing, each labelled with the name of a mannequin, the scene was one of controlled confusion. The mannequins literally walked out of their clothes, leaving them to be picked up by their dressers.

In the hour it took to show the 48 models each of the girls changed 12 times. In no case did a change take more than two minutes—even for a ballgown that necessitated a change down to the skin.

Each girl had her own experienced dresser provided by Mark Foy's.

The dressers zipped the girls into their frocks, handed them their accessories, and checked their grooming before sending them on to Miss Judy Connolly for a final scrutiny as they passed on to the mannequins' walk.

Miss Connolly has "babied" the collection from the Dublin showrooms to Melbourne for the Australian premiere of our Irish parades and back to Sydney.



JUDY BARRACLOUGH checks her scarf and hair as Sybil Connolly goes over her complete script.

The plane which carried the collection from Melbourne to Sydney had the seats removed to make it into a flying wardrobe.

The Irish models, Rachel Fitz-Gerald, Pat O'Reilly, and Maureen Trendell, spent the time before the parade began at ten o'clock sitting on the floor of their dressing-room chatting with their dressers and smoking furiously.

The intimacy of the dressing-room soon had everyone chatting and forgetting the nervousness which all these top-ranking models said they felt before a premiere.

And in the last 20 minutes they revealed two surprising impressions of Australia and Australians.

The milkshakes are "simply wonderful," and they are rather disappointed in Australian men.

They referred specifically to the young men who "thought a lot of themselves and didn't hesitate to pass on their opinion of themselves."

The older, more sophisticated Australian men were the pick for charm.

"They're marvellous," the girls said—and closed the conversation.



RACHEL FITZ-GERALD wears "Elizabeth," a romantic ballgown named after 13th-century Irish beauty, Elizabeth Gunning. It has a high draped Empire bustline outlined with purple velvet ribbon and back-swept skirt.



RACHEL shows "Orange Sherbet," a sophisticated evening ensemble of orange faille skirt—a slim sheath covered with a huge overskirt—and white Irish cambric blouse with ballooned embroidered cuffs cinched at the waist with a Vermeer blue sash.

PAT O'REILLY wears a classic tweed suit, "Ardara." Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



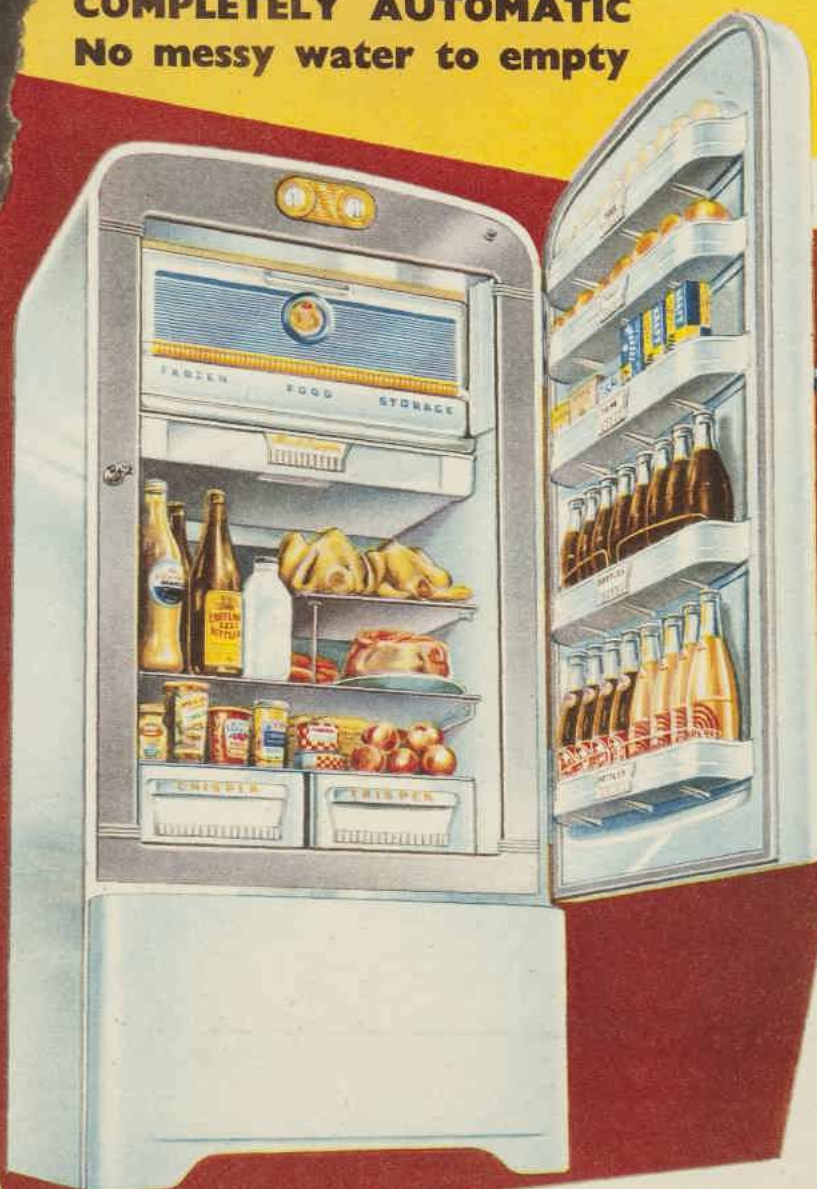
LOOK! You can afford **CHARLES HOPE** *Super '8'*

the only 8 cu. ft. REFRIGERATOR in the
low price field that

DEFROSTS ITSELF!

COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC

No messy water to empty



Defrosts itself in minutes and evaporates the water. Once the sealed unit Charles Hope Super "8" is installed, you can forget defrosting. The operation is completely automatic.

Charles Hope Super "8" features

- ★ **5 DEEP DOOR SHELVES**
food at your fingertips.
- ★ **QUICK FREEZE LOCKER**
full width . . . ample space.
- ★ **2 FULL DEPTH CRISPERS**
waist high service.
- ★ **FULL WIDTH MEAT KEEPER**
stores meat at right temperature.

Principal Distributors:

W. H. PALING & CO. LTD. N.S.W.
338 George Street, Sydney

HEALINGS PTY. LTD. VICTORIA and TASMANIA
261 Swanston Street, Melbourne

W. H. PALING & CO. LTD. QUEENSLAND
86 Queen Street, Brisbane

AUSTRAL LIGHTING CO.
61-65 Bowen Street, Brisbane

NEWTON McLAREN LTD. SOUTH AUST.
Leigh Street, Adelaide

MALLOCH BROS. LTD. WEST AUST.
William Street, Perth



Australia's Most Modern Refrigerator

CHARLES HOPE *Super '8'*

FLASHMATIC, AUTOMATIC and STANDARD MODELS

Manufactured by **CHARLES HOPE LTD.** Wandoo St., Brisbane — Box 1606 Sydney — Box 4246 Melbourne



BOATER of white satin swathed in grey chiffon and trimmed with a sequined arrow was worn by Mrs. Charles Parsons to the races at Randwick.



PLEATED BRIM was a feature of the lipstick-red straw hat worn by Mrs. Katie Galbraith on Derby Day.



TINY WHITE CAP of leaves was the choice of Mrs. Graham Body, of "Ulapna," Graman, at the races.



STRAW OAK LEAVES trimmed the lilac cloche worn by Mrs. Philip Berry-Smith, who was one of many smart racegoers at Randwick on Derby Day.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THIS week Randwick has a carnival air, with exciting races, enormous crowds, and made-to-order sunshine adding to the holiday atmosphere. And the traditional dress parade on the lawns in front of the members' stand is ravelling the magnificent racecourse gardens in color and gaiety.

The almost inevitable duplicated ensembles are making an appearance too, and many a pretty face expressed chagrin when its owner sighted an identical hat—or dress—on someone else.

On Derby Day, Mrs. Michael Read and Mary Stephen were "twins" in slim shell-pink linen suits, pearl-buttoned, with a narrow tie at the waist, and large matching cartwheel hats, ringed with white. Mrs. Ted Body, of "Bundemar," Trangie, chose the same suit (in cinnamon), and Beth Campbell wore the cartwheel hat with a beautifully cut dress of white linen.

"IT'S the first time my sister hasn't travelled up to Sydney for the spring meeting in years," said Miss Sylvia Smith—but she'll be seeing her sister, Mrs. Ronald Nott, of Toorak, when she flies to Melbourne late this week for a holiday.

AS usual, lots of country visitors went to the races at Randwick. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kater, of "Middlebrook," Scone, who left for home early this week. "We're fitting a lot into a few days," Mrs. Kater told me. Other country folk included Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, of "Cangon," Dungog, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of "Talbragar," Coolah, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Ashton, of "Checkers," Cargo.

PRETTY twosome hopefully picking the winners together on Derby Day were Sue Playfair and Jill Campbell. Jill wore an empire-line dress of pink beige silk, printed with a delicate design of black, lime, and white, and topped her ensemble with a back-tilted coolie hat of shiny black straw. Sue chose a simple dress of sky-blue linen, with a white, crownless shell cap.

UP from Melbourne for the spring merry-go-round, Jacqueline Baillieu is staying with the Sam Horderns at Bellevue Hill. Jacqueline's fiancé, David White, of "Havilah," Mudgee, is also in town, and they're taking the opportunity to make plans for their wedding, which is set for some time in mid-December.

GUESTS at the cocktail party given by Gordon Douglass at Pruniers After Nine are Mrs. Roger Dunlop (left) and Mrs. John Robinson.

MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER combinations at Randwick included Mrs. Joyce Snelling, of Clifton Gardens, and her daughter, Sue. Mrs. Snelling is very excited about her newly arrived grandchild—the first—and Sue is a very proud aunt. The baby is the daughter of Armand and Jennifer George, and will be called Nathalie Jennifer.

AMONG smart racegoers at Randwick on Derby Day were Mrs. Mark Barnett and her daughter, Anne. They're being kept busy these days with preparations for Anne's wedding with Rob Ennever at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on November 27. Anne's attendants are Rae Broadbent, Mrs. Geoff Clarke, and fourteen-year-old Susan Bray.

THE annual reunion week of St. Vincent's Hospital couldn't have come at a better time for me," Mrs. Gerald Dalton said. The reunion brought Dr. and Mrs. Dalton to Sydney from Gundagai in time to attend lots of spring festivities.

Anne



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. Trevor Rowe (left), Mrs. Rowe, and Diana Scott Waine were among more than eighty guests at the party given by Gordon Douglass at Pruniers After Nine, Double Bay.



DOUBLE WEDDING. Brian Saint and his bride (left), formerly Judy Miller, with David Falkiner and his bride, who was Jeanette Miller, at their Pickwick Club reception.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mrs. and Mrs. John Houston after their marriage at St. Stephen's, with the Rev. Gordon Powell (right). The bride was formerly Mhora Munro.

Rosey Horderns

In Paris, frocks for every occasion endorse the popularity of the rose theme. Roses are splashed and intertwined on cottons, silks, piques, taffetas, voiles, and chiffons.



● Fath's coat-frock (above) made in green and white rose-printed pique. The frock moulds the waist and stresses the importance of back fullness.



● Lanvin's conservative classic suit (right) made in floral sateen featuring pink roses tumbled on a dense black ground.

● Lanvin's pretty rose cotton one-piece (left) designed with a summery, wide-flung neckline and a wide, beautifully proportioned skirt.



Paris Notes.



● Desses' diaphanous floating chiffon coat (right) covers a late afternoon frock of romantic rose-patterned chiffon.



● Fath's enchanting floor-length rose-printed voile evening frock (above) has a high, demure neckline, sweeping back fullness, and long sleeves.



● Schiaparelli's rose floral silk one-piece (left) designed with a threaded shoulder swath and waistline softly sashed.

New CREST

WITH CREME-ROSE WAVING LOTION

guarantees a faster,
longer-lasting, more natural
wave . . .

The new Creme-Rose Waving Lotion is the secret! Crest, with Creme-Rose Waving Lotion, acts faster . . . and your wave is guaranteed to last longer than ever before. And while it waves it conditions your hair. For months to come, your hair will be soft and shining—with the same spring and life as naturally curly hair.

On duty . . . Off duty
LOVELY A.N.A. HOSTESSES PREFER CREST



This attractive hostess uses Crest Home Permanent to give her hair that well-groomed look, on duty and off. Whether swimming at Surfers Paradise or Cottesloe, or attending to the comfort of passengers on the 3,000-mile run between Perth and Cairns, her CREST Wave stays wonderfully easy to manage, soft and natural looking.



Crest . . . the choice of Australian
National Airways Hostesses

Double Your Money Back Offer

The makers of Crest have such confidence in its success that, if it doesn't give you the best results you have ever had from a Home Perm, when home-used according to the instructions, they will give you double your money back.



Crest is available in 2 Kits—Full Kit, Refill (for any make of curler), Junior Kit for end curls

C.35.WW(43g)



"This is a surprise! Just wait till the children see who is here."



"Keep tryin', Butch. He must have a wallet on him somewhere . . ."

It seems to me

GYPSY ROSE LEE'S act at the Palladium is not at all what the customers expected to see.

Ever since Gypsy arrived in Sydney she has been telling anyone who cared to listen that hers was a comedy act.

So it is—a smooth, polished, and gently amusing leg-pull on strip-tease. However, most people didn't believe what Gypsy said. They read the advertisements.

Consequently, the night I was there, the majority of the audience, having been lured to the theatre on words like "sexational" and "nude cuties," expected Gypsy's act, which closes the show, to display bigger, and cuter, nudity.

They waited in an understandably lukewarm way through the rest of the show for Gypsy.

Certainly there were the "nude cuties," displaying a generous amount of nudity and a variable degree of cuteness. There were also several other acts. Many fell with a dull thud.

Gypsy does take off her clothes, briefly, but not in the customary order. She satirises her own beginnings and the American burlesque theatre. If you hadn't read something about that particular kind of entertainment, you'd miss the point of some of her patter.

She is, in fact, making fun of the kind of show she's in. But, judging by some of the faces I noticed, a lot of people weren't there for fun. Not for humor, anyway. They probably went off next day for an earnest stare around the beaches.

THOSE British sailor girls, the Wrens, have been complaining bitterly about their food.

These Wrens, living at a barracks at Lee-on-Solent, near Portsmouth, refused to eat the meals, which they said were too starchy and fattening. The girls objected particularly to suet pudding.

I don't know about British Navy food. I do know that when I visited Japan during the Occupation I put on a stone in three months of Australian Army food.

There wasn't anything wrong with the meals. I think I just ate too much of them.

Besides, at the time the extra stone didn't matter; there were some people who remarked that bones could do with a bit of covering.

My own experience was, of course, limited. The weight soon adjusted itself when I returned to a diet of sardines and ginger ale.

However, I agree with the British girls that suet pudding is a temptation to which no one interested in a waistline should be subjected.

AN English clergyman says that an amazing number of young people don't know the Christian names of their parents, although they know the Christian names of film stars and sportsmen.

"I don't see anything amazing about it at all," commented a wife I know. "My husband has called me Mum since I was 23. I don't think anyone could be expected to know that I have another name."



Dorothy Drann

AN organisation called the Toast-master International held a convention recently in Washington, U.S.A., and the president gave some interesting advice to after-dinner speakers.

The truest thing he said was that most effective speeches are said in seven minutes, but added other advice such as to begin a speech with a joke in case it falls flat, and never use the hands consciously.

"The hands will perform natural gestures which embellish the spoken words," he added.

He is pretty optimistic about the habit. From my experience, if left to themselves, they twist a handkerchief into knots, or tear your notes into small pieces.

Once, before I realised that I was not one of that rare species—the woman who can make a speech—I gave a talk to a club.

I spent several apprehensive days preparing what I was going to say, sprinkled with a couple of things I thought were jokes.

The first joke didn't raise a flicker. I plodded on bravely, and was suddenly arrested by happy laughter. Heartened, I went on and tried the second quip, but it also fell flat. By then the audience laughed again, shortly after, I caught on. You just took your laugh where you got them.

Unfortunately I could never remember what it was that amused the audience, so the wise secret of public speaking remained baffling to me, and I decided to leave the field to the who understood it.

It taught me one thing though, to wear an expression of polite interest when in a crowd. It is a terrible experience to get your eyes fixed on a face which is saying plainly, "Go on. Entertain me if you can."

THE Board of Trade in Britain has banned a polar bear from landing on London docks on the ground that polar bears are not essential imports.

Diamonds and emeralds and avocado pears. And sunken baths and perfume, and likewise polar bears.

Are, with the cost of living, a little steep in price.

And none of them essential, though all are rather nice.

The things one absolutely needs are actually few.

A garment and a shelter and a dish of Irish stew.

The rest aren't really necessary in keeping one alive.

And yet it's for the other things we must work and strive.

Like model hats and carpets and houses that have views.

And labor-saving gadgets, and not to stand in queues.

And diamonds and emeralds and avocado pears.

And if you have the lot of those, then what not polar bears?



Always BUY BRITISH COTTONS

Good Things Galore...

A feast of new season's fabrics! Caesar brings you a whole range of new cottons . . . balanced weaves, percales, twill weaves . . . with crease- and soil-resistant cottons like CAMEO and SUMMER MAGIC . . . supple cotton foulards such as FLAIR, with its lustrous, satin-like finish . . . SUMMERTIME, so satisfyingly easy to make up and which hangs so pleasingly. No matter for what the occasion,

formal, work-a-day, or just for fun, you will find the right cotton fabric most suited to your needs at the Caesar Fabrics section in your favourite store.

BRITISH and FADELESS



A Mile of Value in Every Yard

PICACORD • SUMMER BREEZE • BONNIE PRINCE • DIMICORD • CESORA • CESARINE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 13, 1954

Page 27

SO SMOOTH . . .

SO BRILLIANT—

so Right!

Now you can have lips that stay soft and lovely all through the day—with never any feeling of irritating dryness or cracking . . . and with a lustrous, lasting sheen that stays on hours longer.

As indelible as it should be and really non-drying, Coty's new, delightfully creamy lipstick is easy to apply—to form a flawless outline which will not smear or "fuzz" and is absolutely waterproof.

Ten brilliant, fashion-matched shades: Gay Fuchsia, Fresh Pink, Rose Satin, Forest Fire, Spungold, Gitane, Red Ribbon, Dahlia, Vif, Coral Pink.

THE NEW
212
LIPSTICK BY



9/6 REFILLS
5/6

COTY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

Your Marriage Problems

Recently the Marriage Guidance Centre of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, arranged a series of lectures by experts on how to make a successful marriage. Here we give you points from four of these lectures.

Making Sure of Happiness

DR. The Rev. Howard Guinness, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Rector of St. Barnabas' Church, Sydney, delivered this lecture. In it he said:

The first thing of importance if you want to make a successful marriage is to fall in love with the right person.

The Rector of Birmingham, Canon B. S. W. Green, once said there were six questions all lovers should put to themselves:

- Under what circumstances did you meet?

When you found you were falling in love with one another, were the circumstances largely glamorous, or were you living next door?

If you fell in love under glamorous circumstances, beware! If the main reason for coming together was glamor, your marriage will crash.

- What do you miss most when separated?

Is it physical presence of the other? If it is, beware, because once again a marriage that is largely based on physical attraction is certain to crash.

No man is a bigger fool than the one who marries a girl simply because she is beautiful. And no girl is a bigger fool than the one who marries a man simply because he is strong and handsome.

- Have you similar ideas about having children?

Many marriages fail because there is a real difference there.

- Have you similar ideas about bringing them up?

The background of both families is very important, because background will provide the clue to why one likes one thing and the other likes something different.

- Do you trust each other?

That is an absolutely fundamental thing. If there is a doubt in either mind about the answer to that question, don't go forward with marriage, because, if the captain and the crew don't trust one another, there are real difficulties ahead.

- Do you respect and like each other?

This last question I put in the place of "Do you love each other?" Unless respect and admiration are at the root of things, there is no real love.

There are some shocks ahead when you get married.

All personalities are profoundly different. It is not always the woman who is difficult to understand. Sometimes the man is difficult, too.

Don't be surprised or dismayed if you find that understanding each other takes much longer than you thought. It generally does.

Two complex individuals trying the supremely exciting experiment of becoming one find it involves difficulties and a great deal of hard work.

But it is gloriously worthwhile.

Bachelor life or spinster life in comparison hasn't a fraction of the difficulties—or a fraction of the rewards.

Planning the Home

MR. SHIRLEY GOULD, B.A., Dip. Soc. Stud., Marriage Guidance Counsellor, and housewife, devoted the first part of her lecture on home organisation to that old advice to brides—"Feed the brute!"

A well-fed marriage, she said, is most likely to be a happy one. She advised all brides to learn to cook, to shop and to balance their menus.

Then she went on: Housekeeping is the next most important matter after food. It should be seen in perspective. No wife should be a slave to her home.

Nor should she think that housework is beneath contempt for an intelligent woman. Nothing of the sort!

It takes brains and ability to organise and run a house smoothly.

In my work as a Marriage Guidance Counsellor I find many women complain that their husbands never help them in the home.

I believe that this is the wives' fault. Early in marriage they push their husbands out of the kitchen and make him feel that it is their exclusive domain, except when there is washing up to do.

Few household chores are quite as unproductive and depressing as washing dishes—yet this is a job wives give to their husbands more than any other.

I think it is only fair to let the husbands do pleasanter tasks as well—especially cooking.

Men these days do like to cook; think how anxious they are to cook at picnics! Some husbands like to make a speciality of some dish.

If both husband and wife are working, then the household work should be divided on an absolutely 50-50 basis.

The old sentimental idea of a husband coming home to the "little woman" warming his slippers, holding his coat, and ministering to him like a personal valet is completely unrealistic when both husband and wife work.

Some routine, such as husband making beds and tidying the bedroom while wife cooks the breakfast, have to be instituted if both are to work and the wife is not a nervous and

physical wreck at the week-ends.

It's a good idea to enlist your husband's interest with any new gadget that comes into the home.

For instance, a friend of mine got a washing-machine when her baby arrived. Her husband was so interested in seeing how the thing worked that he now regularly does the washing and leaves it all ready for his wife to hang out.

Courtship and Engagement

MR. JEAN HUGHES, B.A., Dip. Soc. Stud., a social worker as well as a housewife, began this lecture by saying: "I believe that next to our decision about God, the decision to marry is the most important we have to make."

Then she went on:

Falling in love is something that may happen once or many times.

But beware! This sudden sweeping off one's feet is largely a matter of physical attraction. It can be dangerous because it gives a false sense of conviction and, if there is nothing else to support it, it can lead to great disillusionment.

I suggest that the most successful emotional basis for marriage consists of four elements:

- Physical attraction.
- Respect.
- Admiration.
- Common outlook and interests.

Physical attraction alone is not enough. You must have the other three, coupled with a growing fondness for each other.

That fondness has its first chance to develop during the period of courtship and engagement.

The courtship is the period during which we get to know

the other person. Generally speaking it should be as long as possible.

Nor should the engagement be too short. It should certainly be long enough to enable the couple to discuss and reach some agreement on such fundamental matters as money, a home, religion, sex, and children.

American statistics show that a courtship and engagement of three to five years' duration has the highest rate of happiness in marriage.

One of the problems which face many engaged couples is the question of pre-marital physical relationships.

This is mainly a question of where to draw the line. It is natural to make love during the engagement, but every couple should decide for themselves what limits they will set.

I feel that it is advisable to avoid pre-marital relationships.

Sexual adjustment may take months or years—especially for women. And sex is not the enormous factor in marriage which many books and films suggest it is.

The main factor in any marriage is the general day-to-day living—the sharing of home, children, and interests.

And, finally, American statistics show that there is a higher rate of married happiness where there have been no pre-marital relationships.

The Psychology of Family Relationships

MR. JEAN HUGHES, who delivered this lecture also, discussed only the relationship between husband and wife.

In studying this relationship, she said, we should begin by knowing the normal psychological needs of an adult man or woman.

The most important is the need for emotional security.

We all like to feel we are emotionally secure and safe, and that someone loves and wants us.

The need for status and recognition is another funda-

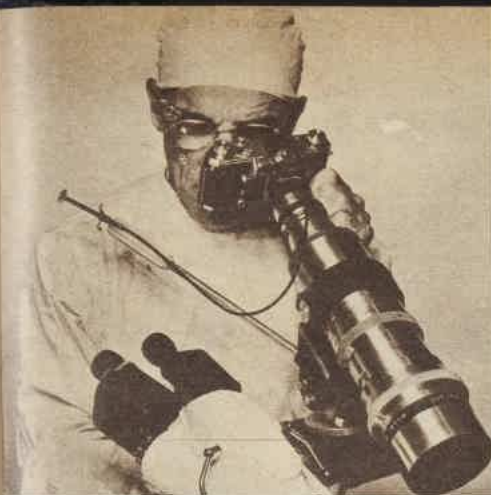
mental psychological necessity.

This is very close to the need for love and security. We can help our marriage partners by always treating them with respect.

Another need—the need for opportunity to express love and sexual feelings—is one that is satisfied by marriage.

In our Christian civilisation the expression of sex urges is bound up with marriage.

The other great human need—the need for a home and family—also finds its best outlet in marriage.



REG JOHNSON, director of research photography at Prince Alfred Hospital, photographs a patient with the stereo-colposcope, one of the many highly specialised pieces of equipment he uses in his work at the hospital.



SISTER MARY REGIS, who runs the Department of Medical Illustration at St. Vincent's Hospital, had never used a camera before she was asked to start the department three years ago. Now she does all photography herself.

Camera fights disease

Clinical photography is new aid to doctors, students

A photographer who pioneered and has become leader in the work of clinical photography in Australia is Reginald Johnson, director of research photography at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

CLINICAL photography and medical illustration are two little known but rapidly developing branches of medicine that play an important part in diagnosis, research, and teaching.

Mr. Johnson is a small, grey-haired man of great personal charm, who is completely absorbed in his work.

His wife, Jean, works with him, but prefers to remain in the background.

He takes all his photographs, both movies and stills, in color. The quality of his work and its great value to doctors and medical students surpasses anything of its kind anywhere else in the world.

When Mr. Johnson went on a trip to Europe and America recently he took some of his amazing color photographs with him to show to the medical profession overseas.

Worth £2500

HE brought back to Australia a £2500 camera microscope, which he describes as "the most complete instrument of its kind in the world."

But what he doesn't mention is the tribute engraved on a small silver plaque set on the base of the camera microscope.

It says simply: "Reginald Johnson, Sydney. In commemoration of a very pleasant and constructive visit to Vienna, August, 1953."

In his well-equipped studio, on the top floor of Gloucester House at Prince Alfred Hospital, Mr. Johnson carries out most of his work.

Apart from the more obvi-

ous aspects of clinical photography, such as the illustration of surgical technique, his work is important in recording rare diseases.

A patient with a rare disease is brought into the studio to have the obvious symptoms, such as skin coloring, photographed for study by students or for sending overseas to specialists for advice.

In this way patients are able to have the services of these specialists without seeing them personally—a very expensive process in many cases.

This is only possible if color in the photographs is accurate, Mr. Johnson says. It is quite useless to send color transparencies overseas or to file them for future reference if they are not exact.

When he makes color films for teaching and for reference

he doesn't film an entire single operation. To do this would put too much strain on both patient and surgeon.

A completed film is usually made up of a number of excerpts from similar operations. Before it is screened it is carefully compiled and edited, so that the student audience sees only the perfect technique.

"By a process of elimination of faults we can make students perfectionists," said Mr. Johnson.

Some of his slides are projected in 3-D, complete with polaroid glasses for viewing. This method shows in far greater detail than the old two-dimensional slides what actually occurs during an operation.

Not all of the Johnsons' work involves operations and patients. They are also in-

By JANET BAILEY,
staff reporter

terested in entomology (the study of insects). Some of Mr. Johnson's color pictures of insects are beautiful.

While Mr. Johnson will discuss only his work, his pretty, brown-haired wife is more ready to discuss him.

"His work is gradually becoming an essential part of the hospital," she said.

Both the Johnsons feel that more should be done to make the public realise the scope and importance of clinical photography in medicine and research.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, has also realised the need for a department of clinical photography, and has established a Department of Medical Illustration, run by Sister Mary Regis.

"They felt it was necessary to the hospital," said Sister Mary. "It was essential, especially as this is a teaching hospital."

Still learning

THREE years ago Sister Mary knew nothing about photography, but when the hospital decided it would open the new department she was put in charge.

"I had never handled a camera before," she said. "I have been very fortunate in having Mr. Woodward-Smith, director of the Department of Illustration at the medical school at the University, to help me."

In the three years since the department was established, Sister Mary has done all the photography, developing and processing, and has learned all the intricacies of the various branches of the work.

The department is less interested in research than in recording and filing cases.

"We photograph anything and everything," said Sister Mary.

In 1957 St. Vincent's celebrates its centenary. Sister Mary is looking forward to filming a color documentary on the work of the hospital for the occasion, and hopes to edit and synchronise it herself.

Simply
BEAUTIFUL . . .



No elaborate
beauty routine

is necessary for you to achieve a natural, youthful complexion. First, smooth on wonderful Coty "Instant Beauty" . . . the new liquid tinted foundation, non-drying, with miraculous texture, and ideal for all skin types.

Then Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder . . . so fine, so smooth . . . the beautifully perfumed face powder that clings and clings and never, never cakes.

"Instant Beauty" in Muted Beige, Continentale, Naturelle, Azalee. "AirSpun" in Muted Beige, Muted Sun, Muted Rose, Bali, Gitane, Coty tan, Azalee, Continentale, Vibrant, Carioca.



INSTANT BEAUTY, 9/6

"AIRSPUN"
FACE POWDER, 7/6



COTY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY



SETTING UP HER EQUIPMENT, Mrs. Johnson, who works with her husband, prepares to record an experiment with laboratory white mice. When she is not photographing, Mrs. Johnson helps her husband in his studio work.

You get the most for your money with MYNOR Fruit juices and jellies



2 DOZEN brimming
glasses from one bottle
at less than 2d. a glass

Mynor is the most economical way to keep those thirsty children happy... and to be wonderfully hospitable. Just one bottle of Mynor makes a whole gallon—and a gallon goes a long way; even at a party. And Mynor is so easy to make—just add iced water or soda and you have the finest drink you've ever tasted.

MORE DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE

**All the flavour...
all the goodness of
best quality fruit**

No wonder Mynor is famous for flavour... for into Mynor goes the fresh, pure juice of oranges, lemons, pineapple, passionfruit specially selected for quality and picked at the peak of perfection. And no wonder Mynor is good for you... it's made from fruit rich in those essential health-giving vitamins A, B, C, and D.

MORE FRUIT JUICE... MORE FLAVOUR

**11 delicious
flavours from which
to choose—**

Some like this, some like that, but in Mynor there's a flavour for everybody. Choose from FRUIT CUP—TOPS—ORANGE—LEMON—PINEAPPLE—RASPBERRY—STRAWBERRY—LIME JUICE—PASITO—G.I. CORDIAL—MILVAN MILKSHAKE CORDIAL.

MORE DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE

**MYNOR IS GOOD
FOR YOU because...**

MYNOR MEANS...



**MYNOR...
the jelly with the
UNIQUE
FLAVOUR
BUD**

Contains concentrated fruit...
keeps it fresh until used

Inside every packet of Mynor Fruit Jelly you will find the unique Mynor flavour bud—real liquid fruit sealed in a sugar coating. No matter how long Mynor Jellies stay on the grocer's shelf or in your pantry, they remain as fresh, delicious and full of flavour as the day they were made. You will find, too, that Mynor Jellies dissolve in a minute and give you a good firm set always. Ask for Mynor Jellies to-day—they're "tops for flavour."

DISSOLVES IN 60 SECONDS



**IN SIX
DELICIOUS
FLAVOURS**

FRUIT JUICE

THEY'RE ALL TALKING ABOUT . . .



... those grand Scamp fabric! So different from the run-of-the-mill materials we see around. Scamp not only gives you outstanding cottons . . . not only plain Satin Lastex . . . but really unusual fabrics such as Nylon "Mattress Stripe," Iridescent X-dye, Pinstripe Satin, Elasticised Boucle and Sharkskin, Self-Stripe Nylon, Gold-Spattered Faille and Chrome Spun Taffeta. No . . . no-one can match Scamp in swim-suit fabrics!

It's the same with styling. Scamp gives you a score of different models . . . not just a few. There's a Scamp perfect for every type, shape and size of figure . . . from sleek slender sheaths to playful little romper suits. Shown above is "Sentinel" fashioned from Scamp's Nylon "Mattress Stripe." At right is "Seafarer" . . . the suit with the "contoured" bra. (In five of the fabulous Scamp fabrics.) You must have a new SCAMP this year!



New super-cream deodorant
SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Instantly stops perspiration, keeps arm pits dry.
Acts safely as proved by leading Doctors.

Smother, creamier Arrid

Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.

ARRID

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE USE
ARRID — BE SURE!

NOW WITH PERSTOP
— will not dry out in jar



A2-72

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Miss Sadie Thompson," technicolor musical-drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Jose Ferrer. (See review this page.) Plus "Problem Girls," juvenile drama, starring Helen Walker, Ross Elliott, Susan Morrow.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Valley of the Kings," romantic adventure in color, starring Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, Carlos Thompson. Plus ★ "The Blue Parrot," thriller, starring Dermot Walsh, Jacqueline Hill.

LYCEUM.—★ "The Net," aviation drama, starring Phyllis Calvert, James Donald, Robert Beatty. Plus ★ "It Started in Paradise," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Hylton, Ian Hunter, Muriel Pavlow.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Grace Moore Story," technicolor musical biography, starring Kathryn Grayson, Merv Griffin, Joan Weldon. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★★ "The Moment of Truth," French-language domestic drama, starring Jean Gabin, Michele Morgan, Daniel Gelin. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "Carnival Story," technicolor circus drama, starring Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Elephant Walk," technicolor drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Finch, Dana Andrews. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Jour de Fete," French-language comedy, starring Jacques Tati. Plus ★★★ "Big Top," special circus film in color.

STATE.—★★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus ★ "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Infidelity," Italian-language omnibus film, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★★ "The Far Country," technicolor Western drama, starring James Stewart, Ruth Roman, Corinne Calvet. Plus "All I Desire," period domestic drama, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, Lyle Bettger.

* Other programmes unavailable.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Moment of Truth

THE French-language film "The Moment of Truth" is a weighty marital drama made convincing by some very good acting and flashes of Gallic realism.

Set in Paris after World War II, the story backtracks through the war years to unravel the extra-marital excursions of its stars Michele Morgan, a successful actress, and her doctor-husband, Jean Gabin.

Daniel Gelin's very human artist is the other man.

A suicide case to which the doctor is called by chance on the eve of his tenth wedding anniversary sets the dramatic wheels in motion.

In the studio of the dead man the doctor finds evidence pointing to a love affair with his wife. The rest of the film is given over to her explanation of the association.

Lovely as ever, Michele Morgan plays the erring wife with consummate skill and sympathy.

But her revelations go on for too long, and the verbal cross-fire between the husband and wife is apt to confuse.

In Sydney—Paris.

★ Miss Sadie Thompson
AUTHOR W. Somerset Maugham may be forgiven for disavowing

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

this Hollywood version of his story "Rain."

"Miss Sadie Thompson" (Columbia) reduces the strong, emotional drama of "Rain" to a shallow, technicolor frolic with songs.

However, as a vehicle for the hot-house charms of Miss Rita Hayworth, the picture is not unamusing. Rita's swagging Sadie, a red-gowned, shady lady, is all woman, but she is not all bad.

Marooned between ships on a lush Pacific island, Sadie is quickly surrounded by a group of woman-hungry U.S. Marines. She is very democratic in her dealings with the boys, entertaining them with provocative songs, an uninhibited dance session, and silty chatter.

Tough Sergeant Aldo Ray falls for Sadie, but their raucous behaviour incurs the ire of Jose Ferrer's fanatical dogooder, Alfred Davidson.

As the reformer caught in the grip of clashing emotions, Ferrer comes nearest to a serious characterisation.

The finale is absurd.

In Sydney—Capitol.

Your son's career . . .



In the life of a young man, few decisions are more important than the choice of his employment after leaving school.

This choice has to be made at a time when he himself has little knowledge of the workaday world, and when he depends for guidance upon parents who are sometimes conscious of limitations in their capacity to advise.

Even when a son's own inclinations are known, the big problem confronting him and his parents is to find a standard by which to judge the merits and prospects of the many different types of occupations available. It is in this connection that A.N.Z. Bank is able to offer some assistance.

The Bank is a large employer of men, and its standards, built up over more than a century, are widely recognised throughout Australia and New Zealand. Each year, the Bank takes into its service some hundreds of young men aged from 16 to 19 who have reached educational standards considered appropriate to their age.

Primarily for the information of prospective applicants for appointment to the Bank's service, and their parents, important considerations for assessing a career have been set out in a brochure entitled "That Vital Decision—Choosing a Career." Copies of this brochure may be obtained by writing to the under-mentioned address, or alternatively, by calling for a friendly talk with the local A.N.Z. Bank Manager, who is a man of wide experience.

Although Banking may not have been one of the careers under consideration by your son and yourself, acceptance of the offer contained in the previous paragraph would unquestionably provide you with some useful information and may greatly assist in making a sound decision.

Enquiries by letter should be addressed to the General Manager, A.N.Z. Bank, Box 537E, Melbourne.



AUSTRALIA
AND NEW ZEALAND
BANK LIMITED

(in which are merged)

Bank of Australasia
(Established 1835)

The Union Bank of Australia Ltd.
(Established 1837)

Over 760 Branches and Agencies throughout Australia and New Zealand, in Fiji and in Papua, and in London. Agents throughout the world.

LUX

keeps the youth in our new 'Youthlyne' Foundations

say

Berlei

You'll cut a pretty figure in Berlei's new "Youthlyne" foundations. Light as thistledown, they do a glamorous job of smoothing your figure troubles away. And if you wash them regularly in gentle Lux they will keep their shape and yours!

Berlei, the manufacturers of "Youthlyne", give this advice: "Foundations worn next to the skin absorb perspiration... and perspiration damages the fabric. We advise frequent washing with Lux (at least once a week) to make foundations last and help keep their firm fit. Your Berlei bra, too, will keep its original shape far longer with regular Lux care."

Yes, a regular Lux dip whisks away perspiration... preserves elasticity... keeps all your undies new-looking three times longer — tests prove it. Hands, too, stay pretty no matter how often they're in gentle Lux.

**So safe... you'll
want to use it
always**



DRESS SENSE

The designed-for-leisure beach-jacket illustrated here is an ideal summer beach fashion.

IN my fashion mail, and in person, numbers of girls who spend their leisure on the beach are repeatedly inquiring for a simple-to-make beach-coat to wear over a swimsuit—on or off the beach.

My answer to this fashion problem is the wrap-around sleeveless beach-jacket illustrated (right). The jacket is in striped cotton, could be plain, and is designed for easy sewing. A pattern for the design is obtainable in 32in. to 38in. bust—it includes an easy-to-follow instruction chart. See further details and how to order in lines at far right of illustration.

Here are answers to other readers' requests:

"I HAVE lately taken up golf, and though I find slacks very comfortable to play in I do not find they really suit my figure. Would you assist me by suggesting some sort of comfortable sports skirt? My measurements are 38in. bust, 32in. waist, and 39in. hipline."

For active sport a culotte (a divided skirt) is a perfect fashion for the woman with a well-developed figure. The culotte skirt combines the comfort of slacks and the appearance of a well-tailored skirt.

"I AM waiting to make myself several new garments for summer and wondered what you think of nylon as a hot-weather material. We have extreme heat in the summer here, and I wondered if nylon would be suitable."

In excessive heat, in spite of the easy-laundering, non-crush merits of synthetic material, there is nothing in my opinion as cool and satisfactory as an into-the-tub cotton. Moreover, this season

is definitely a cotton season—cotton for everything, beach suits, formals, town clothes. Dark cottons are the craze in U.S. and numbers are crease-resisting and non-crush. Flower prints headed by a rose theme come to us via Paris and New York.

"IN my summer clothes I would like to include a blouse and separate skirt. Is



D. S. 106. — Smart line's beach-jacket in striped cotton. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

there anything extra smart of these lines you could suggest? I want the outfit in black and white."

A new approach to the skirt-and-bodice theme is a skirt built high above the waistline, indented at the natural waist, and buttoned to a blouse. The button-on idea is stolen from a small boy's ranger suit. As you want to combine black and white, I suggest a black-and-white pinstripe for the skirt, and black cotton for the blouse, plus a white Peter Pan collar tied in front with a pinstripe bow with streamer ends. I hope you will like this idea sufficiently well to copy.

"MY age is nearly 18, and I want a suggestion for a color and idea for a ballerina frock. I intend making the frock in taffeta. I have grey-blue eyes and very dark auburn hair and take S.S.W. dress fitting."

Slate-blue taffeta, but be careful the shade is not too grey, would be very flattering to grey-blue eyes and dark auburn hair. Have the dress made with a skirt "belled" stiffly from a handspan waist, have the bodice moulded and finished with a deep, folded fichu ending in a bow at centre back.

"I AM being married in November next, and as my dressmaker is waiting to start my wedding gown I would like some assistance from you on this subject. I want a combination of lace and net if you think it suitable."

My suggestion for your bridal gown is a simple bodice top in Chantilly-type lace combined with a voluminous "trained" skirt in nylon net. Have the bodice finished with an oval neckline and long, close-fitting sleeves, and have the neckline of the bodice edged with cut-out lace motifs.

Beauty in brief:

HAVE A NEW MOUTH

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Would you like a new face this season? A complete change of lipstick color and technique will do wonders in accomplishing the change.

THERE may be nothing wrong with the make-up shade you are now using, but you will undoubtedly be stimulated by a switch, especially if you cut down cosmetics to just lipstick during the hot weather.

It's up to you to choose whichever color captures your fancy, but it is a safe bet that the majority of women will, at this time of year, settle for a shade within the vibrant pink-rosy-red range, depending on individual coloring.

Though the color is important, this is not lipstick's sole contribution to your face. A clean-cut lipstick job is wanted to define the mouth, and this is where you need a steady brush.

Outline your mouth in natural curves, then stroke on the color evenly and smoothly, first crossways, and then in an up-and-down direction.

Blot with tissue, apply more color and blot again.

TEACHERS, PARENTS, CHURCHMEN PRAISE FIRST Children's Newspaper

Junior Telegraph

A new, full-size newspaper, written, illustrated and produced
SPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN

The Australian
by the publishers of
WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Dr. Duffy

The Chaplain of St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, said: "I am very favorably impressed with the first issue of Junior Telegraph." Dr. Duffy is Inspector of secular education in the Catholic Office of Education. Dr. Duffy added: "Junior Telegraph fills a vacuum in entertainment and information for young people insofar as it is produced by a paper which takes full responsibility for the tone and level of the material which it publishes."

"It can be expected to replace a lot of the vicious and harmful comics for which no one takes editorial responsibility."

"I would like to recommend it for circulation among the young people. Figures given today at the University Convention indicate that there is a great increase in this age group."

"The need to cater for them with a newspaper for themselves—such as this one—is obvious."



Rev. Alan Walker

The Leader of the Mission to the Nation, said Junior Telegraph was a great improvement on much of the present-day literature available to children.

He said Australia badly needed children's literature in which crime, sex, and war did not appear.

Mr. Walker added: The general standard of Junior Telegraph is wholesome and good.

"It is good to know that future issues of Junior Telegraph will carry stories of Christian heroes."

"Hundreds of thousands of children are linked with churches and Sunday schools and these stories will reflect the Christian interests of these children."

Teachers, headmasters, and other educational experts also praise the Junior Telegraph.

Mr. J. J. Nichols, headmaster of Bondi Junior Technical School, said a special newspaper for juniors was a "very good idea."

"What most children appreciate is informative articles of general interest."

Mr. A. Shrubbs, headmaster of Hornsby Technical Junior School, described the junior newspaper as a "Wonderful venture."

"It's a splendid, excellent idea; I can't imagine anything better."

Mr. M. Kennett, editor of the Teachers' Federation three-weekly journal, said Junior Telegraph was a "praiseworthy attempt to cater for children with sound reading matter. There is a definite need for a children's paper which keeps clear of crime, sex, and sensation."

Packed with the Reading children like best!

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER!



Rev. J. Mannifield

President of the Methodist Conference, said Junior Telegraph should fill a very useful place in the life of the young people of New South Wales.

He said: "The whole idea of a newspaper for children appeals to me."

"The first issue of the Junior Telegraph is very creditable."

"It contains a variety of reading and opportunities to exercise skill."

"These ought to delight all boys and girls."

"Provided there is restraint in the type of comic strips, the paper ought to fill a very useful place in the life of young people in the State."

"Particular features which appealed to me were the emphasis on stories of outback Australia, nature studies, and skill in sports."

**ON SALE EVERY
TUESDAY**

3d



Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

5

Action Planned

play clothes

This season at all the world's leading resorts, they will be wearing playsuits like this. A stay-neat, All-In-One, Style 70A,

in high fashion, hard-wearing cotton twill. 59/6. (Also in denim and printed cotton.)

Turn playsuit to play-dress by buttoning on



this style 70B, matching skirt. At 69/6.



Denim, manshirt style 105, 55/-. Brief shorts, style 35, denim. 39/11.

Cole
OF CALIFORNIA

Watch for Cole News Every week

REPRODUCED & DISTRIBUTED BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LTD. IN AUSTRALIA

Worth Reporting Romancing tonight?

Book news

By HELEN FRIZELL

"THE Strange Land" of Hammond Innes' new thriller is Morocco—and, as usual with this writer, the background of kasbahs, Berbers, smugglers, palms groves, and desert is quite authentic.

For Mr. Innes' policy, before writing a new book, is to visit a country, getting the genuine background for scenes and for characters. This had paid off well with his previous 12 books—which have all been taut danger dramas, set in locales ranging from Norway to Canada.

The latest Innes to hand presents Dr. Kavan, who arrives in Morocco, clutching some secret papers in his hand. He is closely pursued by such sinister types as Kostos, the Greek, and Ali d'Es-Skhira.

On Kavan's side are the missionary Latham, the girl Julie, and a mysterious Karen. The papers lead all of these to the primitive settlement of Kasbah Foum, where anything can happen—and does immediately.

To my joy, there was even a lone officer of the French Foreign Legion, who galloped on to the scene, "bent low over the horse's neck, his round, pale blue hat screaming his face, his cloak streaming out behind him. The horse, a big black, was lathered white with sweat and dust."

Published by Collins. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

ON the steps of the Immigration building in Sydney, a thickly bearded new Australian wearing a beret pulled out a small hand mirror, inspected his face, patted his beard into place and walked calmly to the passport counter.

Magic new invisible ink

THERE is a laundry in Sydney where nobody worries when marking-ink is spilled all over their customers' linen or clothing. The customers don't seem to mind, either.

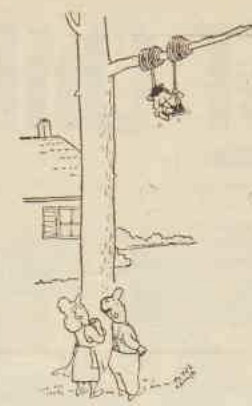
The customers don't even complain when laundry is marked by large numbers or letters in the most conspicuous place on each article—down the front of a shirt, in the middle of a pillowslip, or across the centre of a best damask tablecloth.

Why? Because the ink is invisible in ordinary light, and can be seen only under ultraviolet lights installed in the plant.

This means that the identifying marks made on clothes can be large and clear, avoiding the smaller but very visible ink marks used by many laundries.

Because the invisible marks can be made so much bigger, there is less chance of their being indecipherable and clothes misplaced as a result.

The process, first developed in Sweden and called the "phantom ray," is harmless to fabrics and won't wash out.



No dogs allowed

DOGS owned by garden-lovers in Toowoomba, Queensland, are always pleased when the annual Carnival of Flowers is over.

"He's had no bones for a month," explained one prizewinner, looking apologetically at his spaniel. "I couldn't risk having him bury his bones under my best plants."

After the carnival, a pilgrimage to prize-winning gardens goes on for several weeks.

One of this year's garden winners was trying valiantly to sweep her garden path in the afternoon after the prizewinners had been announced.

"I've been trying to sweep this path since 7 o'clock this morning," she said, "but haven't had much luck so far because of the number of visitors."

After all the visiting had died down one year, a prizewinner, wearing pyjamas, and revelling in his early morning walk around his garden, was caught by a visitor bending over a special plant.

The gardener did the quickest right-about-turn of his life because of a large rent in the seat of his pyjama trousers.

Policeman painter

AT two o'clock one morning a patrolling policeman stopped on a corner of Broadway, Sydney, whipped out a pencil and an envelope, and quickly sketched the scene before him. Later, at his home, he transformed the sketch into an attractive watercolor painting.

The policeman, Arthur Adams by name, wasn't working on a clue to a crime. He was indulging a hobby which has placed him among the most competent of Sydney's amateur landscape painters.

Adams' police training has given him an observant eye, and inspiration has frequently come to him while patrolling Sydney's slum areas in a police wireless car.

The October 12 issue of A.M. contains two color pages of examples of the policeman-artist's work.

If you want to get on well with South Australia's policemen, don't mention the word "midwifery" to them.

At present they are rather touchy on the subject because of a burst of publicity in Adelaide following an announcement that a course of midwifery would be given to police officers.

In the role of midwives, they have become the target for pungent gags and cartoons.

However, Inspector R. L. Maddaford, head of the Police Information Bureau and father of five children, has countered tersely:

"There's not a suggestion of midwifery in the whole thing. The State Director of Obstetrics simply gave a common-sense talk to the men in conjunction with a film on childbirth."

"The object of the talk was to give them enough knowledge to enable them to cope in an emergency."

The lecture followed two incidents which convinced the administration that there was a need for police officers to have some knowledge on the subject.

Constable Claude Munson delivered a child at North Adelaide in between 300-yard dashes to the police station phone for further instructions from the duty sister at the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital.

He said that his chief ambition at the time was (a) to pass the buck to the hospital as quickly as possible and (b) to safeguard the mother and child.

Later, he commented: "Just so long as the public doesn't make a habit of it."

The other emergency birth involved two senior officers, Inspector Maddaford and Inspector J. Vogelsang.

They were doing a routine call in a police car, when they heard screams coming from a woman in a phone box.

While one acted as a midwife and later had the pleasure of telling the woman she had a son, the other brought medical aid.

The lecture that caused all the stir was attended voluntarily by 200 metropolitan members who were all enthusiastic about it.

Sgt. John Radcliffe, Assistant Police Prosecutor, said later: "I was completely ignorant about childbirth and was completely engrossed in the film."

The extent of his interest was measured by his wry comment that he "smoked 60 cigarettes a day, but for the 1½ hours the lecture lasted, didn't reach for even one."

And Inspector Vogelsang said: "I feel that after this lecture policemen will be even more watchful, courteous, and considerate to expectant mothers."

But a word of warning was given by Inspector Maddaford, who said: "The Force is not setting itself up as a permanent last resort."

"We don't want these two incidents to lull people into leaving these matters to the last minute. Police officers will not welcome regular calls for these duties."

Your grooming and approach may be faultless, but you won't even make first base if you neglect personal freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

Eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES tablets to banish perspiration odour and sweeten your breath.

Chloro-PHILLIES act instantly and give night or day-long protection—keep you nice to be near.

Make it a habit—eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES deodorant tablets every time you shower or clean your teeth.



EVERYWHERE Manufactured by Australian Distributors: Life Savers (Australia) Limited



15 hairsets for 36

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlpet—squeeze Curlpet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlpet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET C.N.5

Rid Kidneys of Poisons & Acids

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Shop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 13, 1954

When hungry youngsters rush in from school and ask for something to eat give them a slice of bread and jam. You spread a good 100 calories — energy-giving calories — over the bread when you cover it with jam. You also save your time during one of the busiest hours of your day... Even a child that has to be coaxed to eat finds it hard to resist novelty. So try putting two varieties of jam on the one piece of bread. Apricot on one half. Raspberry on the other.

TIPS ON TARTS...

Your tart shells will keep their pretty figures in the oven if you make them with *plain* flour and chill them before baking. Chilling makes them extra flaky, too! The lightest, crispest little tart shells are baked over inverted patry tins. Start them in a hot oven, then reduce the heat. They'll keep perfectly in an airtight tin, ready to fill with jam at a moment's notice.

Give your tarts and pies a tempting glaze — simply brush them over with light-colored jam before they go into the oven.

There are 100 calories — how's that for energy? — in a tablespoonful of jam.



... AND JAM IS A HIGH ENERGY FOOD

Children love Jam



CANDY STICKS

Jam gives them extra flavour (extra nourishment, too!) 2 level cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup any jam, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon golden syrup. Combine all the ingredients in a heavy saucepan and stir over low heat till the sugar dissolves. Increase the heat and boil briskly till a few drops will harden in cold water—3 or 4 minutes. Remove from heat. Meanwhile, impale glaze apricots, dried figs or pairs of flattened dates on sticks. Dip the fruits in the hot toffee, then coat with peanuts, coconut, hundreds-and-thousands or popcorn. Decorate the sticks with strips of colored paper. For *irresistible Toffee Apples*: dip small ripe apples instead of other fruits.

"JAM is the great energy food!

100 calories to a tablespoonful.

And fresh fruit from which all jam is made is rich in vital minerals, vitamins, calcium, phosphorus and iron."



PICTURE COOKIES

Jam adds the decoration... makes them *twice* as good. 5 ozs. soft shortening, 3 level tablespoons castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 3 ozs. ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup) self-raising flour, 5 ozs. ($1\frac{1}{4}$ cups) plain flour.

Cream the shortening, sugar and vanilla. Mix in the two flours. Roll out on a well-floured board and cut into rounds and fancy shapes. With a sharp knife, cut faces and other designs in half the cookies. Bake in a moderate oven till tinted. Cool, join together with thick jam and decorate as desired.



ION 100... All the Leg Glamour of a Film Star

HILTON Nyloseal Nylons



Cyd Charisse, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Brigadoon", says: "Soft, misty nylons spell leg loveliness."



Elizabeth Taylor, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Beau-Brummel", says: "When you want to be extra lovely, wear dull, misty nylons."



Ava Gardner, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Knights of the Round Table", says: "Keep that soft, misty glamour right down to your toes."



Ann Blyth, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Student Prince", says: "Misty, luxurious nylons make your legs lovelier."

Esther Williams, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Jupiter's Darling", says: "You're bright about glamour when you wear sheer nylons."



Lane Turner, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Betroyed", says: "Smart-looking, appearance-conscious women dress from the legs up."

HILTON

Nylons make your legs
Look Lovelier!

You'll agree that no one knows the secret of leg glamour better than these lovely film stars, who know how alluring—dull, misty nylons can be.

HILTON Nyloseal Nylons are the greatest aid to leg flattery you can buy. They glamourise your legs and give them sheer, misty loveliness.

By actual test, you'll find **HILTON** Nyloseal Nylons look lovelier and last longer.

<i>Elation</i>	<i>Waltz Dream</i>	<i>Fabulous</i>	<i>Fanfare</i>	<i>Velvet Sole</i>
Your choice for sheerer nylons				
15 Denier . . 14/6	30 Denier . . 12/6	12 Denier . . 17/11	15 Denier Mesh . . 17/11	Service Weight . . 12/11

For fit and style



insist on NILE

SINGLET & SLEEK
for all physiques

WILE DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.
125 YORK ST. SYDNEY

WARNING!

Early successes of "EVERGLAZE" led to many imitations. Considerable quantities of inferior weak fabrics which will not stand the wash tub have been sold as "Everglaze" giving much disappointment. Buy only from reputable firms. Insist on genuine "Everglaze." Remember ONLY "Everglaze" stands for WASHPROOF CREASE RESISTANCE IN Cissy-to-care-for cottons.

"Everglaze" fabrics include: PAINTED COTTONS, GLAZED CHINTZ, PLAINPRINTS, EMBROID COTTONS AND PLAIN SURFACE COTTONS.

"EVERGLAZE"

A trade mark signifying fabrics (which may be glossy or matt) finished and tested by Jm. Hancock and Sons, Co. Wilmington, Del. U.S.A., or under their authority according to processes and standards they prescribe and control.

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of asthma and bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Instead, a new American scientific medicine starts immediately to cleanse through the blood, quickly turning the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendenca from your chemist or store-to-day under positive guarantee to stop your asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

A young man's angry outburst of a few weeks ago about Canberra's lack of social life has drawn a reply from a 20-year-old girl resident.

YOU might remember that he signed himself "The Cynic" and complained that it was hard to make friends in Canberra, and a good-night kiss was an unattainable dream.

Evidently I was wrong in merely commiserating with him. For this girl offers some solutions of his problem.

She writes:

"I sincerely agree with The Cynic and his remarks about this small State. But don't you think he is being a bit hard? Perhaps the 'little public servants' have their own circle of friends. And perhaps he may not have met the right 'circle' yet.

"He must remember that most of Canberra's population is rather 'cliquey', and it always takes times to make friends. You can't just pop up to someone and say, 'Be friendly with me.'

"As he doesn't dance, he could try learning and it would also be an outing for him. There are two modern dancing institutions in Canberra where he could learn. They are both run several nights a week.

"Also, we have the Philharmonic and Repertory Societies and Y.M.C.A. and other such clubs. If he attended these when in Canberra he wouldn't see different faces every time. They just aren't those sort of clubs.

"Maybe The Cynic really lives up to his name, and that could possibly be the root of his troubles. However, he has my regrets that Canberra isn't a much friendlier place than it is—I wish it were so—and I hope he does eventually make some worthwhile friends here, and even has the pleasure of that 'good-night kiss.'

A Resident, Canberra, A.C.T.

"I am very much in love with a girl who works in a shop opposite where I work. I would like to meet this girl

and take her out, but I'm a bit shy and backward in coming forward. Neither of us dances, but we both go to the pictures quite often with our different friends. I am sure she likes me, but she is also shy. We often pass on the street and speak to each other. When she finishes work and when she is out at the pictures there is usually a girl or two girls with her. How should I go about meeting this girl and becoming acquainted with her?"

DIRECT action is your only course.

A boy can't afford to be shy with a girl who is also shy. Most girls expect direct action from a man, and they



"For heaven's sake, Willard . . . are you going to let a little nip in the air ruin our whole evening?"

like him to take charge of situations.

In this instance, it means that you must make the overtures.

As like as not this girl has been hoping and expecting for some time that you'll ask her to go out. She can't very well ask you, so you must ask her. Would you find that so very difficult?

"Don't ask her when there are others around—that will really panic her. Wait until you see her in the street alone.

(Alternatively you could stop at her counter in the shop and ask her. Don't do this, though, if her boss is a bit sour about employees having private chats during working hours, because then she might say No just to end the conversation quickly.)

Just say: "There's a good film on—'From Here to Eternity.' Would you like to come with me on Friday night?"

She'll probably say Yes right away. If she says she already has a date or has made some arrangements for that night, don't give up. Instead, pin her down. Say: "Would you like to come another night? What night would suit you?"

Make her specify the night, and then ask her what time she would like you to call for her.

"I have a problem that oppresses me and makes me self-conscious and miserable. My face is disfigured by unsightly enlarged pores. It gives my skin a coarse and uneven appearance. Please could you make any suggestions as to how I may rid myself of this menace, and also a helpful hint as to the prevention of the tiny blackheads that cover my chin and nose?"

"S k i n Troubles,"
Charters Towers, Qld.

IN the issue of August 18 there was a half-page article, "Ten Ways to Stop Spots." If you conscientiously followed this programme you'd help yourself considerably.

"I am a girl 20 years of age, and haven't been here long enough to know many people. I don't dance, so can't meet them that way. I would like to join a good social club to meet people about my own age and wondered if you could help me by giving me the name of one."

"Lonely," Lakemba, N.S.W.

IN your district there is the Methodist Church Club at Lakemba, the Church of Christ Club at Belmore—both of them for men and girls—and a girls' club at Clemon Park. Alternatively, ring or call at the Y.W.C.A. in Pitt Street.

Pat, Brighton, Adelaide: Will you please send me your postal address? I have a letter for you from the mother of a teenage girl who, like you, is a lonely newcomer to Adelaide.

DISC DIGEST

I SUPPOSE the word "standard" can be applied to classics as well as to pops. If so, Schumann's Piano Concerto in A Minor can truly be called a standard among concertos. It takes its place alongside such other all-time favorites as the Grieg, the Tchaikovsky, and Beethoven's "Emperor." There's a beautiful new recording on LXTA.2806, performed with romantic fervor by Wilhelm Kempff and the London Symphony Orchestra under Josef Krips. If you're building a basic library, you're advised to hear it.

POOR Debussy's "Clair de Lune" has had such a hammering by inept "musicians" in recent years that it's doubly blessed to discover it again in its proper context: one of the four sections in the "Bergamasque Suite." It's played by 24-year-old Friedrich Gulda on LXTA.2817, who almost, but not quite, equals Gieseking's performance on 78s. Reverse is a sympathetic coupling: Ravel's three night visions for piano, "G-spard De La Nuit," which also includes a piece often heard out of context, the "water music" of "Ondine." Highly recommended for all lovers of the pianoforte and musical impressionism.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

Keep your hands clean!



BEFORE any dirty work

rub in "BARRIER" CREAM

REGD. TRADE MARK

IT'S ANOTHER WONDERFUL FAULDING PRODUCT



At work—at home—anywhere, any time, rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting any dirty work. Afterwards, hands wash clean with soap and water . . . see how free from ingrained dirt your hands are, without harsh scrubbing. Stainless, non-greasy "BARRIER" CREAM keeps your hands smooth, clean and protected.

Always have

"BARRIER" CREAM is a non-greasy, non-sticky and invisible PROTECTIVE CREAM which prevents grease and dirt becoming ingrained—prevents skin irritation and roughness. Only "BARRIER" CREAM protects against dreaded dermatitis and skin infections too. "BARRIER" CREAM is another wonderful FAULDING Product.

"BARRIER" CREAM on hand!

● Rub it in until it disappears.

For Use in the Prevention and Treatment of Industrial Dermatitis and Skin Irritation



"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

Can your children write stories?

If your children show any talent for "making up stories" — might we suggest that you encourage them to enter this contest?



£250 IPANA

Up to £150 in prize money
plus 120 prizes
worth another £100

JUNIOR WRITERS CONTEST

to write an original story in which IPANA TOOTH-PASTE plays a part. It can be an adventure story, a mystery story or a true story.

When entering your story, remember . . .

- Write neatly, on one side of paper only.
- Print your group, name and address, birthday and age at top of first page, like this—
Group 2 . . . Beverley Jones, 12 Station Street, Smithtown, S.A. Age 10 years . . . Birthday 2nd May.
- Ask one of your parents or your teacher to sign your entry.
- Post your entry to—
Junior Writers' Competition (Group 1)
P.O. Box 58, North Sydney, N.S.W.
(*Mark your Group number on envelope.)
- Your entry must be received before 5 p.m. on 15th November, 1954.

CONDITIONS

- The judges' decision will be final and legally binding, and no correspondence will be entered into. It is regretted that stories cannot be returned.
- This contest is not open to the immediate families of Bristol-Myers' employees or their advertising agents.
- Winners will be notified by mail immediately after judging. Results will be published in this magazine.
- Winning entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.

This is an example of an original Ipana story.



"The Princess And The Teardrop"

by 12-years-old Margaret Thatcher.

PLOP! Splash! A teardrop fell to the marble floor of Smiley Land castle, when, quite unexpectedly, the tear hopped up and asked in a rather sobbing tone, "Dear Princess Sylvia, why do you cry so much? All you do the whole day long is weep and weep. Not only are your eyes and nose red, but I have a nasty bump on my head where you dropped me

on the floor!" "Well, little teardrop," replied the Princess, "you wouldn't feel like smiling and being happy if you had my teeth. They are all dull and dingy." And another tear fell. The teardrop thought for a moment and then trickled out of the room. In a trice he was back again with the "Tearville Express," in which

was a red-and-yellow packet, puffing behind him. "This, dear Princess, is a packet of magic 'Ipana,' and if you use it your teeth will shine like pearls," the teardrop said. The Princess took it from him and tried it and ever since that day the Princess has worn a sparkling smile and there are no more tears in Smiley Land.

GROUP 1	SENIORS 12-15 years (story up to 350 words)	1st PRIZE £25 . . . or double (£50) if entry accompanied by empty Ipana carton plus 25 VALUABLE CONSOLATION PRIZES (as previously published)
GROUP 2	INTERMEDIATES 9-11 years (story up to 300 words)	1st PRIZE £25 . . . or double (£50) if entry accompanied by empty Ipana carton plus 25 VALUABLE CONSOLATION PRIZES (as previously published)
GROUP 3	JUNIORS 8 years and under (story up to 250 words)	1st PRIZE £25 . . . or double (£50) if entry accompanied by empty Ipana carton plus 20 VALUABLE CONSOLATION PRIZES and 50 "GOOD EFFORT" PRIZES (as previously published)

What you should know about "Ipana"

IPANA is the toothpaste recommended by 8 out of 10 Australian dentists. IPANA makes your teeth whiter, brighter than ever before. IPANA helps to prevent tooth decay—especially if you use it right after eating. Ipana has a special "anti-enzyme" formula that checks the acids that cause decay. IPANA keeps your mouth and breath sweet for hours after you use it. IPANA has a mintier flavour . . . so cool, so refreshing. IPANA is grand to use . . . it's foamier than ever.



YOU CAN ONLY BUY
IPANA FROM YOUR CHEMIST

The attachment of cartons to entries is not invited from residents of any State where such invitation would contravene the law of that State.

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 10

back." More than ever enraged by the female obstinacy, he seized her shoulders. "It's absurd for you to stay. Don't you know you're in danger?" "He knows." She avoided the use of Nick's name. "That's why he came for me. He risked everything to save me." "Get your coat and come along."

"No." "But why, Nina?" She shook her head. It was not only that Nick had gambled with his life and risked his freedom to save her, but that she had seen him lying on his face, weak and lonely.

"He knows how to take care of himself."

"No." "You have nothing to be grateful to him for. Nor reason to be sentimental. And certainly your life's more valuable than his."

"He's right, Nina. Why don't you go? What's my life worth?" Nick had come into the room. Neither of them heard his light step. He was smiling.

As animals meet upon a road, watching and sniffing, these two men accosted each other with such drawn-out tension that Nina, without reason, uttered a short cry. She noted the bulge in Nick's trousers and knew he had brought the gun.

"This a friend of yours?" "Yes, it's Philip Everclyde. He's a lawyer. I told you about him."

"I want her to come back with me."

"You heard what she said just now. She's not going."

"Why do you want to keep her here?"

"Her life's in danger if she leaves."

"More in danger than if she stays?"

The eyeing and sniffing and measuring had not been finished. With undisguised curiosity each man considered the other's stature. In inches Philip was the more heroic but he felt colorless and graceless beside the slight, alert body so exquisite in articulation, so rhythmic in movement.

Nick had the disdain of a small, swift animal for the larger beast. Yet he saw in Philip a quality which he could never successfully emulate. Aware of his rival's class, Nick became gamine, discarded his thin mantle of book knowledge, toughened.

"Your friend doesn't know the score," he said across Philip to Nina.

"But he does. He was the one . . . I told you . . . she sought peace between them . . . about my friend who told me about Jake Landsome."

"You know! And you're asking why it's dangerous for her to leave here."

"I'd understand if you'd ex-

plain to me why Jake Landsome is so dangerous to Nina."

"Are you kidding?" "If you can convince me that a man of Landsome's power considers Nina enough of a threat to want her murdered, I'll be willing to leave her to your protection."

"He came to see her, didn't he? Personally." Nick gave violent emphasis to the last word. "I know Jake and I know he wouldn't risk his liver for nothing."

"What risk to his liver is a visit to Nina?"

"Jake Landsome's a business man," retorted Nick, riled because he suspected that Philip was making him look a fool to Nina. "He sits at a desk and tells other people what to do. When Jake comes out personally, it's big stuff and dangerous and I'm not kidding."

"The only danger," said Philip cuttingly, "was that she might have accepted his offer of that extra five thousand dollars."

"You don't think she'd've lived to collect it?"

"Perhaps," said Nina, "it was lucky I told him right away I wouldn't take the money."

"If you had, he'd have tried to squeeze out everything you knew since you were born, and afterwards you'd have had another kind of visitor. Not like a business man." Nick let his hand fall significantly upon the bulge in his trousers.

"Why?" asked Philip.

"Do I have to say it again? She's a squealer and they won't stand for it. That's why."

"If that's the only reason, why didn't they shoot her at once?"

"Look, I told you. They thought she might've had some information, and wanted to know what it was."

Nina tried to speak but Philip cut in. "What was she supposed to know? Something you'd told her?"

"Sure. When she visited me at Westfield, they thought I'd spilled the beans complete."

"They didn't know. They merely suspected. Is that what you're trying to say?"

Nick waved off doubt with a contemptuous wrist. "If you knew those types like I do, you'd understand."

"The intricacies of the criminal mind sometimes baffle me," Philip chose a tone of deliberate monotony. "You figured that Landsome's men might have considered Nina dangerous and wanted her dead because of some information you might have given her?"

"Now you're beginning to get it."

"Then why didn't they shoot you?"

"They might've, but I was

To page 39

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff, & Tuff

by TIM





Tan Quickly Tan Easily!

This summer, you can get a smooth, healthy suntan the easy way—with Nyal Kwik Tan. KWIK TAN promotes suntan—prevents sunburn.

Promotes an even tan. Apply KWIK TAN—Cream or Sun Oil—before sunbaking and you will have a rich, burn-free suntan in next to no time.

Screens out burning rays! KWIK TAN contains a scientific sun-screen which filters out the harmful rays of the sun, keeps your skin soft, supple.

Why take a chance on sunburn? Get KWIK TAN to-day! All chemists.



The HEIRLOOM Classics

Beautifully illustrated in colour and black and white, with strong, attractive binding, this series is unexcelled for the library, for rewards, for gifts.

Price 11/6

From All Booksellers

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 13, 1954

at Westfield. Behind stone walls. She was a walking target.

"Now that you've broken out, you're both walking targets. It seems to me that in your company Nina is in greater danger."

"Not while I've got her hidden."

"Here? Do you consider this place safe? I'm not the only genius who connects your name with Oakheart," said Philip, remembering Sam McHenry's remark that this refuge was too obvious to be considered.

"He had planned to leave before this, but the fog round here was terrible," Nina explained.

"Where are you going?"

"Why should I tell you?" Nick demanded.

Nina looked from one man to the other. Philip had everything on his side, logic of argument, superiority of position, freedom, an unsoiled conscience; he was right. Nick, the fugitive, flawed and guilty, lacked every advantage.

"Does Nina know your plans? And approve?"

"What is this?" snapped Nick. "A court? Cross-examination?"

"Do you," said Philip to Nina, "consider his plans practical and safe?"

Nina's only plan had been to find a way home but, in spite of right and logic, she could not betray Nick's faith in her. "Quite," she answered.

A lifted eyebrow acknowledged Nick's gratitude.

"Your friend's smart. I ought to have had him for a lawyer."

"You can save yourself the regrets. I'd never have accepted you as a client."

"There's no reason for you to be cruel," chided Nina. "Perhaps you don't approve of Nick but you can't deny that he's risked an awful lot for my sake. He's been very kind and brave."

"You're worth the risk, your life's worth much more than mine," said Nick like a child who has been rewarded for good behaviour.

"That's typical," Nina told Philip. "Nick's actions might not be as practical and reasonable as yours but they show gallantry and instinctive courage."

"I'm no braver than most," Nick hastened to add lest his pleasure be too evident. "It's just that I'm not afraid of taking chances."

"You certainly aren't!" cried Nina.

Philip said, "I agree with you. That's Nick's entire history. Taking chances with life, and not only with his own."

"Just what is that supposed to mean?" inquired Nina in a tea-party voice.

"Let him rave. I don't mind," Philip knew that he was pushing Nina towards Nick rather than inclining her to his own point of view, but he could not stop himself and, as he argued, his voice took on passion.

"I agree most heartily that he's never been afraid to take chances. From the time he started selling stolen auto parts he didn't know were stolen until he was handed this club as a reward for arranging a perjured alibi."

Nick cut in, "You know a lot, but not everything. This club was a plain out-and-out business proposition."

"Where'd you get the money to pay for it?"

"I had credit. Lot of people trusted my word."

"And is it wrong," asked Nina, "for a man to want to be independent?"

"And not afraid of taking

Continuing . . . False Face
from page 38

chances," added Nick, encouraged by her alliance.

"Certainly not of taking chances," interrupted Philip. "Nobody can say that of Nick Brazza. But, unfortunately, the chances aren't always with your own life. Wasn't there a busboy or waiter killed in that Las Vegas brawl?"

"Could I help it if the janitor happened to come around the corner when I was trying to defend myself? I got mine, didn't I?" His hand strayed towards the wounded chest.

"None of you brave boys can ever help it if innocent people happen to be on the street or doing their jobs or watching a ball game while you're taking chances."

With her eyes on the black unchanging faces of the figures who guarded the mantel Nina said, "You're going pretty far to blame Nick for things he has nothing to do with. If you must argue keep to the point."

"Let him rave. He's a lawyer. It's like a sickness with them."

Nina laughed. Nick had scored a point.

Nevertheless Philip continued, "I'm not trying to minimise Nick's courage, but wish you'd try to understand that the impulse which prompted him to rescue you from the vengeance of his ex-cronies was, indeed, taking a chance . . . and an unnecessary chance . . . with a life which he acknowledges to be more valuable than his own."

Nina said, "You forget one thing. I was in danger."

"You thought."

"It was true," snapped Nick. "At Westfield I read about these threats to her and how her lawyer had asked for police protection."

"What you read was correct," said Philip with a semblance of humility, "but do you know who threatened her? Gracie Malloy and Gracie's husband, who didn't mind doing his part in the Great Blackmail Plot."

"So he was the one who called me a squealer," Nina said. "But Nick didn't know that. All he knew was that I'd been threatened and he had reason to believe he knew who was after me."

PHILIP shrugged. "Nick believed what he wanted to believe. How much of this danger was in his mind?"

"Now honestly!" protested Nina.

"That's one for the book," laughed Nick.

"Just the same, I think Nick wanted you to be threatened dangerously so he'd have a good excuse to rescue you."

"Now how do you like that?" scoffed the offender.

"You don't know Nick. There's one thing you'll never believe or understand about him. He's always sincere."

"Nothing is more sincere than a man's desire to have his wishes fulfilled. Naturally he was sincere in wanting to show off his courage. Sincere, too, in believing you'd fall hysterically into your rescuer's gallant arms. Sincere in wanting to be where he could enjoy the effect on you of all this derring-do."

Nick picked up a log and carried it to the fireplace. "Let him rave. It can't hurt me and Mr. Attorney enjoys it."

"He's been doing the same thing all the time. Ever since he's known you," Philip heard himself as in a courtroom and wished his inflections were not quite so professional. "Making those great gestures, showing you what a tremendous fighter he is, forcing you to admire him . . ."

"Would he be the first man who's done that for a woman?" asked Nina.

Soaping dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo — made with a special ingredient — contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvellously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

NOW!
HALO SHAMPOO BUBBLES
Shining bubbles of plastic containing a generous double shampoo, wonderful for your week-ends and holidays.

REGULAR SIZE - 4/3
SMALL SIZE - 2/3
HALO BUBBLES - 114.

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!

there's no time . . . like Smiths

NEW DAWN No. 2.

30-hour alarm, available in ivory/gilt, blue or green finish, with chrome bezel. 4" diameter dial, non-luminous, or spot luminous markings, cast base, plus Smiths exclusive "Automatic Reset."

Plus 12 months' guarantee! Price: non-luminous 33/3; spot luminous 35/6—Capital Cities.

Obtainable from all leading Supply Houses

For quality beef, breed ABERDEEN-ANGUS

To page 45

"THE LIVING DESERT"

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON



KANGAROO RAT meets snake (above). A tense drama of the desert is enacted as a harmless mother kangaroo rat outwits a lethal rattlesnake by devising a way to keep it from her nest of babies in a nearby tunnel.

BELOW. Old and deadly enemies, the magnificent red-tailed hawk, implacable foe of the entire rattlesnake tribe, swoops in for the kill. The erect band of rattles on the snake's tail is a futile warning to the ferocious hawk.



FOR the past six years America's top naturalist-photographers have been roughing it in deserts, on mountains, in swamps and jungles, in the African bush, in Arctic wastes, and on remote islands.

They are the men and women behind the lurking cameras which have brought nature in the raw — and in close-up — to the screen in Walt Disney's True-Life Adventure series.

The shots of birds, reptiles, animals, and insects hunting, mating, and at play, and of nature in all seasons and all moods, are so fantastic that audiences wonder: "How on earth do they do it?"

The answer is: By a combination of knowledge, bushcraft, and intuition. Technical skill, infinite patience and perseverance, strong nerves, a tough hide, and a little luck are also necessary.

The pictures are not flukes. The camera teams set out to get certain shots. They hang around until they get them — for a year or two, if need be.

A sequence that lasts a couple of minutes on the screen might have taken six months to shoot.

For the 75-minute technicolor feature "The Living Desert," which will be released in Australia shortly, two cameramen — N. Paul Kenworthy, jun., and Robert H. Crandall — share the credit.

A selection of the fascinating shots taken by these two photographers is shown on these two pages.

A film sequence that has caused widespread comment is the spectacular death battle between the red-tailed hawk and the rattlesnake. (See picture below left.)

This is how they got it.

The two cameramen set their cameras up in a place and under conditions which

would practically ensure contact between bird and snake.

The cameras were focused on a strip of sand near the hawk's watchtower, a giant saguaro cactus.

The hawk soon became accustomed to the men's presence. The months passed.

At the end of the summer, on a day when it was over 110 degrees in the shade, the hawk struck a rattler big enough for fatal battle.

It was strike and parry, beak and claw against fang and coil. The telephoto lenses made the battle seem near. In fact, it was 100 yards away.

The hawk struck the fatal blow, but the dying snake managed to throw a last coil around the hawk's body. By pure reflex the snake could have killed the tired hawk.

The cameramen freed the bird.

Ingenuity went into the filming of another highlight of "The Living Desert" — the beguiling mother kangaroo rat who kicked sand into the intruding reptile's eyes, then scurried home to save her young from the snake.

She was photographed from a distance of about five yards. (See picture at left.)

The kangaroo-rat sequence was shot under what is called "controlled conditions." The cutaway section of the tunnels through which the mother carried her week-old babies to safety was made of two separable sections.

One was faced with glass. It was a natural tunnel and was kept dark and quiet until the young were born.

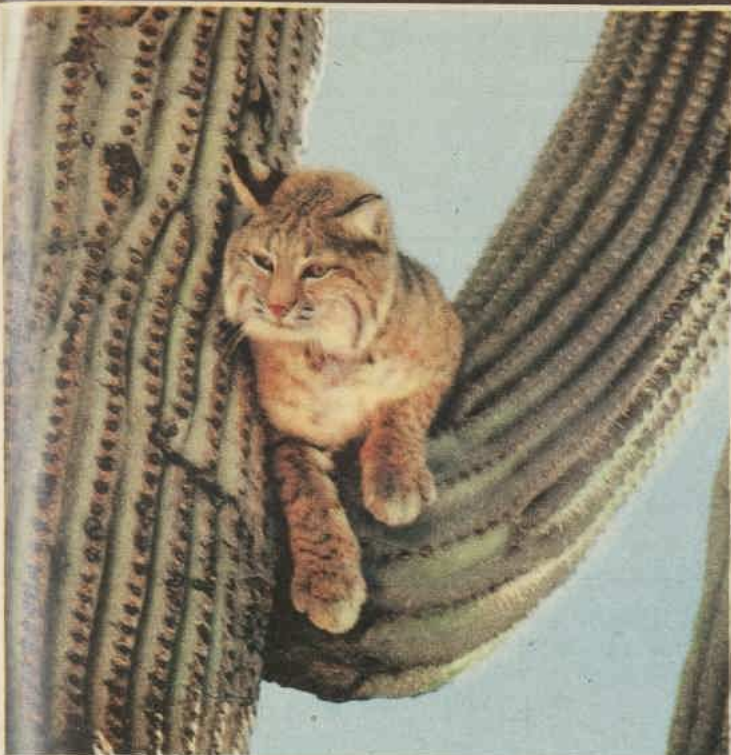
When the king snake entered the far entrance, the removable section was lifted aside and the action photographed at close range through the glass to show the escape.

This was all Kenworthy's work. He did it originally not for Disney, but for his master's thesis at the University of Southern California.

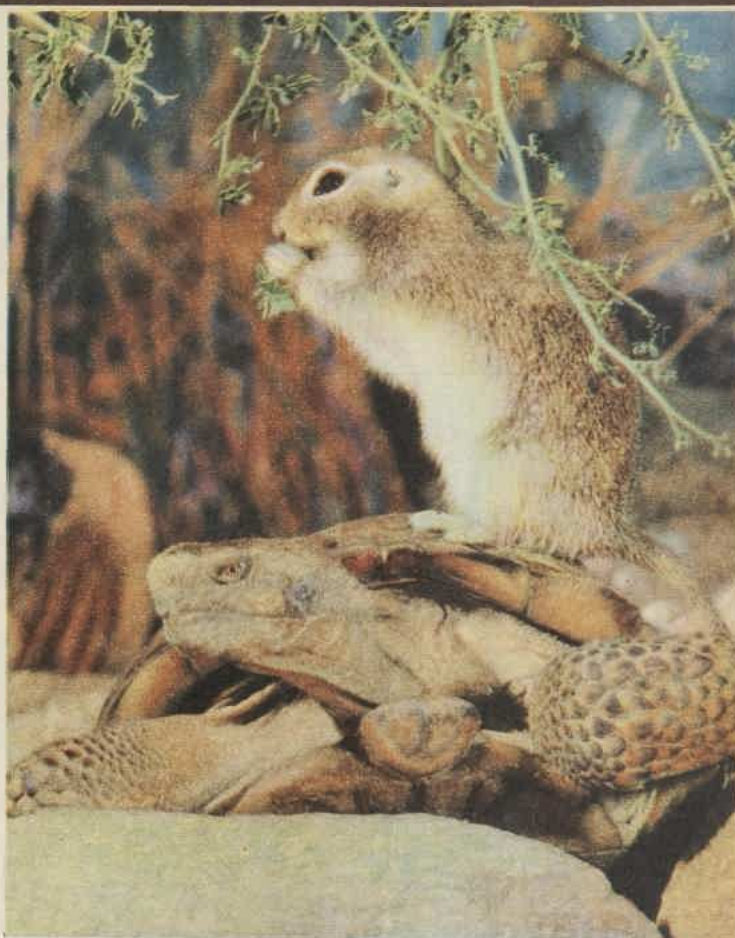


DESERT DANDY (left). This dapper fellow is the kangaroo rat, busily combing his whiskers before going courting. He is called a kangaroo rat because of his long tail, which he uses for balance as he leaps along.

Denizens of the American wastelands



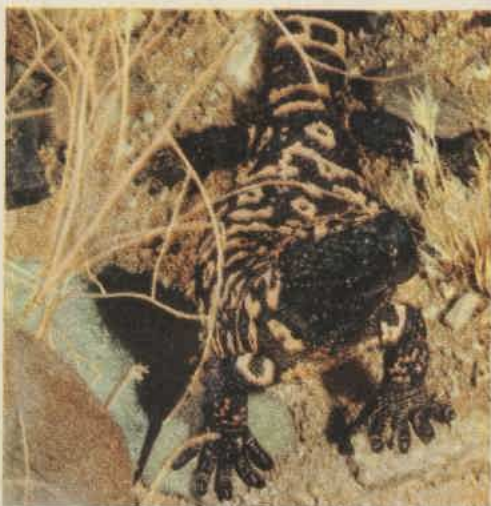
YOUNG FEMALE BOBCAT (above) hisses defiance at the cameraman after seeking refuge in a giant cactus in this sequence of Disney's "Living Desert." The bobcat is known as the Garbo of desert animals.



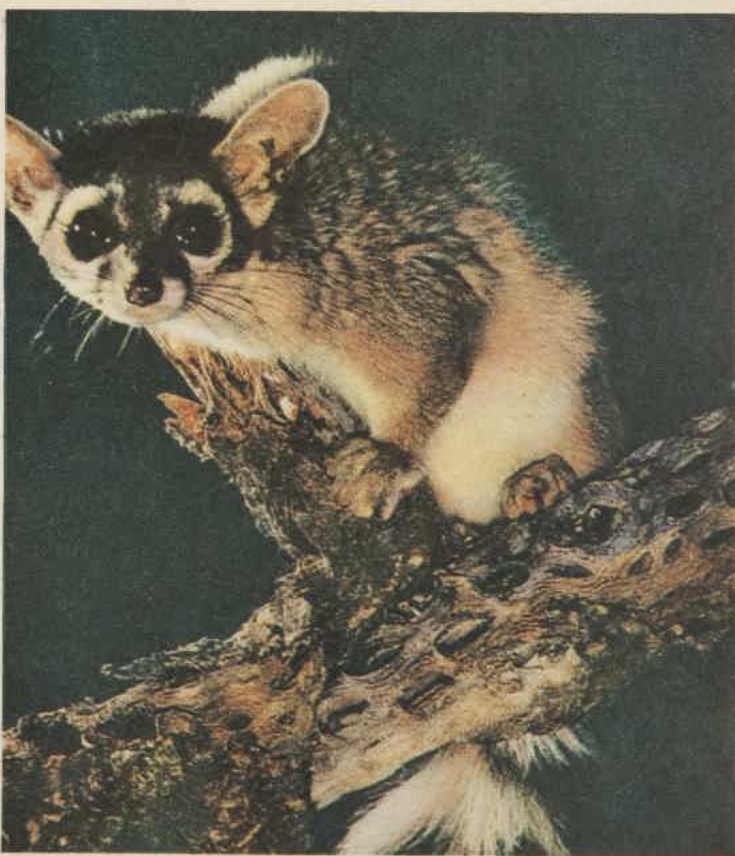
RIGHT: Strange comrades of the wasteland—the roundtail ground squirrel and the desert tortoise manage to dwell together in peace and tolerance amid the perils and animal feuds of the arid region.



SPOTTED SKUNK stands on his forelegs in a characteristic defiant gesture.



THE GILA MONSTER, a colorful-looking desert character, is not used to being crossed in his harsh, wild-life frontier. He has a nasty temper and is a poison carrier as well.



PECCARIES, or javelinas (left), wild cousins of the barnyard pig family, are given a wide berth by desert creatures. In the film they are seen in action when a prowling bobcat crosses their path and trees in a tall cactus.

SHY FELINE. One of the shyest creatures of the desert, the ringtailed cat (above) looks worried as he makes a tentative screen bone in Walt Disney's first feature-length True-Life Adventure, "The Living Desert."

They'll whisper about you!



Perspiration
odours
do offend

Play safe-use
MUM

A new dress for a grand occasion... you were going to make such an impression! You did... but as a girl who doesn't care about her personal

freshness! Romance nipped in the bud because of perspiration odour.

You bath every day—but that's not enough—that just washes away past perspiration. You may think you're safe, but although you rarely notice underarm odour yourself — others do!

Everyone perspires — including you. And even perfume won't hide that tell-tale odour.

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing — not will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply, the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



MUM keeps you nice to be near
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

M2A-10/DC

Hoover Cylinder Cleaner Contest

• FULL LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS •

GRAND HOLIDAY WINNER:

Mrs. S. Harrison, 19 Fourth St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

WEEKLY PRIZEWINNERS:

Mrs. C. Davis, 1 Matthew St., Fairy Meadow, Wollongong, N.S.W.; Mrs. H. Bryce, 24 Lone Pine Pde., Maitland, N.S.W.; Mrs. V. Morris, Goodson St., Rockhampton, Q.; Mrs. M. Latham, 22 Flood St., Clareville, N.S.W.; Mrs. H. I. Willey, 27 Murra St., Winton, Brisbane, Q.; Mrs. J. L. Jordan, 21 Seventh St., Eldon, Vic.; Mrs. E. McK. Peterson, 39 Hubbard Way, Medina, W.A.; Mrs. G. H. Muck, 54 Teanyon Ave., Traralgon, S.A.; Mrs. I. Rees, 81 Kembla St., Wollongong, N.S.W.; Mrs. A. Stephens, 17 Ryrie St., Geelong, Vic.; Mrs. G. Atkinson, 18 Knutsford St., Nth. Perth, W.A.; Mrs. W. Walmsley, 21 Kieween Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.; Mrs. L. V. Webb, George St., Dromana, Vic.; Mrs. A. Harding, 13 McHugh St., Grafton, N.S.W.; Mrs. S. Harrison, 19 Fourth St., Lithgow, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Beaman, 21 John St., Inglewood, W.A.

Hoover takes this opportunity to congratulate all winners and to thank the thousands of other contestants who contributed so much to the success of this contest.

HOOVER (Aust.) Pty. Limited, 60 Clarence St., Sydney.

Make sure of
THIS IS ON ME
By Bob Hope

A frank and entertaining story of his life, of the incidents and characters he has encountered, of his early struggles and his great successes. Price 13/3

From All Booksellers

HAS YOUR CHILD

GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: Itchy nose, furrowed brow, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS



1. **HEARTBROKEN** when her baby dies, Sarah McMann (Betty Suttor), left, breaks down when orphaned piccaninny is brought to her for care. She calls the baby Jedda, rears her as her own daughter.



2. **CROWN** to young womanhood, Jedda (Ngarla Kunoth) is courted by head stockman Joe (Paul Reynell). But always Jedda desires to live like her own people.



3. **STRANGE** aboriginal Marbuck (Robert Tudawali) arrives with station natives. He fascinates Jedda, and sings her to him with love magic of the blacks. He is an escaped murderer.



4. **KIDNAPPED** by Marbuck, who drags her across crocodile-infested rivers to his own country in Arnhem Land, Jedda is forced to chew the meat of a snake he kills. She is revolted.

Australian drama



5. **INJURED** in fight with big crocodile, Marbuck is nursed by Jedda. Chance for her to escape never recurs as they press onwards.

PRODUCER Charles Chauvel's "Jedda," the first completely Australian feature-length film in color, will be released in this country shortly.

"Jedda" is a modern story of outback Australia. Major shooting on the film was carried out in the Northern Territory.

It took three years to find an aboriginal girl to play the film's title role. She is Ngarla Kunoth, a pretty teenager whose home is in Alice Springs.

Robert Tudawali, a full-blooded aboriginal from Melville Island, plays the male lead in the drama.



6. **TRACKED** down by Joe and police, defiant Marbuck waits for Joe to shoot him, but the gun jams.



7. **ORDERED** away by the old men of his own tribe, for he has violated a strict tribal taboo in bringing in exhausted Jedda, a "wrong skin girl," Marbuck goes insane with terror when they threaten to sing him to death.



8. **REALISING** that Jedda is responsible for his plight, Marbuck tries to throw her off a high cliff as the hunt overtakes him and frantic Joe pleads for Jedda's life.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 13, 1954

URSULA THIESS

● *One of the most talked-about young women in Hollywood is Robert Taylor's bride, German-born actress Ursula Thiess.*

BOB and Ursula were married on May 24 after a two-year courtship, during which they both denied romantic plans.

The wedding ceremony was a semi-secret affair performed by a Justice of the Peace aboard a cabin cruiser moored upon picturesque Jackson Lake in Wyoming.

The newlyweds flew back to Hollywood after a one-day honeymoon.

Filmgoers will see this European charmer whom Hollywood tagged "the most beautiful girl in the world" with Glenn Ford in "The Americano," a technicolor suspense drama filmed in South America by R.K.O.

It is her second Hollywood film. Her first—a melodrama titled "Monsoon," shot in India—never made the grade.

It looks as though Ursula Thiess will be busy in pictures. Several studios are offering her roles, and Taylor is reported to be urging Metro, his home studio, to give her a part in "Quentin Durward," which he is to film in England.

On screen and off, Ursula, who was a top model in Germany, is well worth looking at.

She has dark brown hair, grey-green eyes, is a slender five feet seven inches tall. She has two children by a previous marriage—Manuela, aged 11, and nine-year-old Michael.



Just as an active cat

"NINE LIVES"

TRADE-MARK

takes a nap and...

...bounces back with extra life, so Eveready Batteries recover power between uses and bounce back with extra life.

SAY HAPPY BIRTHDAY WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLASHLIGHT OF ALL—THE EVEREADY "MASTER-LITE". MAKE SURE ITS POWERED WITH EVEREADY BATTERIES—THEY'VE NOW GOT 20% EXTRA POWER.

WATCH OVER SLEEPING YOUNGSTERS WITHOUT SWITCHING ON HARSH OVERHEAD LIGHT. EVEN CHANGE A HAPPY WITHOUT WAKING BABY.

FLAT TYRES, ENGINE TROUBLE, LOOKING FOR HOUSE NUMBERS OR SIGNPOSTS... YOUR CAR NEEDS ITS OWN "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT FOR ALL THESE EMERGENCIES.

NEVER GO NEAR THAT FUSE BOX WITHOUT YOUR "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT.

"EVEREADY"

BRAND

Eveready "Nine Lives" the "Cat Special" and "Master-Lite" are the registered trade-marks of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, N.S.W.

THE

'Carlton' TEASET

SWAN BRAND

Distinctively yours... the classical beauty of the Swan Brand "Carlton" teaset adds charm to your home and makes teatime a brighter occasion than ever. In shining Swan-Cromallin or polished aluminium finish, with black heat-resisting handles.

In the home for a LIFETIME

Helpitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18, England M-W. 351

THE WILD PLACE

By Kathryn Hulme

UNRRA camp officials had to be ready for every kind of emergency, every type of human being. This book tells, brilliantly and with humour, the story of six years' service as Deputy Director of a camp in Bavaria.

Price 15/6 From All Booksellers

HOW TO PLAY TENNIS

Modern strategy in attack, defence

The final instalment in our series by MAUREEN ("Little Mo") CONNOLLY.

Strategy is divided into two categories—attack and defence. The attacking or offensive players are the hard hitters and net rushers, while the defensive players are the retrievers and masters of the "soft ball" game.

EVERY player must master both tactics so that she can take advantage of the opponent and the various situations that arise in the game.

Attack: I am considered an offensive player because I hit the ball fairly hard and go for the placements. The object of a power hitter is to manoeuvre the opponent out of court by hard drives to both sides of the court. In this way you can obtain a set-up that you put out of reach of your opponent.

In returning a service, mix your first returns by hitting one deep to either forehand or backhand corner or by hitting a sharp cross-court to the opponent's forehand service court (Diagram 1). If you decide on a deep ball to the backhand, the opponent's logical answer will be a cross-court to your backhand.

Then you would do one of two things—either hit your backhand down the line into the deep forehand corner or angle a sharp cross-court backhand (Diagram 2). In other words, keep the opponent on the run and make her hit to your strength.

Open shot

IF you favor your forehand, get the opposition into a cross-court rally and then you will have an open, down-the-line shot to her backhand.

I'd say that 65 per cent. of balls hit are cross-courts, as this is the more natural stroke of the two. So you should always be on your toes for more cross-court balls.

The ideal player is one who can take advantage of good lengthy drives by following them up to the net for the eventual winner.

I do not believe in slicing because it ruins your ground strokes and I am a stickler for them. To slice well, you must have a moderately paced ball and be in perfect position.

A slicer generally has trouble with a hard hitter because the ball comes too fast for her to be absolutely set, and she does not have time to cut the ball.

A chop is good to an extent—especially for a drop shot (a short ball that barely clears the net and has little bounce) and for a retrieving shot on the forehand. I strongly advocate learning a good drop shot because you can often completely surprise your op-

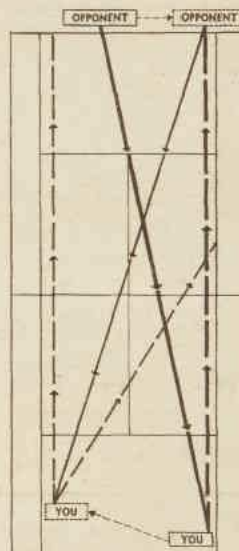


DIAGRAM 2. Opponent serves (long-arrowed line) and you return to her backhand corner (broken-arrowed line). Her logical return would be a cross-court to your backhand (thin, long-arrowed line) and you would then either hit down the line to her forehand or hit a short cross-court angle to her backhand (thin, broken-arrowed lines).

ponent, who may have been expecting another deep stroke.

Defence: You must be an exceptionally good runner and loaded with fight to apply this strategy all the time. The defensive player is one who hits every ball back and waits for the opponent to make the error.

Points to remember

- Never take your eye off the ball. Try to see the seam of the ball as it comes towards you. This sounds exaggerated but it is not. If your shots are overhitting the baseline, watch the ball closer and nine times out of ten your strokes will improve.
- Footwork is just as important in winning a game as ground strokes, net game, or service. The keys to good footwork for me have been tap-dancing and skipping. In tap-dancing you learn to place the weight on the ball of the foot. This is extremely important for fast "skipping" back to position after your opponent has pulled you out of court.
- Never lose your temper while playing. You will only throw yourself out of form and give your opponent encouragement.
- Famous player Alice Marble once told me: "Always serve your second ball in first." In other words, make sure that the first serve goes in court. That's mighty good advice.
- In hot weather suck loaf sugar while changing courts to restore energy. Sip hot tea with lemon, but never take a lot of cold drinks or water. This may make you ill.
- Take deep breaths between points during a match to give you that second wind.

SPRINGS UNDER YOUR MATTRESS. make it feel like a cloud.



You won't believe that your old mattress could give such out-of-this-world comfort... until you try it! The inexpensive FR5 "RESTONIC" Spiral Spring Base puts a cushion of silent steel springs under your mattress, gives it a deep—yet firm—support!

- ★ Never sags, even on the edges.
- ★ No hard ends, or tails—your mattress lasts longer!
- ★ The only base with a life-time guarantee.
- ★ Fits all sizes of beds, with four types to choose from.

FROM ALL LEADING STORES

Keep Fresher

After your bath, use Cashmere Bouquet Tale lavishly. It leaves you fresh, fragrant and wonderfully cool.

Feel Smoother

Its silken protection to aches against chafing, too, so pamper sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet!

Stay Daintier

And remember, Cashmere Bouquet Tale surrounds you with a romantic fragrance, the very spirit of personal daintiness.



Cashmere Bouquet Tale

Cashmere Bouquet Tale

HAY FEVER

Secure complete and long-lasting relief by taking NEW AMAZING

ANDOXIN

Available at all Chemists "It takes the sting out of spring."

from page 39

...and no one but Nick Brazza is responsible for that brilliant career."

"What are we arguing about anyway?" begged Nina. "We've been shouting and digging up a lot of unpleasant associations, but what's it all for?"

"To induce you to return home the sooner the better," "Yeah, that's it. Did you forget?" mocked Nick. "He wants you to go with him. He thinks you'll be safer than with me."

The window rattled. It was not the wind. Fingers tapped one-two-three. Reminded of the lonely night and the scratching at her window pane, Nina backed away. Nick's hand flew to his trouser pocket.

"Don't anyone move," he cried and pulled out the gun. Heedless of the command Philip pulled aside a curtain that concealed the terrace doors. "It's all right. A signal for me. No danger to Nina."

He opened the door to Sam McHenry. Sam had drawn his service revolver. "Someone's come in, over the wall, I guess. I just seen him moving over there."

They all crowded to the door, sought a moving shape among the marble urns and wrought-iron animals.

"He must've seen me and ducked," Sam said.

"What are we standing round for? To be targets?" snapped Nick. "Come in, Sam, and lock the door. If anyone comes near the house, shoot on sight."

Sam McHenry started automatically to do as he had been told when he looked up and saw who had given the order. Sam had known Nick since the white sons of native-born townsmen fought and played with the children of foreigners and colored people. Nick was younger but he had always been tougher than Sam.

"Can't you do what you're told?" barked the tough kid.

"I'm not taking orders from you."

"Come in, Sam. And put away that gun. Yours, too, Nick. You won't need them," Philip said.

"How do you know so much?" Nick thrust the gun into his pocket but let his hand rest upon it. "If there's someone got through the gates or over the wall, that means danger."

"Can you be sure? It might be anyone, a tramp, a book agent, even the milkman."

"Are you kidding? There are

others besides you who might take advantage of the fog ending." Nick made a great show of closing the curtains. "Was it one man you saw out there, or could there've been more?"

"Only one. There might have been others I didn't see. But I'm telling you this guy was solid, and I wasn't seeing no spooks," Sam said with a self-conscious laugh. To Philip he added, "How could he've got in unless he climbed the wall like us? A tramp might do it but not a book agent or milkman."

"Dangerous characters carry master keys," Philip answered. "How did Nick get in?"

"There's a secret way but anybody that knows it wouldn't be a friend. Like people coming up the river by boat. They might say they're friends but only a sucker'd believe it." Nick had come to stand behind Nina, his hand upon her shoulder.

"I don't care how you got in," Sam McHenry said. "Only thing interests me is getting out. I guess you know you got to come along, Nick." He opened his coat to show a badge.

"You're telling me?" Nick shrugged. "If you think I'll resist, you're going to be disappointed. Westfield's not bad. Food's plain but they give you plenty and good service. No doctor bills either. Only one thing you got to guarantee me, that Nina'll be safe."

"I'll guarantee it," Philip said.

For a few seconds they all stood rigid. It was a time of change.

"I'll get my wrap," Nina started towards her room but was stayed by a frivolous thought . . . newspaper photographs of Nina's Redfield in satin slippers, blue jeans and a velvet opera cloak.

Philip gave no sign of having noticed her reluctance. He was the first to have heard the wail in the garden. When Nina heard it, the thought of the creature whose cries of pain and joy had set her nerves on edge. Philip parted the curtains and peered through the glass door into the twilight. Marble urns and cupids were still visible, but the iron deer had merged with the shadows of untrimmed shrubs.

"What was it?" asked Sam McHenry. "Did you see anything?"

"Come along," Philip said. "There was nothing out there. Probably some animal among the trees."

"Don't be too sure," warned Nick.

Philip smiled a little. "Sam's got a gun. So have you. If any of your foes are lurking in the shrubbery, we're covered. Come along now."

THE note of impatience barely concealed Philip's irritability. He had been affected by the sight of Nina drawing close to Nick, of Nick's hands resting carelessly on her shoulders, of the bond that united them. "Are you frightened, Nina?"

She was less afraid of lurking enemies than of Philip's scrutiny. "Not at all," she said, and went to fetch her wrap.

Nick's voice followed her. "What's Nina got to be afraid of? Mr. Attorney's here to rescue her. The hero's on the spot, convenient, to prove to her how brave he is."

Before a mirror wreathed in garlands and cupids Nina tried to arrange the cape so that

she would not look too silly. The danger became remote again, insubstantial, subject for a duel of words between rival admirers.

"I'd like just one minute alone with Nina. If you don't mind too much," Nick said to Sam but looking with mock impatience towards Philip.

"Okay, but make it snappy." Sam followed a few steps after Nick so that he should not be off guard if trickery was attempted.

On the terrace beyond the glass doors there was the shuffle of heavy feet, heavily shod and not well balanced. Sobs rent the air. The footsteps dragged along. Something beat on the door of the old office, the room where Nina was primping in a velvet cloak. The sobs sounded like words:

"Me . . . me . . . me . . ."

Nina let the cloak fall and pushed aside the curtains.

"Get away from that door," snapped Nick. But she had flung it open.

Afterwards there was an investigation and the facts came out. Some, not all. All of the circumstances of that tragic afternoon were not exposed because they were not fully known.

The two men who moored a motor-boat to Oakheart's rotting pier might have been sent by Jake Landsome to take Nick and Nina down the river to a landing-field where a private plane waited to fly them to Mexico or South America. And these two men might have been obedient to Landsome, intending to carry out this purpose if they had not met with interference.

On the other hand, this pair might have had their own reasons for coming to Oakheart as soon as the fog lifted enough to permit their travelling on the river.

Certainly it was the lifting of the fog that brought Andy to Oakheart with a bottle of milk, a dozen fresh eggs and four packages of breakfast cereal from which the cowboy pictures had been cut.

Andy had entered the grounds as Nick and Nina had, through the empty barn, the tangled wood and the greenhouse. His overshoes had left tracks in the damp earth. The marks were deepest in that part of the wood where he had been stopped by two strangers. There was a bruise on Andy's cheek where one of the strangers had probably hit him, for the girl in the grocery store said it had not been there when she sold him the eggs, milk, and cereal. Tear stains were found on his face and four sets of cowboy pictures in his pocket.

It was not known whether he had escaped the two men and stumbled off to seek protection in the house, or whether they had used him as a decoy.

"Me . . . me . . . me . . ."

Andy had wailed, beating on the glass door of the room that had been the gambling club's office.

Nina had stepped out and Andy flung himself upon her.

Nick had whipped out his gun. He saw the dark shape lunge at Nina and he fired.

When Nick recognised Andy it was too late to be sorry. Over Nina's shoulder he saw the two men come out of the thicket. One was a man who had always envied Nick's position with Jake Landsome; the other knew how to handle a gun, too. At this moment the setting sun broke through the mist with piercing brilliance. The white, cruel light



6. THEY WEAR 'MOYGASHEL' tailored along Fifth Avenue. They parade 'Moygashel' in the glittering Paris Salons. This Strelitz-designed 'Moygashel' was photographed in Nassau, Bahamas.

MOYGASHEL
REGD



Rocket & Colman Ltd
By Appointment
Suppliers of Antiseptics
to the late King George VI

LEARN FROM THE DOCTORS

Use Dettol promptly wherever germs may lurk: safeguard your family against the menace of infection.

DETTOL

THE ANTISEPTIC DOCTORS USE
Obtainable from all Chemists

621A

To page 47

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Now! ONE Brushing with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES ENZYMES that cause Bad Breath and Tooth Decay!

Only the Colgate way does all three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and **STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!**



NOW COLGATE'S ACTS INSTANTLY ON DECAY PRODUCING ENZYMES!

Brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream instantly removes enzyme-producing Bacteria, and it is enzymes that produce tooth decay acids! But—if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the Colgate way. Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing the teeth right after eating stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
Your very first brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause bad breath!

BRUSHING TEETH AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
Scientific tests over a 2-year period showed a startling reduction in tooth decay.



BUY THE BIG FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE AND SAVE 1/50.

Gives You a Cleaner, Fresher Mouth All Day!

AMERICA'S LARGEST—AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST—THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

Tune in with Sunbeam MIXMASTER

Scientifically correct
mixing speed is
"tuned in" on the
FAMOUS
MIX-FINDER
DIAL

MIXES...
MASHES...
BEATS...
FOLDS...
JUICES...
CREAMS...
WHIPS...
STIRS...
BLENDS

Discover New Delight
in all Recipes, enjoy
exciting Dishes you
couldn't attempt
before.

The secret lies in the fact that Sunbeam Mixmaster is not only a labour-saver, but a scientific method of food preparation proved in hundreds of thousands of homes. Mixmaster-mixed cakes are lighter, rise higher, have finer texture and flavour. Pastries are crispier; ice-cream is creamier and free of ice chips; fillings, mashes, toppings, sauces and fruit juices are all more tempting.

There are no cooking failures with a Sunbeam MIXMASTER—it's not just a mixing gadget but a REAL food mixer, the finest made.



*Give Sunbeam
and you give
the Finest*

ONLY MIXMASTER GIVES YOU PERFECT FOOD MIXING—HERE'S WHY!

TUNE-IN SPEED CONTROL. The "brain" of the famous Sunbeam Mixmaster is the MIX-FINDER dial which puts the correct mixing speed at your fingertips. All the everyday mixing speeds are clearly indicated and are scientifically right. No guessing!

FULL-MIX BEATERS extend the full depth of the mixture, creating up-and-over currents which carry ingredients from the bottom of the bowl to the top.

AERATING GROOVES down each beater blade carry air—the vital lightening agent—down through the full depth of the mixture and in correct amounts to give perfect rising.

SYNCHRONISED BOWL SPEED. A special nylon button on one of the beaters turns the bowl so that the speed of the beaters and the bowl is uniform and gives even mixing at all times. The automatically revolving bowl also adds to the round-and-round beating action, ensuring a perfectly thorough mixing.

EVEN MOTOR SPEED. The powerful Sunbeam motor is governed to provide smooth, even beating in any mixture thickness or quantity.

There are many other Sunbeam features, like the beating position adjuster, automatic beater ejector and the way you can beat in a saucepan right on the stove. They all play their part in making Sunbeam Mixmaster a real mixer—and you a proud, successful and popular cook.

Made and guaranteed by Sunbeam CORPORATION LTD., Sydney. Sold by authorised electrical dealers and leading department stores throughout Australia.

prevented Nick holding aim on a moving target.

Andy clung to Nina, sobbing out unintelligible words. Nick tried to push him away but the poor idiot held on with grope and stupid hands. Nick shoved, jerked, shouted warnings. To Andy these cruel noises were like the earlier explosion, increasing his terror. His desperate paws locked tighter on Nina's shoulders and the convulsions of his body shook her.

Nina had not seen the two men. She was aware of nothing except Andy's distress and the protection he sought in her arms. Nick saw that he could neither shake Andy's hold on Nina nor pull them both into the house and he swung round in front of them and fired into the fierce light as the men emerged from the thicket.

This was all at violent speed and took place while Philip ran across the great hall into the small room at whose door there was all this shooting and shooting. Gun in hand, Sam

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 45

McHenry had run from the hall out to the terrace.

With a jerk Andy released Nina. It was so sudden that she staggered a few steps before she regained balance. She saw the fall and break of Andy's body, the spread of dark liquid. His eyes were moist and reproachful.

"It wasn't my fault, I didn't hurt you, Andy." The moist animal eyes never left her face. Without thought of Nick, knowing only that he had caused this flow of blood, this agony, this reproach, she pushed him off with hands grown strong in loathing.

That Nick was trying to force her into the house she could not know. She had not seen the two men snap forward, hands tight on their guns as Nick shielded her with his body. She heard more shots but it was as through a mist and at a distance.

Someone touched her. Her

flesh knew it was not Nick's hand and she let Philip lead her into the house.

There was another burst and then there was no more shooting. Nina had the feeling that all of it had happened within her and that the cries and explosions were stinging nerve ends. There were small, hot, dark spots on her hand.

Andy had been witless, crippled; she had seen him but once in her life and knew him to have small business in a busy world. But his blood wet her fingers. To condone is to partake of evil. For the sake of a shoddy, adolescent dream Nina had compromised, not with crime, but with truth. And her hand was stained with Andy's blood.

The strangers had run into the woods. After them Nick, and behind him, Philip shouting. Sam McHenry stayed on the terrace. The setting sun broke through the mist with piercing brilliance. Its light dazzled Sam so that he could not aim straight. The two strangers had their backs to the sun when they fired. They not only knew how to handle guns but they knew their target.

THE investigation brought out a number of facts; the circumstances that caused the presence and death of Andy, that it was Nick Brazza who had killed him and that one of the strangers had got Nick.

There were black headlines in all the newspapers, there were editorials and interviews and conjectures, analyses by special writers, condemnation from the pulpit, but nothing ever printed in public touched the underlying cause of those two violent deaths.

While he lived and sought freedom from their control, his ex-cronies had considered Nick Brazza dependable. Now that he was out of the way no one could say why he had been dangerous.

It was obvious that he had known too much. About what? The deals that had been made concerning this or that privilege in this or that territory; who had paid out what sums and to whom; where certain political funds had been obtained and how certain officials of city and county were able, on official salaries, to own fifty-thousand dollar houses and five-thousand dollar cars; why liquor could be obtained after closing hours in a number of bars and clubs; what boxing matches and football games had been fixed and who had profited; why the laws against gambling and narcotics were not enforced at certain times and in certain places; what were the real identities of people who held safety deposit boxes in such names as Smith, Jones, or Brown.

The men who had shot Nick had got away in the twilight. Who could identify them? Sam McHenry and Philip had seen a pair of moving shapes against the piercing light of the setting sun. "Are you kidding?" Jake Landsome asked when told that his name had been connected with the episode.

For ten days Landsome had been confined to bed in his Florida house. A mild heart attack, said the doctor and had the trained nurse, three servants, and Mrs. Landsome (who had been a Chicago society girl) to confirm the statement. "Never heard of it," Jake had answered, affably, when asked about the lodge on the old Cushing place.

Michael Q. Shannon carried on the investigation with almost fanatical zeal. No setback discouraged his fervor. At each

interview he spoke of progress, hinted of information too explosive to reveal before full, climactic evidence was in his hands, promised not to relax vigilance until the last criminal had been brought to justice.

With their usual objectivity those newspapers which supported Shannon said that virtue was in the ascendancy, evil on the wane, that law would triumph over outlawry as a result of the District Attorney's unflagging fight against crime. Those editors who opposed Shannon prophesied that all this sound and fury would, as ever, end in a stalemate, that crime would flourish, criminals prosper in the same old way.

To Nina, its star witness, the investigation was the most dreamlike part of the adventure. She had expected so much to come out of the court show, she had thought truth would be exposed in shining cleanliness. Questioned privately by Shannon, prompted by Philip, she reported all that Nick told as they talked beside the fire in the great hall at Oakheart.

As she spoke, reality dwindled. More and more she found herself groping for those bits of information which, while Nick had spun his tales of crime, had seemed as solid as a stone wall.

Shannon made a great many notes but said he would be laughed out of court if he tried to prosecute anyone on such flimsy evidence. There was nothing new in what Nina had told him except that she had been with Nick at The Cushion the day Tootsie Martinson was shot, and that Gracie had committed perjury for seven hundred and seventy dollars.

What further information had Nina brought? Nothing that could be called evidence; a handful of hints, a tale spun by a dead man who had refused to answer Nina's one direct question lest possession of knowledge endanger her.

For once Philip agreed wholly with Shannon. The revival of this old scandal would serve only to drag Nina's name through more slime and bring disgrace to the McHenry family.

The investigation's end left Nina more than ever confused. Now that she was involved she could no more understand the entanglements of criminal and political adventurers and the contradictions of the law than any other citizen who reads newspapers and conscientiously peruses those books of revelation that make the best seller lists each year.

Although she had sworn to answer all questions to the best of her knowledge, she sometimes wondered how she could reply honestly if someone should ask whether all of this had actually happened, or whether it had been the consummation and climax of her schoolgirl dream.

All of this embarrassed her so that she saw Philip only in the investigation chamber or in his law office when it was necessary to consult her attorney.

"You've been so very kind," she told him at the end. "How can I ever repay you?"

It was a cool way of showing gratitude to a man who had risked much for her. Philip interpreted this aloofness as the wish to protect herself from unhappy memories. "There's nothing to repay. If I can ever do anything for you, please let me know."

"Well, goodbye."

They shook hands.

"Good luck, Nina."

The door swung shut. In his disciplined manner he took out a folder labelled Crane v. Gloria Products Ltd. His door

To page 50

NEW!

A RUBBER GLOVE that slips on and off like LIGHTNING — without dusting powders.

ANSELL "SILVER LINED" RUBBER GLOVES — ONLY

2/11 A PAIR

Slightly dearer in country areas.



Only Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves have this magical finish inside to make them so easy to slip on and off.



"Out of this World!" says lovely Melbourne model and busy housewife, Bambi Shmidt about her new Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. "They're so easy to slip on and off — so comfortable to work in."

Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves stand up to plenty of rough tough wear — they're your surest protection against housework hands.

LOOK for the silver lining which brands the rubber gloves you buy as Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves.

SEE how your hands stay young and soft. No more chapped hands . . . chipped, broken nails. Now you can wash dishes, do the laundry, mop, polish, scrub and garden without worrying about the wear and tear on your hands.

FEEL the tough sure-grip crepe outer surface. It's designed for long wear . . . to give you "bare-hand" touch with your most delicate china.

ASK FOR THE NEW

Ansell

"SILVER LINED" Rubber Gloves.

Available at chemists, chain, departmental and hardware stores in sizes 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½ and 9.

ANSELL — THE HOUSEHOLD NAME IN RUBBER. AG-44

GROOMED TO PERFECTION

ALL THE TIME — WITH

Potter-Moore

HAIR TONIC

containing 'Cholesterol' tonic ingredient, prevents dandruff, promotes lustrous growth.



PPH 73

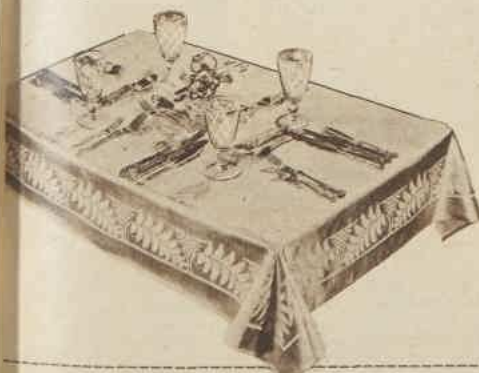
If it's Pure Irish Linen it should say so!

Irish Linen
IT'S LOVELY IT LASTS

Pure Irish Linen, the most coveted of all fabrics, is becoming readily available again. Tablecloths, sheets, pillowcases, table napkins, tea towels, guest towels and many other household items, all in pure Irish Linen, are on display at any of the better stores. See them . . . feel the famous smoothness of this strongest, most lovely of fabrics. But, before you decide, make sure you are buying pure Irish Linen. Most Irish Linen carries a distinctive label. Another check is to hold the article up to the light — pure Irish Linen will show the threads thicker in some places than others. Don't be confused by similar-sounding terms.

If it's Pure Irish Linen it should say so!

Strongest — most beautiful of fabrics!



Irish Linen Assn., Box 3988, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send by return post copy of your Free Booklet "Irish Linen in the Home."

Name
Address

H.128

Buy this 4-Frock Summer Wardrobe for £12

(or even less)

Ask for *Super*

Merriespun

REGD.

in these glorious English designs

Every woman can afford several pretty sunfrocks, housecoats, afternoon frocks, skirts and blouses in sparkling, delustred Super Merriespun and still stretch her budget to other importants like shoes, hats, bags. No dry cleaning bills because all these prints wash like cottons. Yet they're dressier than cottons.

Teenage and children's frocks, women's housecoats are all on sale at Australia's leading stores. Look for the labels on all garments. Super Merriespun is also available by the yard.



POLAR COOL
because the
finish stays smooth,
fuzz-free. No fuzz
which feels
so hot against
your skin

Always
BUY BRITISH COTTONS

About £3 a frock and every one Washable, Fadeless, Crease-resisting





ALBA MAGNA azalea is one of the most outstanding of the white varieties. This photograph was taken in the Botanic Gardens, Sydney.

A white garden

A garden specially set aside to grow white flowers is always a delight. It will repay you whether you tuck it away in a corner or plant it over a wide area, for the beauty of white flowers is best seen when they are grown away from colored varieties.

The charm of white is enjoyed in all sized gardens, but if you are planning a large formal garden, make ambitious plans for it.

THE white garden looks its best if it can be enclosed.

A high brick or stone wall planted with white climbing roses makes a wonderful background. There are a number of good varieties to choose from, such as Madame Louise Lens, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, White Maman Cochet, and Lamarque.

If a wall is too costly, a dark green hedge used as a background is a good second choice.

It may be possible to use a pergola in the background also. It will make an excellent barrier between the white garden and the remainder of the ground.

On it plant white wistaria, the strong growing white jasmine called Jasminum azoricum, one of the two species of white Clematis, Rhynchospermum, and Mandevilla.

With the exception of Clematis, these creepers are beautifully scented, and a pergola so planted will make an ideal place for a comfortable garden seat.

Plant several different creepers on the pergola, for none of the ones mentioned are very quick growers.

Have a shady corner in the white garden. Plant a group of white flowering cherries or peaches, which are both fast growing, and for their exquisite delicacy add a few Japanese maples, or in cold districts some silver birches.

If the garden is big enough, plant some fruiting plums to provide blossom in early spring.

Plant a huge bank of sweet-scented Azalea alba or the pure white variety, Snowstorm. They are both tall-growing singles. In front of them put

the medium-growing varieties, Vervaeckiana or the white strain of Dame Melanic, both of them semi-double. Complete your picture with the semi-double Kurume azalea, known as Sekai.



ALL-WHITE flower arrangement with camellias, azaleas, arum lilies, jonquills, and japonica wens arranged by Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Sydney.

At the height of its flowering in spring, such a bank has to be seen to be believed.

Along another side of the garden plant a wall of white lilac, but only where conditions are right. Lilacs hate heat.

Edith Cavell, Madame Abel Chatenay, Madame Lemoine, and Miss Helen Willmott are all recommended double white varieties. J. C. Van Tol is a fine single white.

Other shrubs for use in the background include camellias. Among recommended varieties are Alba plena, an early-flowering double snow-white

of the formal type; Fimbriata, a fringed type of Alba plena; Duchesse de Berry, a medium-large informal double white; Kosciuszko, a single to semi-double of medium size; Sodegaki, a very large semi-double with petals loosely set; Yukimi guruma, a clear, white-cupped single.

Other shrubs worth including are the spring-flowering May, properly called Spiraea. The attractive double whites are prunifolia and double Reevesiana; there is also a single form of Reevesiana.

In warm climates a row of gardenias will be a delight in summer. Florida is a free-flowering double type which is low growing; Professor Pucci produces flowers of excellent quality on a bigger bush.

Philadelphus, the mock orange, is a hardy shrub which is covered in sweet-smelling flowers in spring.

The snowball tree or guelder rose, Viburnum opulus, is another good standby.

Have a little patch of lawn in your white garden, because its color gives such a wonderful contrast. It can be formal or otherwise as desired.

On the edge of it plant a Magnolia stellata.

Somewhere along a path, preferably a grassy strip, have borders of white lilies.

Borders can be made, too, with the woolly-leaved lamb's ear, Stachys lanata, snow in summer, or the sweet Alice.

For the rest you can have drifts, big or small, of a great variety of plants, taking care when ordering them to state that the white varieties are required. Easily grown are shasta daisies, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, daffodils, stocks, snowdrops, tulips, lilies-of-the-valley, peonies, and petunias.

And these aren't all by any means. Study the catalogues, and you'll discover many other treasures.

RAISIN JOE Says-

"Sprinkle SULTANAS on your breakfast cereal for good health vitality and added flavour"



CURRENTS, SULTANAS & SEEDED RAISINS ARE FRUIT IN ITS FINEST, MOST ECONOMICAL FORM

— Eat some every day for better health added vitality and stronger teeth!

For more new uses apply for this

MAGNIFICENT FREE COOK BOOK

Send this coupon & 31d. in stamps (to cover mailing costs) to The A.D.F.A., Box 4524, Melbourne.



Send for the FREE cook book today!



ADFA

THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

Please mail me your free book of prize-winning uses for Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins. I enclose 31d. in stamps to cover mailing costs.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

State _____

Issued by Kelvinator Australia Limited —
pioneers of refrigeration throughout the world — and makers of the first
Australian-built refrigerator — built in 1937.

A helpful guide to all who are thinking of buying a new refrigerator this coming Summer . . .

This advertisement is planned to help you buy not only a good refrigerator, but one that will suit your family needs best.

Naturally your first thought is what size refrigerator you will need. In the past, a refrigerator had to look really big to give you big capacity. That is not so today. The new "Space-saver-Seven" illustrated below, gives cold "clear to the floor" — that is, from top to bottom. It is a new type of refrigerator which gives a full and true capacity of 7.75 cu. ft. — yet takes up less kitchen space! This new design has since been copied — but Kelvinator created it.

Which are the most important features to look for? The most important features are the ones you use most. They are: the Frozen Food Chest, the Meat Tray and the Fruit and Vegetable Crisper.

THE FROZEN FOOD CHEST must be really big. It should hold at least 24 lbs. of frozen foods and make 50 ice cubes or three big trays of ice cream. The FULL-WIDTH Frozen Food

Chest of the "Space-saver-Seven" shown below holds 27 lbs. of frozen foods; makes 63 ice cubes at a time — or 3 trays of ice cream.

THE MEAT TRAY. Two things are most important here: capacity and correct refrigeration at all times. The FULL-WIDTH meat tray shown below gives extra cold storage for 11 lbs. of meat and fish. Keeps steaks and chops fresh for up to 10 days.

THE FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CRISPER. The best crisper is big, full-width — a complete unit so there's no need to cut up bulky vegetables. The FULL-WIDTH crisper shown below will take 18 lbs. of fruit and vegetables. It will keep salad greens moist and fresh — and you can store a really big cauliflower inside without having to chop it up.

Apart from these special features, what is the most important single feature to look for — inside the cabinet?

The answer is TRUE refrigeration. By that we mean that your cabinet interior must maintain — at all times — the temperature you set on

your control dial. If the temperature goes above it, then your foods can spoil. If it drops below it, you can "dry out" the vitamins and other values of your foods.

The Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven", illustrated below, gives you better refrigeration in every graceful line. Every inch of cabinet space provides the right degree of temperature and moisture, to preserve those precious vitamins and food values — all year 'round.

What does Temperature Control mean? What do you have to do to make sure that you get the right temperature at all times? Temperature control automatically shuts off the motor and saves your electricity when the refrigerator is cold enough.

Right above the Frozen Food Chest in the Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven" you will see the simple temperature control dial. It gives you the correct setting for every temperature you will ever need. It includes "Defrosting", "Off" and a special "Vacation" position. So simple — yet so very effective — at all times.

Which is best — a right hand door or a left hand door?

A refrigerator which opens with the left hand leaves your right hand free. You don't have to change over in order to open the door. Another Kelvinator "first".

Is there any difference in the way refrigerator cabinets are constructed?

Yes! Some cabinets are welded together, some made from a single piece of steel. Every Kelvinator starts as a sheet of fine-grained steel. This is bent into cabinet shape — in one piece.

No welded seams to catch dirt. There are sturdy cross members — and heavy braces at all four bottom corners.

Every Kelvinator is braced like a steel truss bridge. Because of this, a Kelvinator will never twist out of shape. The door will always close squarely and tightly — so that warm air will never leak into the cabinet to increase running time and operational cost.

How important is the Sealed Unit? Are some better than others?

Your refrigerator (regardless of size, price and features) is only as good as the sealed unit inside. Today, some refrigerator manufacturers build their own sealed units — but the majority make only the cabinets and then buy a unit to go in it.

Kelvinator has always made its own sealed unit — the POLARSHERE. It is found in no other refrigerator. And, as refrigeration experts will tell you, Polarsphere is the model sealed unit — the most perfectly engineered sealed unit of all.

See your nearest exclusive Kelvinator retailer and have this brilliant new "Space-saver-Seven" demonstrated. Inspect the full range of four beautiful models — priced from as low as £137/5/-.

See the new Kelvinator-6, the new Kelvinator-5 and the big "De-Luxe-7" Model.

For FREE illustrated pamphlets giving full details of all models write to the Kelvinator address in your State:

Kelvinator, 138 Easton Rd., Alexandria, Sydney.
Kelvinator, P.O. Box 4576, Melbourne.
Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide.
Kelvinator, Box 41, Broadway P.O., Brisbane.
Western Appliances, Box 52, G.P.O., Perth.
Max Gees Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 281C, Hobart.

The POLARSHERE Sealed Unit has enough reserve power for five ordinary refrigerators, yet costs no more to run than an ordinary refrigerator. You could have a scorching hot day — 100, 110, 120 degrees — but it would make no difference to your Kelvinator. That POLARSHERE is hermetically sealed and permanently self-lubricated in a bath of oil for smooth, silent power. Costs only a few pence per week to run.

MORE ABOUT THE MIGHTY POLARSHERE SEALED UNIT



CHOOSE

Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING

TK410 R



Space-saver-Seven . . . £176/15/-
(Slightly higher in country areas and Tasmania)
Lowest deposit — easiest terms

KELVINATOR "SPACE-SAVER-SEVEN" . . . Width 24 1/4 in.; Depth 27 1/2 in.; Height 53 1/2 in.
INSIDE: Three plastic door shelves. Big cabinet storage space for those longer bottles. Easy-to-reach temperature control dial with wide range of safe temperatures. Inside door trim of easy-to-clean plastic. Cabinet interior of oven-baked porcelain enamel — the most lasting beautiful finish of all.
OUTSIDE: Cabinet of durable, oven-baked synthetic enamel. Left-hand opening door for greater convenience. Simple, sure, fast-locking latch. Inspect all the features of this brilliant new Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven" in your exclusive Kelvinator retailer's showroom.

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 47

opened again, softly, but he kept his eyes on the brief.

"I hope you'll excuse me for bothering you, but there's one thing. It won't take a minute."

He swivelled his chair around. Crane v. Gloria slipped out of the folder and lay scattered on the carpet.

Nina backed away. "About that reward . . ."

"Oh, yes, I'll see that you get it at once." He scribbled on his desk pad, thinking, of course, that she referred to the original five thousand dollars offered by the Everclyde Committee for the apprehension of Bushie Neal.

The other, vaster reward pledged for the return of Nina Redfield, dead or alive, rightfully belonged to Philip. Since the major portion of it, the anonymous ten thousand dollars, had been offered by Philip himself, he was neither the gainer nor loser. Flo Allan's five thousand he had refused to accept and the million-odd dollars subscribed by school-teachers, pupils, parents, and sympathisers had been turned over to the Parks and Playgrounds Improvements Committee.

"It wasn't that, it was the money you offered out of your own pocket. I was terribly touched when I found out. Suppose someone else had found me!"

"I could have afforded it," he said, gruff because the answer was inadequate.

Nina moved a step closer. "That other five thousand, the money I'm supposed to get for turning in Bushie. Not that I'd touch it, but do you suppose your committee would mind giving it to someone else?"

"To whom?"

"Nick's mother. She lives somewhere in Nevada. I could find out where. She's poor and he loved her."

"It's your money. You can do what you like with it."

Philip rose. As he looked down Nina seemed to have grown small and abject. "Why are you ashamed of being generous?"

"Perhaps it's not just generosity."

"What else? Certainly there's no obligation on your part. I consider it very decent of you."

This made her angry. She raised her head. No longer small, abject, or uncertain she stood her ground. "I refused that money once and I'm still refusing it. But I'm not being noble either. I'm making a gesture."

"A costly gesture. What's the reason?"

"I want you to know something. I want you to be convinced . . . Here staunchness faltered. "What I mean is, I've got over . . ."

Nick?

What had been her feeling for Nick? She could not remember why her heart had quickened at the sound of his voice, why her voice had trembled when after one of those long separations she had tried to speak to him. If it had not been whole love, why had she been affected by his smile, his eyes' tenderness, the

gamin glance, the fevered touch?

These things had begun to fade. Her father had died three years earlier, but she could recall his voice and eyes more readily. Nick returned only after effort and through a mist because she had ceased to believe in him.

"He was dead for me before they killed him. When he shot Andy, that was when."

Dutifully Philip reminded her. "It was for your sake. He tried to protect you."

"It was cruel. And unnecessary. And all my fault. There may be thousands of causes for all that happened. All those things they talked about at the investigation. I don't understand most of it and it doesn't seem real. But I do understand and know and tell myself over and over that I'm responsible for Andy's death." Now that she had said this aloud, the rest came more readily. "And don't tell me his life wasn't worth much. He was alive and now he's dead. Why? Why? Because I couldn't give up my schoolgirl dream, because I had to be the heroine of a seedy romance."

Hurtful words, but Nina forced herself to speak. In bed at night she had said them again and again, but without relief since there is little solace in solitary confession. Shoddy gangster, seedy romance, schoolgirl idyll, in Nick's phrase, the pipe dream. Philip had called it her revolt, but how undignified its expression, how shoddy its fruition, how shameful the climax.

She had fashioned the out-cast to suit her emotional needs, she had fitted a sentimental mask over the face of dishonesty. All because she had been afraid to grow up, to accept the relentless adult world, to give up the games and pretences of childhood.

"There's so much I'll never understand."

"The effect of external circumstances upon the inner life, and the unit upon the whole. The real mystery," Philip said.

"The mystery to me is how I ever let myself into this mess. Punchboards and guns, slot machines and gamblers and that woolly investigation. Tell me, am I the one this happened to?"

She looked down at the table where Philip's secretary had been pasting up clippings to be used if he should choose to run again for political office. "Nina refuses reward!" "Nina disappears!" "Nina seen in Omaha!" "Girl's body discovered . . . may be Nina!"

"Is this me?"

"You'll have to decide that for yourself."

She turned the pages until she came to the clippings of the day after Nick's death. NINA FOUND! She caught Philip's eye and threw him a look that told him she had forgiven him for saving her.

"Yes," she said, "Nina's been found and I want to thank you for helping me find her."

(Copyright)

NEXT WEEK'S SERIAL BEGINS A NEW FICTION SERIES

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "OF MASKS AND MINDS," our new serial by Frederick E. Smith. This is the first serial in an exciting new fiction series, full details of which are given on page 2. "OF MASKS AND MINDS" is a remarkable first novel by a talented young writer whose plays have already met with success in various London experimental theatres.

It is one of our most arresting serials to date—the dramatic story of a brilliant musician facing insanity, and his wife who must make the vital and terrible choice between his health and his career and happiness. "OF MASKS AND MINDS" will be presented in two extra-long instalments.

continuing . . . Half-Wish, Half-Prayer

from page 9

there. His reputation for practice grew quickly, and he prospered more than he had led to hope.

By the time his first child was born he was settled in a one-room house with an annex surgery. His second child was born two years later, and it was then that he met Vicky.

It was his wife who brought her to him. The day after her birth, as Lloyd stood by the hospital bed to kiss her, Anne said, "I have the most wonderful nurse, Vicky. She came last month. It was an Army nurse for six months, she told me. I want you to meet her."

He was facing her a few hours later. She was a well-mannered, dark-haired woman in her late twenties, with a quick, friendly smile. "I've heard a lot about you, Doctor," she said. "Nurses love to gossip." Anne laughed lightly. "What a story!"

"That he's strict. Gruff as a bear most of the time." "Lloyd a bear? You'll have to meet him at our house sometime. He's really quite human." Often, in the months that followed, he thought back to that meeting, remembering how Anne had said, "How right he had been! How human he was!"

It was no sudden, explosive change of the life he had built for himself. It was rather a gradual widening of the cracks in the four walls of his security.

That such small things, he thought, could jar a man loose from a set and long-planned way of life! His brief talks with Vicky in the hospital corridors. Their brief rides together when he drove her home after a day. Their brief meeting of minds.

His tenderness to Anne increased with his need and love for Vicky. Each kindly gesture, no small unexpected gift, was a way of saying, "Forgive me, darling, for having fallen in love with someone else."

A year of this. A year with more than a dozen stolen moments with Vicky. Short, hurried kisses as they parted. Conscious-fought kisses with each holding back. A year!

He could endure it no longer. In the wash-up room above the operating-room he cradled his arms and dressed hurriedly. Vicky would be at the restaurant.

She was at their favorite table. She smiled at him quickly. "And how did it go today?" she asked.

"Not well at all," he said. He turned forward. "I decided something today. My hand wasn't even steady when I operated. This about us has got to be settled."

"Yes," she said quietly. "The time's come."

He spoke bluntly. "I'm leaving here, Vicky. It's the best way."

"You can't possibly leave!" she said sharply. "You're too well thought of. Your whole future's here. And what about Anne?"

"Anne will go with me anywhere," his voice broke. "I can't hurt her, Vicky. That's

why I have to leave. If I go some place where I won't be seeing you—"

She held up her hand, silencing him. "You won't be seeing me," she said, and smiled. "I've joined up again, Lloyd. I'm Lieutenant Wayne for the second time. I applied for my commission two weeks ago, and today it came."

"I'm to report for duty in ten days. But I'm leaving here tomorrow to stay with my sister until it's time to go."

"They may send you anywhere. To Germany, Japan."

"Does it matter much? I'll be away from you." She reached forward to touch his hand. "Let's not have dinner."

"It's our last time together," he protested.

"There's nothing left to say except goodbye." She stood up. "We'll say that tomorrow."

He was waiting at the station platform the next morning when she arrived by cab. He helped her with her bags, and they stood together in silence.

"We have two minutes left," she said nervously. "Let's say goodbye now."

LLOYD nodded gravely. "I have something special in the way of a goodbye for you. A young girl said it to me once six years ago. I've never forgotten it. I want to pass it along to you."

"It's something you say to someone you love who is leaving you for good. It's for just such a time as this."

"The train's coming. Tell me."

"I suppose you'd call it a sort of prayer," he said. He reached for her hand. "May the wind be at your back," he began. He passed on Judy's half-wish, half-prayer, just as she had told it to him.

Tears glistened in Vicky's eyes. "It's the most beautiful goodbye I've ever heard," she said softly. "If I ever have to say goodbye to someone I love—"

The rumble of the train in front of them drowned her voice. He carried her two bags to the car's vestibule, kissed her lightly, and left.

"Goodbye, Lloyd."

"Goodbye, Vicky. Goodbye—and thank you."

He watched the train until it was out of sight. He looked at his watch. Time to get back, he thought. Back to his work, to his life. He put back his shoulders and walked away.

The nurse stood at the wide window of the servicemen's hospital and watched the young man on the terrace below. He was a well-built young man, with fine shoulders. His blond hair had a wave in it that he tried to straighten and could not. He was far from handsome, and the nurse sometimes wondered why she loved him. He was twenty-four.

He stood on the terrace resting against a pillar in the warm sunshine. Then he tightened his hold on the cane he carried, and tried again. The nurse at the window watched anxiously.

The young man took eight steps, then rested. The nurse went down a flight of steps to the terrace.

"Hello, lieutenant. Giving the leg a workout?"

He turned, pivoting on his good leg. The nurse was smiling at him. She wasn't one of the younger nurses, but her face had a pleasing beauty.

"Whistle 'The Irish Washerwoman' for me," the young man said. "I'll give you a jig."

She laughed. "Sit down a while now, John. I've been watching from inside. You're pushing too hard."

Three steps took him to a bench. She sat beside him, and he lit a cigarette. "I didn't expect to see you this morning. Heard you were on night duty."

"I am. I got off at eight."

He looked at her in surprise. "And now it's nine. Don't we need sleep any more?"

"Sleep can wait," she answered. "It's nice out here in the sun." She patted his hand. "And I thought I might find my favorite patient here."

"My favorite nurse is a smoodger," he said gaily. Then he frowned. "I've news," he said.

"I've heard. The nurse's grapevine. So it's tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," he nodded. "Out into the big bad world again. All on my own."

"You should be all excited, Johnny."

"I thought I would be."

"It's because you've been here such a long time. Five months here. And I don't know how long over there."

"Six months in Tokio," he told her. "It's been long enough. But I'm not moaning. I was lucky. I had no right to expect to be picked out of the Sea of Japan."

"You want to know something?" he asked seriously. "I'm not sure I want to leave here. I've made good friends. Like you."

"That's bad, Johnny!" she said quickly. "That's what nurses call getting institutionalised. People become so used to hospital routine they get afraid to make the change."

"I'm used to you," he said. "You've been good to me. The days used to drag until you stopped by my bed for a chat."

"I always have a cheerful word for all the boys," she said.

"I thought I was someone special."

She laughed. "There's always a teacher's pet. I suppose."

"There were some bad times," he said gravely. "When that second operation didn't take, I was ready to give up. If it hadn't been for you—"

"You did all right. You just had to be kidded out of it."

He grinned. "You called me names and gave me blazes. A nice way of kidding."

"The top sergeant technique," she said. "It's good therapy sometimes. I learned that in Guam during the war."

"You were in that long ago?"

"I'm ancient, Johnny."

"You look young enough to me," he said. "But if you were

To page 52

YOU'RE SURE OF SUCCESS!



The
spring of

the curl
proves
it's a

Prom

NO
NEUTRALIZER NEEDED
With this
trouble-free home perm

JUST WET YOUR HAIR with Prom and curl it up. In 30 minutes rinse your head with warm water. That's all you have to do! Now you're free to do just whatever you like, while your hair is drying naturally on the curlers. And you're gloriously confident of sure and certain success every time. Deep natural waves and strong, springy curls. Lovely, lovely hair that always looks naturally curly. Isn't trouble-free Prom wonderful?

For Your First Home Perm!

You don't need any experience when you use Prom. It's trouble-free and fail-proof. Be sure to use it for your first home perm.



126

USE WITH ANY
HOME PERM CURLERS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



the big
swing is to
electric
shaving...

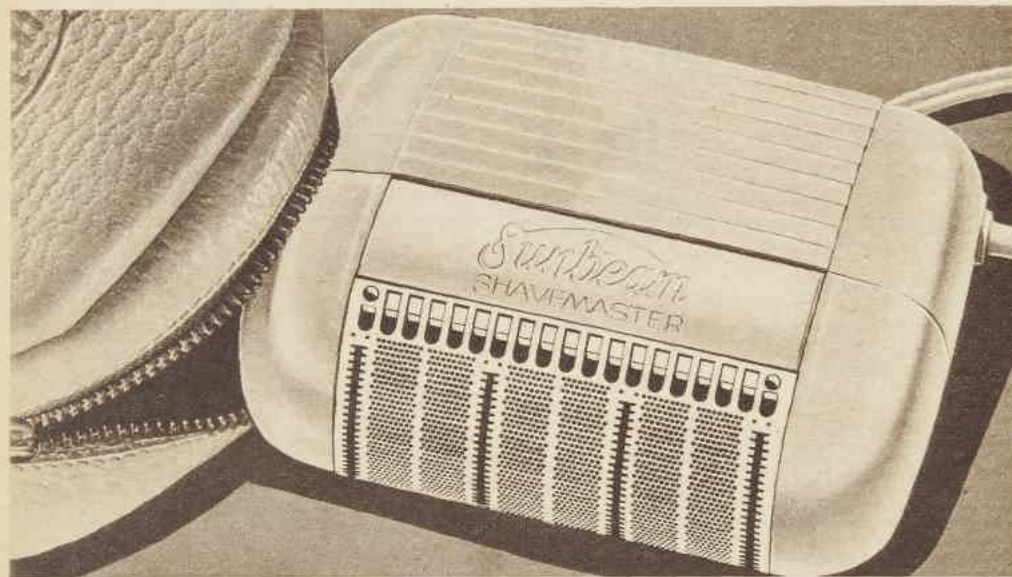
You'll be glad when **HE**

**gets in the
swing**

with the world-famous

**Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER**

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED to give him the closest,
most comfortable, best-looking shave of all!**



Thousands of men, every week, are swinging over from the old-fashioned, messy soap-and-blade method to modern, efficient, trouble-free electric shaving with Sunbeam Shavemaster. These are the men with the **BETTER-LOOKING** shaves... the smoother, cleaner faces! No longer do they suffer the daily irritation of razor nicks and cuts... they now enjoy easy, comfortable shaving with the shaver that's sold with the **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**.

Yes, Sunbeam Shavemaster is so outstanding in performance that it can be sold on the guarantee that if, after a reasonable trial, it is not agreed Shavemaster gives the closest, most comfortable shaves of all, the purchase

price will be refunded in full on return of the Shavemaster.

Shavemaster is the only electric shaver with the big rounded head, screened with a network of holes closer together than the hairs on a man's face. This gives Shavemaster more cutting edges than any other shaver made.

Shavemaster is the only electric shaver with a powerful, 16-bar armature, **REAL** motor which sweeps a hollow-ground cutter over and back at lightning speed, whisking away whiskers with almost incredible ease. It's the world's **closest** shaver. See it at your nearest Sunbeam Dealer.

Available in 210/250 volts A.C.-D.C., also 6, 12, 32 and 110 volts.

FROM Sunbeam DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Continuing . . . **Half - Wish,**

Half - Prayer

[from page 51]

you should be a captain by now."

"I didn't stay in," she explained. "I was a civilian nurse for a while. It didn't work out. Let's get back to you. What will you do when you leave here?"

"Take it easy for a month or two. I'll stay with the family. The major said the leg will improve fast from now on."

"And after the month or two?"

He frowned. "I'm not sure any more. It's funny, because I dreamed it and planned it a million times."

"Tell me about the dream."

"I thought I'd just knock round while the money lasted. Have fun. I missed a lot, leaving college and joining up at twenty and flying my first mission at twenty-two."

"Johnny, in search of his lost youth," she said smiling. "There'll be a lot of pretty girls to help you find it."

"I don't know," he said, and shook his head. "Perhaps I'll find a job and settle down with a wife."

She laughed quickly. "Johnny in search of a wife!" she said. "That I can't imagine. What will the poor girl be like?"

"She'll be like you," he said quietly. "A lot like you."

"But ten years younger, I hope," she said, frowning. "And what kind of a job will you find?"

He shrugged. "Flying's all I know. The Air Force doesn't want gammy-legged guys. Neither do the airlines. But there must be some small planes that need flying. I could get my commercial licence and fit in there. What about you, Vicky? What will you do from here on?"

"What's wrong with what I'm doing now?"

"That's not what I mean. A girl like you—"

"Girl?" She laughed. "I won't see thirty again."

"What of it?" he said gruffly. "You should have one man to love, not a hundred banged-up blokes in a hospital. What's wrong with these captains and majors around here?" he said. "They're not all married. One of them will wake up one day and see you."

"Thanks for the wish, Johnny," she said. "But if no one ever wakes up and sees me, I've got something else. There's that about nursing." She stood up. "I must go."

"Will you see me off tomorrow?"

"Your train leaves at seven-thirty."

"Then it's goodbye here and now." He smiled feebly. "I don't know how to say it."

"I do," she said quickly. "A man I knew once told it to me when I was leaving him. It's a way to say goodbye to someone you—to someone you're fond of. Someone you know you'll never see again."

"I'll see you again."

"Will you, Johnny?" she said, and smiled.

"I mean it."

"Oh, I know you mean it."

"I'll keep in touch. When the leg's better and when I can I'll get back here. You and I will go on a binge."

"That would be fun, Johnny," she said gently. "But let me say goodbye, anyway."

Then she was standing with Lloyd again on the platform. She remembered his voice. And she remembered every word of the wish he had made for her. She said it slowly, her voice soft. "And may God always hold you in the palm of His hand," she finished.

He was silent for a long

time. "That was wonderful," he said finally. "It says everything, doesn't it?"

She raised her hands in a swift movement to his face. She drew down his head for her kiss. "Goodbye," she said, and turned quickly away.

"Goodbye, Vicky."

He went back to the bench and sat down. He thought about his leaving the next day. And after a while the excitement came, and he felt he could hardly wait for tomorrow.

IT was sixteen months since he had left the hospital, and he had found exactly the job he had hoped for. He was ferrying the single-engine planes from their factory to their purchasers. The plane was a four-place, low-wing job, with an air speed of a hundred and fifty miles an hour and a cruising range of four hours.

Before taking the job he had had, just as he'd planned, a year of career ease. His leg improved rapidly, as the major had foretold.

There had been many parties and many girls, old and new, to make love to in a casual, lighthearted way. But before the year was up, he knew he had had enough. Loafing had become boring, and there was no girl at all who mattered enough.

It was a September morning, and he sat on a bench near the small plane and worked on his flight plan. He was to ferry the plane to a small airfield up north. The charts and maps were important, because he would have only visual ground contact. The plane, fresh from the factory, was not yet radio-equipped.

The forecast was good, and the scattered clouds were high and the sun warm. He took off from the factory's airstrip, climbed to three thousand feet, and levelled off, heading north.

He was well on his way when he first saw the low fog drifting in from the sea beneath him. In another few minutes he could see only dimly. And then not at all. The sun was still bright above him and the air around him clear.

But it would not last, he knew. He would fly by dead reckoning, and when he came out of the fog, as he soon would, he would check on his charts again, correct for wind-drift, and get back on his course. The fog was a minor nuisance. It did no more harm than blot out his view of the countryside below.

It was then that he noticed the thin film forming on the cockpit window to his left. He clamped his teeth, frowning. He knew at once what the trouble was. Not a bad oil leakage, but a leakage just the same.

A major leak in the oil line would have hurled a thick oily wall across his whole windshield in less than a minute. But the smallest leakage was bad enough. With his lone engine it meant a landing—and soon.

He watched the film of oil thicken and spread and cloud his window. How long? he wondered. How long before his engine would be dry of oil? Ten minutes, he judged. Twelve at the most. He had that long to find an opening in the fog beneath him, and take his chance on a crash landing.

He shook his head. He was being too good to himself. He couldn't wait until the final

To page 53

Continuing . . . Half-Wish, Half-Prayer

from page 52

second, and then, when it was too late, risk a dead-stick landing with the chance of crashing into some farm home or suburban street. Ten minutes at the most, he decided.

He looked at his watch. In ten minutes he would change his course and head directly east. He knew he was close to the coast. If he went down, he would go down into the sea.

He kept looking from the clouded window to his watch. Six minutes now. Should he head out to sea? There was no rift in the fog beneath him.

Seven minutes. Time now, even though the grey below seemed to be lessening. But not fast enough. A wind-change would do it. Would roll back the fog. He looked at his watch. Nine minutes. He could see faint outlines on the ground through the swirling mist. But it wasn't good enough. He changed course and flew out to sea.

The slim, blond-haired girl was about to tee off from the thirteenth hole when the ground fog blew in, blotting out the straight, smooth fairway ahead. She shrugged with annoyance and sat on the bench near the tee to wait it out.

She thought back over the three months just past. Of all the summers she had spent here—and she and her mother had been coming to their cottage since her father died when she was thirteen—this had been the gayest.

But somehow she was glad it was over. She was ready to go back to her home and her teaching job in the small private school. She'd had enough of loafing, and none of the men had mattered at all.

She decided to wait another five minutes. The wind might change—it often did this time of day in September. She lit a fresh cigarette, and before she was half finished she realised the fog was thinning.

In another minute it was gone completely, when she heard the plane overhead.

It was a small plane, and it passed directly above her no more than three hundred feet from the ground. It went as far as the clubhouse and started to turn. It made a half-circle and nosed lower, and then she saw it was going to land.

She ran to one side for safety. The plane drifted lower, and just beyond the tee where she had been standing it touched the smooth green earth. The girl started running to wards it.

A young man with wavy blond hair was climbing out of the cockpit. He stepped to the low wing and jumped to the ground. "Oil leak," he said when she reached him. He lit a cigarette. "Scare you much? I'm sorry."

"You were lucky," she said. "If that fog hadn't cleared—" He grinned. "I'd rather not think about it."

His eyes disappeared when he smiled. He wasn't handsome, she thought. Not handsome at all. There was no reason for her heart to suddenly start to pound.

"Can I find a phone?" "At my place. I live just beyond that strip of woods."

They went together to the cottage. She told her mother what had happened while he put through his calls. When he joined her he said:

"The factory's sending two mechanics and new parts. They won't get here until late tomorrow or the next day. Is there a hotel in town?"

"No hotel," she said. "We have a guest room. Will that do?"

He smiled eagerly. "If I'm not crowding in—" She smiled with him.

"You're not," she said quickly. They went back to the golf course after lunch. It was a perfect September day now.

They sat under a willow near a stream that had been her favorite spot since she was a child.

"Was it a near thing up there?"

He nodded. "I had to get down—and fast. There wasn't much time left. So I headed out over the ocean."

"The wind changed in time," she said.

"I know. I'd been bucking headwinds all the way. And then, when the fog lifted and I took a chance and turned and came back, I got the wind direction from the flag over the clubhouse. The wind was behind me all of a sudden."

"And you saw the golf course?"

"The village first. Then I spotted this. I made my turn at the clubhouse and nosed down. And there was your fairway—smooth and straight like a beautiful wide green road. It rose up to meet me. I— He stopped abruptly and drew in his breath. "Dear God!" he whispered. "What is it?"

JOHNNY'S eyes were wide and shining. "The wish!" he cried. "The prayer! Whatever it was. It came true."

"What wish?" "It's something I just remembered," he went on excitedly. "Someone said it to me more than a year ago. We were saying goodbye, and she wished something for me. And the wish came true when I was up there with the fog beneath me and time running out."

"Tell me," she urged. "What did she wish for you?" "She put her hand on my arm and looked up at me. And she said, 'May the wind be at your back. May the road rise up to meet you. And may—' What is it? Why are you staring at me?"

"And may God always hold you in the palm of His hand," she said softly.

His eyes widened. "You know it, too?"

"I've known it since I was a little girl. I remember saying it once to a man when I

was telling him goodbye. Perhaps he passed it along. I haven't heard it in years."

"You're supposed to say it to someone you're very fond of. Were you in love with the man?"

"Terribly. After he left, I didn't want to live." She smiled. "I was fifteen. I don't know what became of him. Was the woman who said it to you in love with you?"

He nodded slowly. "Perhaps. She was an Army nurse, older than I. I always meant to write to her, but never did. I don't know where she is now."

"Bless her, wherever she is! She prayed you down safe."

"She prayed me down to you," he said gaily. "I stepped out of the cockpit and there you were, of all people, running to meet me!"

She laughed. "I was playing my final round of golf," she said, "and you, of all people, dropped out of the sky."

They had two full days and two long evenings together. The morning he was to take off, she walked with him to the plane. He kissed her goodbye. "I'll be seeing you, Judy," he said.

"I'll be expecting you, Johnny. You promise to come?"

"Do you think I'd let you go now? I've been looking everywhere for you."

"And I've been looking for you," she said softly.

She waved to him as he taxied to the end of the fairway. She waited to see his take-off, and she did not leave until the plane was a tiny speck in the sky. Then she walked back to the cottage, feeling oddly lightheaded and gay.

You never know, she thought. When you start a half-wish, half-prayer, you never know when it will come back to you. Nor can you foresee the wonderful thing it may help bring about.

Her step quickened, and she began to laugh.

(Copyright)



Someone isn't using AMPLEX

Horrid idea, isn't it, to think that your breath may smell without your even knowing it. Strong foods, alcohol, smoking—there are many things that can lead to unpleasant breath. But whatever the reason, Amplex keeps breath sweet and leaves body free of odour. That's because Amplex works from inside, safely and surely stopping odours at their source. Just pop one or two in your mouth and immediately you're confident, confident you don't annoy those near you.

AMPLEX

take it and be sure

30 tablets . . . 4/6 pkt.
8 " . . . 1/6 pkt.



From all Chemists and Stores.

The Black Menace is here again



Keep strict guard over the health of your family.

Kill flies with Mortein immediately they appear.

There is no such thing as a harmless fly. There is no such thing as a clean fly. ALL flies are filthy. They carry a cargo of dirt and disease wherever they go.

Unless you wipe out flies as fast as they invade

your home, you are taking risks with your family's health. Health Departments confirm this.

ONLY MORTEIN GIVES COMPLETE PROTECTION against flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests.

Mortein is the most powerful insect spray: the fastest and the safest to use.

Mortein contains scarce, costly pyrethrum activated with piperonyl butoxide. It is far-and-away the most modern insect spray in Australia.

You can spray Mortein with absolute safety anywhere in the house—even in the kitchen or pantry.

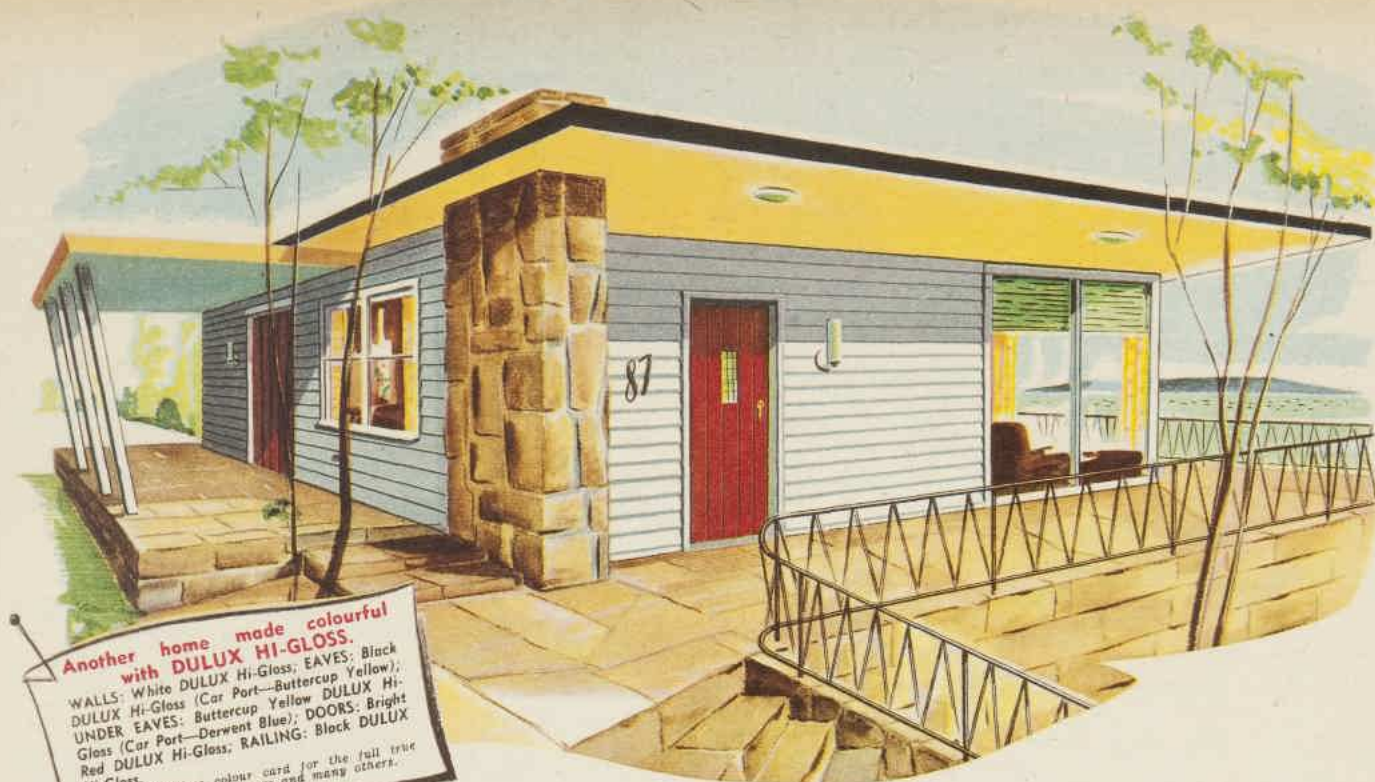
Rid your home of
SILVERFISH, COCKROACHES,
ANTS, FLEAS with
MORTEIN INSECT POWDER

Use only

Mortein

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING—STICK TO IT!





It's easier to paint with HI-GLOSS!
..and it stays beautiful for years ✨



Don't be confused with technicalities—play safe; choose the perfect outside paint. It's HI-GLOSS Synthetic House Paint brought to perfection for you by the famous DULUX Laboratories, part of the world-wide chemical research organisation of I.C.I. DULUX HI-GLOSS is the greatest step forward in paint production that modern Industrial Chemistry has ever achieved.

EASIER FLOW, GREATER COVERAGE, LASTING BEAUTY

Into the development of HI-GLOSS Synthetic House Paint has gone scientific research yielding easier flow with no brush-drag, greater spread, undreamed of beauty, and longer lasting gloss and protection than ever before thought possible.

✨ Here, then, is the paint to set all your doubts at rest, a paint so rich in superior qualities that it has proved by practical tests under all conditions to be the cheapest house paint to choose in the long run.

Choose your own colour scheme

with the expert Colour Service
 this new DULUX book provides.



Here's a new 24-page B.A.L.M. book filled with attractive, modern colour schemes for every room of your home. Thought-starters, too, to help you plan colour schemes of your own. "Colourful Homes" will enable you to put colour both inside and outside your home the way you, that is you in particular, want it.

Buy "Colourful Homes" at your nearest DULUX dealer, or write enclosing a 2/- postal note to Dulux Finishes, P.O. Box 21, Concord, N.S.W.

2/-
 PER COPY

DULUX IS THE FAMOUS BRAND OF MANY FAMOUS PAINTS

spring sky; and because there seemed no palace there but the magnificent ruins of the Alcantara on its eminence above city and river . . .

Derek Farrar, the young Australian, pointed out the huge old stone bridge with gate and guardhouse which spanned the Tagus.

"The Bridge of Alcantara," he murmured to Clare; "my guidebook said it was originally built by the Moors—in the ninth century."

It gave Miss Swinnithwaite little satisfaction that the guide interrupted with precisely the same information.

Nor was she pleased when,

after the coach had climbed a maze of narrow, hilly streets to deposit them at the sixteenth-century Gate of the Cambrón, Derek Farrar seized her, as well as Clare, by the arm.

Miss Swinnithwaite freed her arm on the pretext that she needed it to straighten her sensible English hat. Clare, who of course was really far too pretty and had far too little sense to be even a junior mistress at Thornford College, gave her a hurt look.

All the previous evening, at their Madrid hotel, she had begged Miss Swinnithwaite to let her tour the illuminated

fountains of the capital, its splendid avenues, and its pavement cafes with Derek.

"He's very sweet," Clare had insisted; "and so helpful, too. Look how clever he is at ordering things, although his French is no better than ours—rather worse, if anything!"

"He doesn't know us," Miss Swinnithwaite had replied firmly, "and if I have my way he never will. I've never made friends in my life with people I know nothing about, and I don't intend to begin now. It's most unsafe."

[from page 3]

Miss Swinnithwaite's first impression of Toledo was that, although it might be a fantastic survival from the past, it would be a dusty one in midsummer—and was already a hot one.

Too hot for comfort, thought Miss Swinnithwaite, determined to resist Toledo's charm. But that was before she found herself in the courtyard of the church of San Juan de los Reyes—a fifteenth-century courtyard where a twentieth-century sun slants down on orange trees enclosed by the cool darkness of a cloister.

Perhaps if Miss Swinnithwaite had not lingered in that grateful shade she would have noticed the rest of the party follow the guide outside again into the brightness. Perhaps she would have noticed Derek piloting Clare through the doorway with a hand under her elbow.

In short, Miss Swinnithwaite might not have missed her own party and attached herself, unknowingly, to another group which entered the church on the heels of the first, led by a guide who spoke Spanish only.

Miss Swinnithwaite's first intimation of disaster came when, half-blinded by the sunshine after her stay in the cloister, she found herself tagging behind twenty or thirty strangers—people who were all, horribly and unmistakably, Latin.

In her distress, Miss Swinnithwaite spoke at random to the nearest of them: "What is the meaning of this?"

Too late she realised that she had spoken to a man: a thick-set, middle-aged man in a grey flannel suit.

"Sirvase, senora . . . ?" he said, taking off his hat.

He regarded Miss Swinnithwaite with interest. Merciful heavens, thought Miss

trying to scrape acquaintance with him!

"Habla usted Ingles?" she faltered.

The little man shook his head. He burst into a torrent of Spanish which Miss Swinnithwaite couldn't even attempt to stem. She found herself panting, a few paces ahead of him, up a steep and narrow street.

There was no sign whatever of Miss Swinnithwaite's party. She glanced back. The little man was hurrying after her with what she decided was a predatory expression.

"Parlez-vous français?" she hazarded frantically.

"Un peu," said the little man, with a deprecating gesture and a vile accent.

I must explain that I'm not trying to—er—pick him up, Miss Swinnithwaite thought. She began, laboriously, in French:

"J'ai perdu . . ."

"Ah!" broke in the little man, taking her elbow, "Pauvre madame anglaise. Peut-être je . . ."

Miss Swinnithwaite didn't give him time to finish. She snatched away her arm. The little man gave her a strange smile. She looked round. Silence had fallen on the party—and everyone was giving her strange smiles. She seemed to be ringed by strange men—Latin men, with black patent-leather hair and black eyes.

Panic seized her. She was just about to rush headlong down the hill again, even in that blazing un-English sunshine, when she realised that she was no longer in the open air. She, and the rest for that matter, were in a sort of house: a house which, at first sight, seemed to bristle with lethal weapons . . .

Miss Swinnithwaite was too

they were, in fact, within the famous "model factory" of Toledo, where tourists can see everything from rapiers to embroidery scissors being richly inlaid with damascene work which goes hand-in-hand with Toledo steel.

Miss Swinnithwaite was just going to begin explaining in French, all over again, when she noticed what the little man was doing. He had picked up a knife—sort of stiletto—and was running a thumb thoughtfully along the edge.

Miss Swinnithwaite broke blindly from the building. Her sturdy British figure was only half way to freedom when a hand descended on her arm. It was the little man again.

"Madame," he began: "Mademoiselle, je . . ."

But Miss Swinnithwaite was gone.

In and out of Moorish alleyways raced Miss Swinnithwaite—heedless of the cool white walls around her and the window-boxes bright with geraniums; the singing canaries in the garden of El Greco's house.

She had thrown off her pursuer at last—but accounted all else lost, including herself—when, like a direct gift from above, she spotted the coach. There it stood in the shade of the ancient Puerta del Sol; the solid, red, dusty coach in which she and Clare had driven so many magical miles.

It was quite empty, but Miss Swinnithwaite didn't care.

Miss Swinnithwaite scrambled as far back into the interior of the coach as was possible: huddled herself low on the back seat. She was hot, she was terrified . . . Also, she was no longer young—and she was tired. She fell asleep

In her tortured dreams, Miss

To page 71

★ As I read the stars ★ By ★ EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Co-operative enterprises may meet you with a setback October 12, when deceptive information may cause trouble. October 14 favors business, October 15 social life.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Some long-cherished hope may be suddenly gratified, October 13, bringing with it excellent possibilities for the future. October 15 may be expensive, but enjoyable.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Listen carefully to what's going on around you and be lucky in speculative matter, October 13. Take on no new ventures October 14; hold fast to your gains.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): A domestic upheaval, house cleaning, or shifting may make October 12 exhausting, yet results are likely to be highly satisfactory, with October 16 calling for celebrations.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Fix that little journey for October 16, which smiles on outings, sporting events, hobbies. October 17 is favorable for correspondence, making social arrangements.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Purchases, investments made on October 13 are under a cloud; much trouble and waste of time seem probable. October 18 is fine for buying and selling.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): If young and impressionable, October 15 is filled with romance. If older, you might make a bit of extra cash. October 16 shines on party-going.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Watch belongings October 14, when you are in danger of losing an article or a sum of money. October 15 could drop a windfall in your lap.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Concentrate on October 14 in business affairs; you may receive help from family or friends. October 16 favors lovers.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Postpone decisions, stick to routine, and avoid antagonising powers-that-be, October 13. Combine business, pleasure October 17.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): October 12 may build up your hopes only to knock them down, but October 14 shows gains. Beware of accidents October 17.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Lady Luck may rap on your door October 16 in regard to a matter close to your heart. October 18 is likely to bring success after difficulty.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE CARBOLIC SMELL HAS GONE!

Lifebuoy now has Brand-New Perfume

Stops "B.O." as never before



The carbolic smell has gone! In its place is a refreshing, brand-new fragrance your whole family will love. 3 out of 4 people who've tried it have already voted new Lifebuoy's perfume best!



Wash your perspiration worries away! Nothing could be nicer than a daily bath with Lifebuoy . . . and that's all you need to protect you from "B.O." It's the modern way to stay sweet and clean.



Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts. Gentle, fresh-smelling Lifebuoy contains Puralin to purify and deodorise better than any other toilet soap. Your whole body will glow because it's so clean.

Contains **PURALIN**, new purifying ingredient to stop "B.O." hours longer

It's in the shops now . . . and it's the biggest news in toilet soaps for years! The new Lifebuoy with a refreshingly different perfume containing Puralin, a purifying ingredient which stops "B.O." the modern

way! Yes, the carbolic smell has gone—yet new, fragrant Lifebuoy with its special ingredient is all you need to give you protection for hours longer. Get the big thrifty bath size Lifebuoy today!

ATTRACTIVE NEW CORAL PINK TABLET



Now in a new-style wrapper instead of a box

It's the talk of the neighbourhood!



**DOES BIG
WASHES FASTER**

Does a big 6 lbs.
wash in four
minutes

**EASILY FILLED...
EMPTIES ITSELF**

Adjustable hose for
filling . . .
automatic emptying

**SO
VERY GENTLE**

Exclusive Pulsator
gives a gentle washing
action exactly like
boiling

**BIGGER
WRINGER**

Takes a double
blanket with ease

**ROLLS OUT
OF THE WAY**

Push it in a corner
when you're finished



THE NEW BIGGER-TUB HOOVER WASHER

Now, the biggest family wash becomes a small job . . . to the new, bigger-tub Hoover! It washes faster than any other machine made . . . cleaner than washers costing much, much more. Its exclusive Pulsator never comes in contact with the clothes, but sends the water surging through them, with an action exactly like boiling. Even its wringer has specially soft rubber rollers to save buttons . . . and is independently sprung to take bulky articles without straining the fabric. Buy a Hoover and you get the best.

...and it fits the family purse

Amazing value, £66/15/- or easy terms



Hidden
wheels under
here

Love is a lonely thing

By
**FLORENCE
J. SOMAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE cocktail party given by publisher BEN TAUNTON and his wife, MARION, holds far more tension than party spirit for various people present.

DOROTHY FARNHAM, middle-aged divorcee searching desperately for a new husband, is trying hard to impress wealthy ED KLINGER. IRIS, schoolgirl daughter of Ben and Marion, is miserably nervous over going out on a "blind date" with handsome schoolboy GEORGE AKERS.

Writer STEVEN HUGO is attracted to pretty

MAGGIE MORGAN, but sees that she only has eyes for author CHARLES HALLOWELL. Charles' wife, LOUISE, miserably realises that he is about to start yet another love affair with this attractive girl, young enough to be his daughter.

Finding that her room-mate is to be away for the night, Maggie delightedly arranges for Charles to come to her apartment later. Steven, furious at what he guesses, arranges to take Maggie to dinner straight after the party, and takes care to tell Charles of this arrangement. NOW READ ON:

GOING down in the elevator after leaving the cocktail party, Louise looked up secretly at Charles. He was standing very straight, staring ahead. His pallor alarmed her.

She thought, he can't possibly be going out again later.

There was a tiny lifting inside her and no shame at all. His dependence upon her in illness was one of the few things that she could hold close to her, thinking: This much — as little as it is — is mine; no one can take it away from me.

Sometimes, like now, she felt a strange sort of triumph. For it was an irony, after all, that the excesses of Charles' lifetime — which had taken him furthest away from her — were now slowly and inexorably drawing him back again.

Our romantic two-part serial Part 2

As the car droned downward, she stole another look up at him. She felt a twinge of pity. And this was an irony, too, for why should she feel sorry for Charles? Because he had over-reached himself by coming to the party? Ridiculous. He had always over-reached himself.

But she felt pity just the same. Often, lately, she had found herself pitying Charles and this was such a strange thing, startling her. She was like someone who, having read a book so many times as to know it by heart, suddenly discovers, upon turning a page, a passage that she could not remember having read before.

She looked away from her husband. Her mind projected itself to the hours ahead. He'll lie down, she thought, and I'll massage the back of his neck, where the pain usually starts; I'll get out some small pieces of ice for him to suck for the nausea.

Thinking of these things, she felt almost happy. And only a little while ago, upstairs, she had thought it was going to be so different; there had been almost the certainty that Charles was starting out again on some new affair with the blond girl. Some of the old arrogance had been in his eyes as he came towards her for the pills; she had seen in his step and the set of his shoulders a sign — oh, how well she knew that sign, that look!

At the beginning, it had been a fresh shock each time, a fresh agony; sometimes she would awaken from an irretrievable dream to find her pillow damp and her whole body aching from a buried wretchedness. But with the passing of the years she had built up, very slowly, the wall of insulation around her.

She had told herself: What does it matter? It never lasts long with him — they come and go, holding him for only a little while.

And he had always been discreet. Whether it was for her sake or his own, she did not know, but she was grateful.

The elevator came to a stop; the door opened. They emerged into the lobby and Louise looked down at her watch. It was ten minutes to seven, a bad time to get a taxi; everybody was going somewhere at this hour. But they would wait for one, of course; Charles was not up to walking the eleven blocks. It was getting so that he hated to walk anywhere.

Going out into the dark freshness of the street, she stood next to Charles while the doorman blew his whistle in long screaming blasts and the cars sped by unheeding like a ceaseless stream of gleaming fish. Doesn't anybody walk any more? she thought. She remembered the long walks she used to take with Charles when she was a young girl, Charles with his long legs, striding along so that she had almost to run to keep up with him.

But he walked that way only when he was not talking, when he was brooding about something; it was when he spoke that his steps slowed as if to keep pace with his thoughts.

She turned her head and saw Mrs. Farnham and a big, heavy-set man emerging from the lobby. The man

"Look," Steve said, his face setting grimly. "If you're seeing only a nice brother in me, tell me so now."



saw them, hesitated, and turned to Mrs. Farnham, murmuring something. She shrugged. They began walking over together.

Louise turned quickly to Charles.

"Charles," she said in a low voice, "That Mrs. Farnham is coming over with someone. I think they're going to offer us a lift."

Charles swore under his breath. Then they both turned at the clearing of a male throat behind them. The big man, very pink in the face, was standing there.

"Could I give you folks a lift?" He had put something jovial in his voice. "My car is just around the corner."

"You're very kind," Louise said in a swift and instinctive protection of Charles. "But we've already called for a taxi. Thank you just the same."

Charles was smiling a vague, stiff smile. "Very kind," he murmured.

The big man nodded, too, smiling vaguely. As he moved away after Mrs. Farnham, his face looked even more flushed than it had before.

"Thank goodness," Charles said under his breath. An empty taxi had drawn up miraculously to the curb and as they moved towards it Louise felt his hand under her elbow. He was always very gallant about little things like that; his courtliness was instinctive, never-failing; he could make, she thought, the clumsiest woman feel like a piece of fine china.

When they reached home, Louise walked down the hall to the bedroom and put away her hat and coat. Coming back, she passed Charles' den and saw him standing there, looking down at his neatly arranged desk.

She paused. He was motionless, with only the line of his handsome profile turned towards her.

"Charles," she said.

He looked up; his eyes rested on hers. "I should have worked today."

She shook her head. "No. It was better that you got away from the book for a little while."

OUR ROMANTIC TWO-PART SERIAL

"It won't help. Nothing seems to help. I can't write any more." Suddenly he looked frightened.

"Nonsense," Louise said, putting strength and authority into her voice. "You're just tired, Charles; you've over-written. You only need to rest for a while and then everything will come back as strong and fresh as it was before."

Some of the fear went out of his face; he was looking at her searchingly. "You think so?"

"Of course I do. You drive yourself too much, that's all." She hesitated. "Lie down, Charles. I'll bring you a cold cloth for your head. Is there pain at the back of your eyes?"

"A little."

"What about the nausea?" "Not too bad. I'll be all right." He shook his head, looking at her. "I haven't given you much of a life, Louise."

She was so startled that, for a moment, she could not speak. And then she stammered: "N-no more than I asked for." She turned and walked down the hall. Her mouth was dry. They never spoke about their life together; it had always been an unspoken agreement between them both.

A few minutes later, she entered the bedroom, carrying the bowl of ice-water and the wrung-out cloth. Charles, in his dressing-gown, was lying on the bed, one hand over his eyes.

With the efficiency of long practice, Louise put down the bowl, moved to the small lamp on the dressing-table and clicked it off. The pale light from the hall illuminated everything faintly.

"Charles?" she said. "Don't you think you'll be more comfortable if you get into your pyjamas?"

His head moved faintly in the near-darkness; she could hear the sound of his breathing.

"I'm only going to lie down for an hour," he said. "I told you that I was going out later."

She stood motionless, staring down at him stupidly. "Going

out? You're not going out again, feeling like that?"

"I'll be fine." He sounded impatient. "I only need to rest a while. Where is the cloth, Louise?"

But she could not move. In her mind, a picture flared; she saw the blond girl standing with Charles near the bar at the cocktail party.

Something hot and sour came up into her throat. Was there no end to it? Would he never reach the end? And in that moment, standing there and looking down at Charles, she hated him because he still clung with such foolish, fierce tenacity to the shadow, the echo, the fast-shrinking core of what he had once been.

REVELLING

in unaccustomed luxury as Ed's magnificent car moved down the street, Dorothy looked out the window with the fur of her wrap soft against her chin, hearing the warm purr of the engine, seeing the vague blur of people and lights going by. "Must be lonely," Ed said, his eyes ahead on the traffic, "for a girl like you. Living alone."

She turned to him. "Oh, I keep busy," she said. "And I have a great many friends. Still—" She let a note of wistfulness creep into her voice. "It does get lonely sometimes."

Her mind strained for just the right note. When she spoke again, her voice was low. "Some women are so independent that they don't seem to need any one person. The good times, the fun are enough. But with me, well—" She smiled faintly into his eyes. "You know that song—'It's so nice to have a man around the house.' I think it is, too."

He suddenly gave his booming, tortured laugh and she was so startled that she stared at him. It was the last reaction she had expected from him after her wistful little speech.

"That's a good one," he

said. "You can say that again, sister—it's nice to have a man around the house." They had stopped for a traffic light and his hand dropped on her thigh, this time giving it a slight—oh, very slight—squeeze.

Dorothy felt a sliding of her spirits, but almost instantly pulled them up again with her will. You need patience, she told herself carefully. It would be an uphill thing all the way, but remember, you could get a wedding ring out of it, if you're careful. And patient. If she could make him feel good, make him feel important.

She saw that they had passed Fifth Avenue. Everything looked very gay and lively. Near Sixth Avenue, a car miraculously left a space and they were able to park near the expensive restaurant he was making for. Going up the steps, Dorothy clutched the railing, terribly aware of her three-inch heels, which made her ankles wobble.

The head waiter moved towards them quickly when he saw Ed. "Good evening," he said. "How are you, Mr. Klinger? A table for two?"

In the little bustle that followed, with Ed making some little joke and the head waiter laughing and all three of them moving together towards the tiny table on the very edge of the dance floor, Dorothy looked sideways and saw that Ed's face was flushed and that he was having trouble again with the corners of his mouth.

She felt amused, but in spite of herself, she was a little impressed, too. He must be rolling with it, she thought; he must tip like a maharajah. A head waiter's smile could tell you so much. Oh, he had it, all right. And evidently he didn't mind spending it.

The gay, exhilarated feeling came back.

The orchestra was playing something, but there weren't too many couples on the floor; it was still a little early. When the waiter came over to them, Ed didn't even look in

Dorothy's direction. "A dry Martini with lemon peel for the little lady," he said, "and a double Scotch."

Dorothy opened her mouth, hesitated, and then closed it again. She had had three Martinis already and they hadn't brought her much—just a dull blurring of the senses. And they were a hundred and fifty calories apiece—

She began to calculate uneasily in her mind. That was four hundred and fifty already, and this would make six hundred—

But the waiter had disappeared and she realised that she was frowning. She made her face bright and leaned towards Ed across the table.

"You know," she said. "I've hardly had time to plumb your depths."

He gave her a vaguely puzzled look. "Yeah," he said. He had taken out a cigar and now he bit the end off it.

He's as dumb as an ox, Dorothy thought. She leaned back. Ah, well. Maybe he was slow on the bright dialogue and things like that, but he was sharp-witted in other ways—business, for instance. She bet that he was as shrewd as they came in that department.

"What's this about plumbing?" Ed said. He had lit his cigar and was looking at her.

She leaned forward again, arranging her features into an expression of soft interest.

"What I mean is, I really know so little about you, Ed. We've hardly had a chance to get acquainted."

"What would you like to know? My life is an open book."

"But what about those uncut pages?" Her voice was teasing.

His laugh boomed out suddenly and he slapped the top of the table so hard that a thin vase of flowers bounced. "That's a good one," he said. "Uncut pages. You can say that again, sister."

Suddenly his face grew serious.

"Well, honey," he said. "There's nothing fancy about me, but I think I can say that I've made something of the name of Ed Klinger." He

gulped at his drink and put down his glass. "You might say that I'm a man who's pulled himself up by his own bootstraps. I come from poor, hard-working people and I've never been ashamed of it. I learned from the school of hard knocks, not from college."

She stared at him. Almost word for word, it was the same speech he had made to her at the cocktail party.

He must know it by heart, she thought; she could hear him delivering it at board meetings or employee get-togethers. He seemed to flourish his poverty-stricken background like a banner.

"I think it's wonderful," she said. "I really do." She took another sip of her drink and smiled faintly. "How is it a good-looking man like you always managed to escape a woman's clutches?" She gave a little laugh. "Of course, you can relax with me—you're safe. I've had one unfortunate experience and it would take a very remarkable man now for me to give up my freedom."

She lifted her gaze and met his. There was cold, shrewd appraisal in his eyes.

A shock went through her. She looked down again. And the thought flashed through her mind as it had during those first few moments of meeting him: He wasn't born yesterday.

"Yeah," he said. "I don't blame you. Now you take me—I have nothing against marriage. Finest thing in the world for some people, a home and a family. I just can't see it for Ed Klinger, that's all."

Perversely, the words encouraged her with their blandness. "What are we talking about marriage for?" she said almost gaily. She looked around her. "This is a charming place."

"Continuous music," he said. "I come here pretty often. I like this kind of place much better than a night-club. You see a much nicer class of people."

He's always reaching for quality, Dorothy thought; I'll say that for him. His suit, his car, even his tie were in expensive good taste. But there was something strangely studied

A LUSCIOUS Fruit Salad IN A CHOCOLATE BLOCK!

Now made with the
**New Milk Chocolate that
"tastes milkiest of all"!**

Cherries, pineapple, candied orange peel, ginger and
crisp, toasted almonds—that's the delicious combina-
tion you enjoy in every MacRobertson "Fruit
Salad" Block. What a blend they make with
MacRobertson's new Milk Chocolate!

Available in 1/2-lb. blocks, or
the handy smaller size.

MacRobertson's make a
chocolate block for every
taste!

Also try—**"CHERRY NUT"**
MILK CHOCOLATE BLOCK

Real cherries and choice nuts in
MacRobertson's new Milk Chocolate.

Made by
MacRobertson
The Great Name in Confectionery.

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

about it; it was as if his choice of things was not instinctive at all, but the careful copying of a pattern which he knew to be above reproach and which he was always holding up before him.

The music flowed out like cream, the strings muted, the piano rippling in soft counterpoint. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the couples swirling, drifting on the dance floor.

She gazed across the table at Ed and met his eyes. He looked very big and solid, but at the moment she didn't see him that way; he was a cushion in her eyes, a cushion she could lean back upon in blessed ease and relaxation. If you had that, the wrinkles could appear on your face, the fat around your waist and it wouldn't matter. Growing old would no longer be a fearsome thing but merely a comfortable easing-off. It would almost feel good—like welcoming twilight after being in the glare of the sun for too long.

In the bus going over to the Music Hall, Iris sat with her hands clutching her handbag while George Akers swayed on a strap above her. She wondered nervously why she could think of nothing to say when up at the party she had chattered almost incessantly. What she wanted now were some bright remarks, something that would sound gay and sophisticated so that he would begin to talk, too, and then they would bat the words back and forth like in a game.

She frowned, staring straight ahead at the buttons on George's jacket. That was the way it was in the movies—the boy and girl met for the first time going through a revolving door or they bumped into each other so that the girl's bundles fell down, and she said something funny with her eyebrows lifted haughtily and he said something funny and then she did again, still looking haughty, and by that time you

were laughing just listening to them because the things they were saying were so clever.

But that's only because some writers put their sentences in their mouths, Iris thought; they didn't think of those things themselves. Probably if they really did meet going through some revolving door in real life, both of them would stammer and turn red and the things they would say would come out awfully dumb.

She looked down unhappily at her stumpy red fingernails clutching the top of her handbag.

She ought to be able to say something that would interest him now. Oh, she wished that the bus would go faster so that they would reach the theatre sooner! It would be so wonderful to go into the darkness and sink into a chair, with the stage or screen so busy with movement and sound that you could just sit there looking and not have to talk at all.

She glanced briefly into George's face and then down at her fingernails again. Her spirits dipped farther. He looked so gloomy. That wasn't the way you were supposed to look when you took out a girl. It was because she was such a dud. She was too thin and her face was just a blob of nothing and she wore glasses. Worse than anything, she was dumb.

WHEN they got out of the bus, George looked down at Iris, a faint frown on his good-looking face. "We'd better get something to eat first," he said. "You like hamburgers? I know a place around here. Kind of crummy, but a guy at school told me a lot of actors and actresses from Radio City hang out there."

"Okay," Iris said. She gave a sudden, gay laugh. "Lead on, Macduff." There, she thought with relief, I'm doing better now.

But George's eyes merely held a kind of patience, and as they started walking down the busy side street, he didn't talk any more. Iris began to get the nervous feeling again, but she looked around her with resolute brightness.

The place, when they reached it, was called "Mom's Hamburger." It certainly didn't look like much. Iris thought after they had gone in. It was a long, narrow room, the whole place smelled of onions and hot grease and it was crowded and noisy.

Slipping into a chair against the wall, Iris noticed a girl and boy sitting opposite. The girl was about sixteen. She had a pert, pretty face and wore her black hair in a horse's tail with straight bangs in front. The white blouse she wore had the name "Gloria" embroidered like handwriting all over it in different colors. She was smoking a cigarette and looking around her vaguely as the boy she was with talked and gesticulated with his hands. He had a very pale face, the color of a mushroom, and he wore glasses.

Iris looked down at the menu, which had grease spots on it. She was glad that the place was noisy and that there was music somewhere in the background; it made the silence between her and George less noticeable.

Staring unseeingly at the words on the menu, she suddenly remembered a teen-age article she had read not long ago in one of the women's magazines. One of the columns had been about starting a conversation with a boy and it offered as rule number one: "Find out what his interests are."

Iris felt a quickening. Only

how did you go about finding out? Did you say right out: "What are your interests?" No, that sounded dumb. What you asked was: "Do you like baseball?"

She swallowed, still staring at the menu in her hands, her whole body braced. Suppose he said "Yes?" Then what? She couldn't talk about baseball; she didn't know the first thing about it.

Her hands went up nervously to settle her glasses on her nose. Her jaw set. I'll ask him, anyway, she thought.

She lowered the menu and looked at George, opening her mouth. But she saw that a change had come into his face. He was looking at something across the room with a steady gaze, his eyebrows lifted a little, a faint smile on his mouth. Finally he moved his eyes away to some vague point; he withdrew his cigarette case from his vest pocket, and clicked it open. He took out a cigarette, tapped it on the table, and put it between his lips. His eyes turned slowly, going back to the same place they had been before.

There was a narrow band of mirror next to Iris that went down the whole side of the wall. She turned her head slightly and looked into it. She saw the girl with the black bangs gazing at George. Her pretty face was smooth and closed, but around her mouth, too, was the faint smile.

Iris looked away quickly and stared down at the menu again, lifting it higher so that it shielded her face from George. The letters before her jiggled and blurred. They're flirting with each other, she thought. Moments went by.

"You decided?" George said. A waiter was standing next to them.

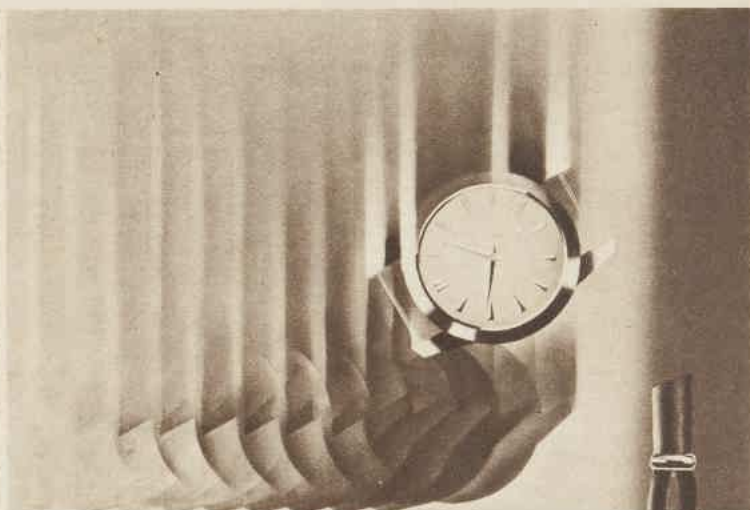
She cleared her throat. "Yes." Her voice sounded thick. "A hamburger and a coke." But she could not lower the menu, even after George had added his order and the waiter had disappeared. She had a sense of shame, as if she had wandered into some place where she hadn't been invited and where her presence was spoiling something that had been planned without her.

It was the girl at the other table, with her pert face and her cigarette and her black bangs, who had been invited; she seemed to belong to George and if she were sitting here now opposite him, all the twisted pieces of the date would suddenly fall together into a perfect whole and it would not only look right on the outside, but it would be right inside, too, with the awareness there between them and the soft, eager lift of anticipation, and the first words: ("I noticed you right away?" "Did you? What did you notice?" "That you were pretty; that I wanted to talk to you." "Well—I noticed you, too." "No kidding?" "No kidding. I thought—He looks nice.")

Something hard and painful stuck in Iris' throat. Yes, that was the way it should be, with nothing forced or strained because it was, after all, such a simple thing. A door opened and you went through it together.

Will it ever be that way with me? she thought. Never, never. The songs that said: "I've got you under my skin"; "I'll see you in my dreams"; "You were meant for me"; the perfumes called "Breathless" and "Shock-ing" and "Intoxication" weren't made up for girls with square faces and scrawny necks who wore glasses; everybody was thinking about the other kind—the creamy-skinned and luscious-mouthed, like Maggie

100 Shocks a day for 50 years!



On land, sea and in the air Cyma Watches everyday are proving the superiority of Cymaflex, the shock-proof device that has brought freedom from watch-worry to millions of Cyma wearers the world over...

Behind this unique achievement lies a saga of scientific research, climaxed in the Cyma laboratories at Le Locle, where a machine was designed to reproduce the concussion your watch suffers in falling from table height... the oblique banging that inflicts the greatest damage on an unprotected balance-staff.

Preliminary tests had convinced the engineers that Cymaflex could easily withstand hard knocks. So in the first of its final trials the new Cyma, equipped with Cymaflex, was jarred a thousand times—more than would occur in the lifetime of the average wearer—... the movement emerged unscathed from this rough handling! Again the Cyma was put to the torture of a thousand shocks. Still no damage!

Relentlessly the engineers continued the tests... until the watch had been shaken up two-million times... the equivalent of 100 bumps a day for more than 50 years. Yet the watch is still in perfect condition... No wonder that since the invention of Cymaflex the proverbial risk of a damaged balance-staff has been virtually eliminated!

Security is only one of the many reasons why your next watch should be a Cyma. Cyma leads in style and accuracy, too!

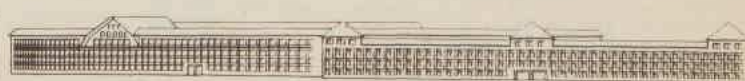
The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is protected by the following patents:

Switzerland	France
147857	815666
198992	854619
200929	USA
208578	2146329
198197	2219068
198769	2294025
Germany	2219067
688798	2184580
759135	England
688934	528643

ONLY Cyma watches

have the Cymaflex Anti-shock device

but every **CYMA** has it!



With factories at Tavannes, Le Locle and La Chaux-de-Fonds, Cyma Watch Co. is one of the world's leading watchmakers. Its worldwide Sales and Service Organization insures your continued satisfaction everywhere.

Easy
as
Winking



WHEN YOU
WASH THE
MODERN
WAY WITH

Kwit

CONCENTRATED
FOAM
DETERGENT

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 13, 1954

Page 59

Morvan; the girls with eyes that laughed and teased and drove a man crazy.

They were all within a closed, bright circle and this girl at the other table belonged there too. But she didn't. The vivid polish on her fingernails was just a joke, and so was the large brown chiffon handkerchief in her bag; wearing them was like trying to force a passport to a place you longed to reach, but which wouldn't for a minute fool the people who let you go through.

She held the menu high before her face like a shield, a guard. She knew that it was crazy, that she would have to put it down sooner or later. But her body felt locked; she couldn't move.

And then abruptly, she put it down. She looked at George in the mirror, his face wreathed in cigarette smoke.

I hate him, she thought; I hate him like poison; he's stuck-up and dumb and he has no manners.

When their order came, she ate quickly, methodically, chewing and swallowing and tasting nothing. Twice she saw George looking at the girl across the way, smiling the faint, hated smile; she knew that the girl was smiling back.

Suddenly George spoke. "That was a good party up at your place," he said. "Do you know that Steven Hugo well?"

Her mind raced to place the name and then she remembered. "Not very well," she cleared her throat. "He's one of my father's clients. My father's a literary agent."

For the first time since he had been with her, George's face became alive. "Yeah?" he said. "Maybe I ought to send my stuff to him instead of straight to any magazine." He frowned. "Maybe he wouldn't charge me the ten per cent, because he's such a good friend of my uncle and everything."

"Oh, I don't think my father would handle you anyway," Iris said. She felt a sting of satisfaction. "His list is closed to new clients; he doesn't want to handle any more." And she thought: Your stuff is probably awful, anyway. She felt a lifting inside her.

OUR ROMANTIC TWO-PART SERIAL

When they got up to leave, the girl with the pert face was still sitting there with the pale-looking boy. She looked up and smiled, and to Iris' astonishment George stopped.

"Hi, Gloria," he said easily. Although he had just finished a cigarette, he took out his case again and clicked it open. "How've you been?"

"Just fine," she said. "You still living in the old place?" George said.

"That's right. 120 West 74th. You remember?"

"Sure. But it's been so long. How are the folks?"

Iris stood motionless, bewildered. He knew her, then; he knew her very well. They hadn't been flirting at all.

"Fine," the girl said. She was still smiling up at George. She had small, very white teeth.

"Maybe I'll drop in and see them tomorrow," George said. "You think they'll be home around three?"

"Sure," the girl said. "They'll be glad to see you. Second floor. You remember." And suddenly she gave a very gay, ringing laugh.

"I remember," George said.

He was grinning as he put his cigarette between his lips. "Well—so long, Gloria."

"So long."

After they had moved away, Iris still felt confused. If he had known her, why had he been looking at her like that while they were eating? Why hadn't he smiled and called out something to her? And he hadn't introduced her, either; neither had the girl introduced the boy she was with. They both had terrible manners.

Outside, George took out a small black address book from his pocket. With a pencil, he began writing something inside it. He clapped the book shut, put it away and began to walk on again, almost as if he had forgotten her.

Iris moved into step at his side with a cold heaviness inside her. I could go home, she

thought: I could tell him that I feel sick or something.

But if I went home now, she thought, the party would still be going on. There would be something shameful about coming back.

It would hurt something inside her mother. Her mother was always talking about her own youth and how wonderful it had been—the boys, the parties, the dances. Just listening gave Iris a vaguely uneasy feeling, almost of guilt, as if she hadn't done something she was supposed to do. And her mother had been so happy to-night about the date.

They turned a corner and there was the Music Hall across the street.

"I guess," George said, "you come here pretty often." He flipped his cigarette away. "We've got some pretty nice theatres in Detroit, too. Of course, they're not in this league but they're okay."

QUICKLY, Iris looked up at George, her whole face changed. "My father was in Detroit once," she said. "He said it was a fine city."

"Yeah," George said. "It's not a bad old burg." They had reached the box office and he left her to get the tickets.

Waiting for him in the lobby, Iris thought angrily: Why am I so nice to him? She stood frowning, her fingers furiously opening and snapping shut the clasp of her pocketbook that was slung on a strap over her shoulder. He certainly wasn't being nice to her, was he? He was just tolerating her being there, saying something only when he had to.

But as he returned to her again, holding the tickets, she found that she was rearranging her face again, making it softer, prettier.

They went into the theatre, which was partially emptying because the feature picture had just ended. The lights were on and the organ was playing

as people moved up and down the aisles and settled themselves.

They found two good seats. George helped her off with her coat. She wondered suddenly why she thought he had such terrible manners. When you thought of it, he had walked on the outside of the street, taken her elbow as they crossed, helped her on and off with her coat. And yet she had the feeling that, in some way or other, none of that part of it counted at all.

The moments passed as she looked around her and the organ chords swelled and the people shifted around. She saw a girl of about her own age sitting two rows ahead. She wasn't a pretty girl; she was too fat and she had a pudgy face. Her eyes met Iris'. And then they moved to George. It was almost as if Iris could see George through the girl's eyes at that moment—his dark, good-looking face, his broad shoulders.

Suddenly she leaned towards George, close against his arm. She looked up at him. "Doesn't this place take your breath away?" she said. She gave a tinkling laugh, as if she had said something funny.

"Yeah," George said.

Iris leaned back again, her eyes returning to the fat-faced girl. The girl turned abruptly to face forward again.

Iris felt a throb of satisfaction. But as she stared ahead and the lights around her grew dim and the organ chords fused with the blaring march that introduced the newscast, something twisted painfully inside her because she had moved towards George and talked to him just so the fat-faced girl would know for sure that he was her date.

Oh, she was disgusting to have done that when he had been so awful to her; she should have been cool and aloof all this time, not even answering when he spoke to her; she should have treated him with a mammoth contempt that said:

"You may think you're something but you're less than nothing in my life." Instead, she had jumped like a fish to bait every time he had looked in her direction.

She sat motionless, with the darkness around her now, feeling the terrible twisting inside her. I hate him, she thought; I hate everything about him.

But she knew, deep down inside her, that if his hand stole out now and reached for hers, if he could somehow turn all of it into a real date after all, with the jokes and the warmth and the slow, wonderful unfolding, then she would forgive him everything.

But he wasn't going to reach for her hand; he wasn't going to say anything nice. The whole date had been a terrible mistake from the very beginning and she was having a rotten time, rotten, rotten, rotten.

She felt the quick, inner spasm of tears, but she wrestled it down as she watched the girl athletes jumping in unison on the screen, flapping their arms at their sides. And suddenly she saw her mother's face again as they had said goodbye—so bemused and soft and happy for her daughter because she was going out on a date with a handsome boy.

Iris stared up at the screen. She did not see what was there. She saw only her mother's face. And she knew in that moment that she was going to tell her mother that it had been a wonderful, exciting date and that everything had been beautiful.

When he came down to the street with Maggie, Steve felt a throb of triumph. He had pulled it off, and against tremendous odds—or at least it had seemed like that at the beginning of the party. Now he wasn't so sure. Hallowell had looked so exhausted as they said goodbye.

You could see it in his eyes and his pallor and even the set of his shoulders. When he spoke, he spoke sparingly, as if to save himself, and it was with a forced smile, a forced gaiety. What could this girl at his side see in a man like that, old enough to be her father?

He looked secretly at Maggie's face and then looked away again. His mouth tightened. What was he kidding himself for? You couldn't dismiss a man like Hallowell so easily. That handsome, tired face, a deep voice, the look of this chantment. It was potent enough of it.

No, you couldn't underestimate Hallowell.

"Where is this place," Maggie said, "where everybody comes in flaming on a swing?" She looked at him and smiled.

"In the east fifties," she smiled, too, suddenly happy again, as he looked at her.

"It's one of those intimate little French places. Atmosphere as thick as smoke, and true Gallic flavor hovering in all."

"Humm." Maggie said. She hated to disillusion you, but the true Gallic flavor is easy to come by. All you do is throw some red-checked ginghams around the windows, and get a place smelling of wine and garlic.

"Ah, well," Steve sighed. "We're all frauds, one way or another."

"Are you a fraud?" "Of course. At this moment I'm acting one way and feeling another."

"How queer—I was thinking that very thing upstairs. Now isn't that profound?" His head turned to look in her eyes. "In what way are you acting one way, thinking another?"

The color rose in her face and she looked away again. "Why," she said lightly, "maybe I'm being the nice, average American girl on the outside and plotting my landlady's murder on the inside."

She isn't going to tell me anything, he thought.

The thought of Hallowell came back to him and he saw the handsome, fine-boned face, the clipped moustache that was like the final, perfect stroke completing a picture. Maybe there was life in the old boy yet. And he was expected late at the girl's apartment, with the girl's room-mate gone away—

Steve felt a sharp prickling



NEVER be satisfied with HALF WHITE

Always follow the three essential washday steps to get whites sparkling white



A little bird told me . . . that Robin Starch, the easy-to-mix starch, makes ironing easier and gives a lovely gloss. Robin Starch, the perfect washday companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN Starch
Gives w-i-n-g-s to your iron

★ TESTS PROVE.

Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge. That's why you cannot afford to miss the blue rinse any washday.



WASH
However you wash—in a Washing Machine or Copper, washing loosens dirt but only partially removes it.



RINSE
Rinsing is necessary to get rid of the remaining dirt.



BLUE
The final rinse in Reckitt's Blue. This is the way to keep whites truly white... to stop them turning yellow.



Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE WHIEST WASH

Here's the RHEUMATISM



Where's the SLOAN'S

Rheumatic pains and the agonies of Spasms are quickly relieved by the circulation-stimulating warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Just put it on. No rubbing or massaging. Also relieves pain of sprains, strains, bruises, injured muscles. Never be without Sloan's.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM
Massage each night with Mercolized Wax cream of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun. . . the miracle of a living, lovely complexion. Use as a makeup base too.

GOING GREY? Tannalbin restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly tonight! Most chemists sell tannalbin, but, if you have any difficulty in getting it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to: Overseas Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3775, G.P.O., Sydney.

First Favourite with housewives



for 60 years — genuine



LOVE IS A LONELY THING

at the back of his neck. He saw the empty apartment hidden somewhere in the heart of the city, and the girl in Hallowell's arms, lost in some romantic dream of giving her all for the great, the only, the overpowering love of her life.

Maggie looked up. A change came over her face. "What's the matter?"

"Not a thing." But he felt shaken. He wanted to grab her shoulders and say angrily: "You're not meeting anyone later, much less Hallowell. Do you understand? I won't have it. You're mine, do you hear? Mine!"

She wasn't his, that was the trouble. He didn't have the slightest claim on her.

They had come to Fifty-second Street. "Here we are," he said. "Down this block." As they turned the corner, he asked: "Do your folks live in New York?"

She looked at him briefly. "No. My mother lives in Chicago."

He hesitated. "And your dad—?"

"My father's dead."

"I'm sorry." He felt a strange uneasiness.

"Any brothers or sisters?"

She looked up and smiled and everything was instantly all right again. "Nary a one. I wish I had. A nice older brother, for instance."

He stopped dead at the entrance of the restaurant. "Look." His face set grimly. "If you're seeing only a nice brother in me, tell me so now. I'm not wasting a good French dinner on a girl whose leanings towards me are sisterly." But despite his joking, he felt a rising hope as he opened the door and they went inside. Maybe she would laugh now and say: "What ever made you think I felt sisterly towards you?"

It was a nice little restaurant with shaded lights, not too crowded. Faint music drifted from somewhere in the background. After they had passed the inevitable bar, the head waiter came over and seated them against the wall.

Maggie, looking up at Steve, smiled as she slid into the seat. "What does a sisterly regard rate in terms of actual cash outlay? A hot dog?"

He grinned as he slid in beside her and helped her slip off her coat. "Less than that," he said. "I just have no use for a sisterly regard in my life at the present moment. What I really require is a reckless, beautiful girl who is ready to plunge into a deep and desperate passion for me."

"You shouldn't have too much trouble." Her expression was thoughtful. "Your face is not unpleasant and you have a kind manner."

He knew she was teasing, but he felt glum just the same. "Thanks," he said. "I can see you're just the girl I was looking for. It's obvious that you've plunged already."

She laughed. "I don't plunge easily." And then her face changed; she hesitated and looked down at the table.

He cleared his throat. "Now that's funny," he said. "I would have said that you were the kind of girl who did plunge." He swallowed against the dryness in his throat. "All the way. With her eyes closed. Off the deep end."

For a few moments she didn't say anything. And then her mouth curved faintly. "I sound fascinating," she said. She picked up her fork and fingered it.

He waited.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

Finally she looked up, still smiling a little. "Eyes closed?" she said. "Does that mean you think I go off the deep end for the wrong man?"

The smile had gone from her face. He knew that they had come to a new place in the road, a place that they had not reached before, and that she knew it, too.

"The wrong man," he said. There was a silence.

"I wish I could make you see that," he said.

She looked away from him and down at the table again.

"Oh, please," she said in a low voice. Her eyes were lowered and there was a flutter in her breathing.

You had to move so carefully, Steve thought; so slowly. The step he had just taken had been too abrupt and now, perhaps, he would slide back again, losing the little advantage he had gained. But she had asked a question, hadn't she? And he had answered it. The trouble was, she had asked in a bantering way and he had answered seriously.

He felt a heaviness. He would have to return to the bright dialogue and pull the whole mood up and back to a light, inconsequential plane.

"Of course it's none of my business," he said.

"That's right," she said. "It isn't."

"But in a way it is."

To his surprise, she smiled. It was a gentle smile. "You have a very transparent face. Did you know that?"

He was taken aback. "No, as a matter of fact, I didn't."

"Well, you have. I can almost read what you're thinking."

MAGGIE shook her head, the little smile still on her mouth. "It's so surprising. A young man like you is usually very much on the contained side—a little cautious. Wary about certain things."

He cleared his throat, slightly dazed. "Let's take one thing at a time. What do you mean—a young man like you?"

"Oh—" There was no archness in her face; she seemed to be studying him like a picture held up for her attention. "Attractive. Bright. Successful. Quick on the draw in conversation."

"I sound like an ad for a home extension course," he said. He shook his head. "Okay. Now what's this about being cautious? Wary about certain things? What things?"

"Oh—like giving yourself away. Displaying any real emotion about anything." She looked away from him and down at the table again. "But you're not. Cautious, I mean."

"Maybe I have been—until now." And then some instinct lifted his voice to a lighter note. "There's something to be said for the cave-man era. When a man saw a woman he wanted then, he just hit her over the head with a club."

She laughed. "I guess that was the real beginning of the direct approach."

The waiter had come over and now he stood poised. Steve ordered, and after he had gone away again, he leaned back. His eye caught a reflection of them both in the mirror opposite and his glance went from the girl to himself. He studied his image carefully. "Attractive," the girl had said.

He felt a lifting of his spirits. All through the dinner, it was like that—he would be up one minute, down the next. Then presently there was a sudden silence. They both sat motionless, looking at each other. The seconds ticked by and still their gaze held;

it was as if they could not look away. Steve felt a tightness in his chest. He had an almost uncontrollable desire to reach out and pull her close. And in one flaring second he saw in her eyes that she wanted him to.

Then it was gone; she turned her head away abruptly.

"We'd better go," she said. "It's getting late. I've got to get home."

He had been lifted high for those few moments, now he slid down again in a sickening drop. "I'll take you home," he said.

She looked up quickly, almost as if she were frightened. "Oh, no; you mustn't do that."

"But I insist." He made his voice light and easy, but as he reached for the check and helped her on with her coat, as the waiter came over to pull out their table, he had the sensation of something closing in on him.

Sitting close to her in a taxi, staring ahead as they started off, he thought: Last lap. She was gazing ahead. The night breeze coming in from the half-opened window lifted her hair.

Abruptly, Steve glanced down at his watch. Twenty-five to nine. In twenty-five minutes, she would be alone in her apartment and Hallowell would be ringing the bell.

It seemed to him that a taxi had never made such good time going down Madison Avenue; they were whirling along, making all the lights cutting sharply through the cross-town traffic. He turned to her and cleared his throat.

"Maggie," he said. "Am I going to see you again?"

She turned her head away. "I—" And then she said abruptly, "Why, we're here. This is my block."

Steve looked around him dazedly as the taxi slowed. Here already? It was impossible.

After the taxi had screeched off, he looked around him. Stores, restaurants, shops, night-clubs—was this where she lived? As his eyes moved, he saw the old, remodelled houses squeezed in between, each one of them displaying doors painted in violent colors—red, green, chartreuse. It was a very busy street; people were walking up and down and cars streamed by; neon lights blinked on and off.

"Every morning at dawn," Maggie said, "I'm awakened by the sound of the cows going off to pasture." She was smiling faintly. Her hand went out again. "Good-night, Steve. Thank you for everything."

He shook his head. "I'm taking you inside to your door." "Really," she protested, "there's no need." He saw her glance quickly from side to side up and down the block and he knew that she was nervous about the time and that she was looking for Hallowell.

In a rush of desperation, he remembered something she had told him and asked, "Is it really true that your bedroom window looks into a night-club?"

"Of course it's true."

"But it couldn't be. You must be kidding."

She looked down at her watch and then up again. She hesitated, her underlip caught between her teeth. "It really is the craziest thing," she said. "I'll show it to you if you promise to leave right afterwards."

He hesitated for only a second. "All right I promise." As she turned and twisted the key in the lock, as the door opened and they went inside, he thought that the whole thing was like some kind of obstacle race, where you needed skill, ingenuity and crazy luck to get



FREE

A fine book you would buy in the shops £1 for little short of

WHICH TYPE OF BOOK DO YOU WANT SENT TO YOU—FREE?

- ROMANCE — by such authors as Ruby M. Ayres, Maysie Greig, Emmeline Morrison, Netta Musket.
- DETECTIVE — by such authors as Ellery Queen, James Hadley Chase, Erle Stanley Gardner, Peter Cheyney.
- WESTERN — by such authors as Max Brand, Luke Short, Zane Grey, Charles H. Snow.
- LITERARY — by such authors as Somerset Maugham, Frances Parkinson Keves, Nicholas Monsarrat.
- YOU — AS A MEMBER OF THIS PERSONALISED CLUB — MAY
 - Change unsatisfactory books
 - Vary your types of books
 - Nominate favorite books

HOW ARE BOOKS SELECTED?

The MEMBERS finally decide on the books to be club selections — by vote — on a Gallup Poll system. (Details with free sample book.) This fascinating scheme is exclusive to the COLE TURNLEY BOOK CLUB throughout the world — and inevitably results in more enjoyable books than the usual system of selection by "experts." You need NOT be a voter — but voting members are sent many books without charge, for their opinion, yes or no. And this means an extra reading feast for booklovers. And it's fun, too, having a say in the running of your club.

All books are the ACTUAL SHOP EDITIONS THAT COST SO VERY MUCH MORE OVER THE COUNTER!

Send now — with no money — to the COLE TURNLEY PERSONALISED BOOK CLUB

343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne

For booklovers who want a beautiful yet inexpensive Home Library of books that really hold the interest right through—a book a month.

THE MOST A BOOK EVER COSTS IS ONLY 8/9.

AND full privilege members, during the year, get at least 4 BOOKS FREE!

YOU'LL BE ENJOYING YOUR FIRST FREE BOOK BY RETURN MAIL. Pull club details come with it. (We would appreciate 9d. postage.)

Enrolle type preferred: ROMANCE, DETECTIVE, WESTERN, LITERARY

Mr./Mrs./Miss Address State BLOCK LETTERS please. Order by letter if preferred. 131

IMPORTANT If you join — you never pay for book. If you don't join — you can keep book by paying Club Price, 8/9. Or just return book and be under no obligation.

Just made for mothers!



Just made for mothers!

Raleigh Strained Foods save mothers so much time. It's no trouble at all preparing a variety of tasty meals for baby this new convenient way. It's so much cheaper, too. Raleigh Strained Foods are wholesome, nutritious and are prepared under the most hygienic conditions from only the finest selected Australian raw fruits, vegetables and meats.

Doctors and baby health centres approve prepared strained foods and only your grocer stocks.



Only **GAS** gives you Refrigeration that

is Permanently Silent...



You can hear a pin drop—so silent is your new model, streamlined Gas Refrigerator! And it will remain silent throughout its lifetime.

has nothing to wear out...



It's a fact! There's not a single moving part in the freezing unit to wear out or break down. Think of the savings in repair bills!

lasts a lifetime...



There are years and years of trouble-free Refrigeration ahead when you invest wisely in a Gas Refrigerator. You'll find it the best buy now—and in the long run, too.

is more economical...



Low running costs and no maintenance costs make Gas Refrigeration truly the most economical form of food preservation known in the world today.



Electrolux

GAS REFRIGERATORS give

Permanent silence... no moving parts... nothing to wear out... a lifetime of dependable, trouble-free service... economical operation... lovely-to-look-at models in varying capacities to suit the needs of every household.

These are but a few of the many reasons why hundreds of thousands of them are in continuous use throughout the world today. Your local Gas Company has a complete range on display. Why not call along to the Showrooms and see the new models today?

More and More

the trend is to **GAS**

for REFRIGERATION, COOKING,
HOT WATER and ROOM HEATING

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA, 596 LITTLE BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE, C.

not each succeeding obstruction.

She clicked on a light. Steve gasped involuntarily.

His back was almost against the closed door and yet the opposite wall was only about eight or nine feet away, where a fireplace seemed to take up half the length of the room. It was he thought, about the smallest living-room he had ever seen in.

Maggie cleared her throat. "I resent," she said, "the tone of your voice." But the corners of her mouth were turned up. "It's true that there isn't room to swing a cat, but who wants to swing a cat?" She began moving to the bedroom at her left. "Right this way for the most unusual view on the island."

The bedroom was almost in darkness. He saw two box beds, a tiny dressing-table, and a bureau wedged in on the right-hand wall.

"Over the bureau," Maggie said. "See the little window near the ceiling?" She pushed a leather hassock towards him. "You have to get up on the bureau."

He stepped on the hassock and then to the bureau, crouching because his head was crowding the ceiling. He looked through the small window.

An exclamation was torn from him. From the square of glass, he looked down at two tables against a side wall below, where two couples sat in what they considered to be complete privacy.

"It's crazy," he said. "I still don't believe it."

He jumped down. And he was standing so close to the girl that her hair brushed against his cheek.

He pulled her close. "Darling," he said. "Darling, darling." His lips brushed against the softness of her cheek, and moved to her mouth.

Then he felt her pushing him away. "No," she was saying. "No, no, what are you doing?" She sounded almost as if she were going to cry.

He straightened. "It's all right," he said, without knowing what he was saying. "I'm going."

He moved away from her,

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

without looking back. He walked into the living-room, opened the door and closed it behind him carefully. He went out the front door and into the busy street. The traffic had become snarled and horns were honking irritably, but he didn't hear them. He left the kerb and began weaving his way through a maze of bumpers and fenders until he reached the other side.

There was a restaurant there. He hesitated and then went inside, sat down and ordered coffee.

After a few minutes, a taxi screeched to a stop opposite. A man got out, paid the fare; the taxi jerked away in a cloud of exhaust fumes.

The man was Charles Halliwell. He seemed to stand hesitatingly for a few moments, facing the red door. Then he moved towards it, went up the few steps. He opened the door and closed it after him.

After Louise had left him in the darkened room, Charles lay motionless for a while with the cold cloth over his eyes and forehead. He felt tired, and the thumping in his head would not go away. His mind kept jumping erratically from one thing to another, but always came back to the book.

Only a little while ago he had gone to his desk to make certain that there were only thirty-nine pages of manuscript there (and not his best writing, no, no, nothing like his best) and lifting the pages, as if testing the frailty of their weight, he had felt the panic again.

The cloth over his eyes felt warm. He moved his head fretfully.

"Louise," he called. After a few seconds, he heard her padding silently into the room.

"The cloth," he said. "It's warm."

The cloth was lifted from his forehead and in the darkness he could hear the liquid swash of the water, the faint click

of ice cubes against the side of the bowl. There were the padding footsteps again and then the cloth descending, deftly swathing his throbbing eyes and head in a cocoon of cold wet darkness. Ah, it was good. It was very cold, it was almost numbing.

"Thank you," he said. He could hear his wife's faint breathing in the room and then the padding footsteps taking her away. Where was she going? Usually she sat in the darkness with him in case he wanted anything; usually she didn't have to be told that the cloth was warm; usually, at this time, she massaged the back of his neck with her slow, experienced fingers.

He lifted his head slightly to call her back and then let it fall. Sleep would be better for him than massage. He must try to sleep.

But the thoughts darted around in his head.

The book, the book.

THE woman in the book, Anna—she wasn't coming to life; he couldn't seem to breathe life into her. He would have to go back to the beginning again and see what was wrong.

The throbbing behind his eyes increased. His head moved restlessly. But it would all come out all right. What had Louise said a little while ago?

"You just have to rest. You're overworked. It will all come back." The thing to do was not to think of all the pages together but only ten at a time—that was it; he would set a goal of only ten pages at a time and before he knew it—

He lay without moving, the numbing coldness seeping down into his eyes. What was he doing? Setting up small successive hurdles in his mind? Was writing like straining to get over a series of mental blocks? No, no, it had always come easy to him; he had never had to count pages before.

I won't think of the book.

Maggie flared up in his mind, lighting the darkness. He saw her as she had returned from the telephone call at the cocktail party, her cheeks flushed, her mouth parted, her eyes almost dazzling. Offering herself to him. Yes, that was what it amounted to.

"My room-mate is going to be away for the weekend," she had told him. And later: "Will you come? We can be alone. Oh, Charles, it will be marvellous."

Something, astonishingly, warmed inside him.

Offering herself, he thought, to me. All that youth and beauty, that fine sensitivity. The young man who had attached himself to her—what was his name? Hugo. He had wanted her; it had been written all over him. Young, attractive, a quick mind. But the girl had hardly paid any attention to him.

She had eyes only for me.

The trickle of warmth inside him grew stronger, the throbbing in his head muted. Ah, that was what he needed—the ardent eyes that said: You have so much charm, so much brilliance, so much of everything, you are completely wonderful. It restored a balance inside him, filled an emptying place.

He took the cloth from his eyes and lifted his head experimentally. Yes, it was better; the pain behind his eyes had receded.

He got up and took off his shirt. In the bathroom, bending over the white sink as the water gushed from the faucet, he felt a sudden, warning twinge in his head. But when he straightened and stood motionless, as if listening for something, it was gone.

He changed his shirt and tie and suit, choosing everything with great care from the meticulously arranged drawer and closet. A faint throbbing began in his head again, but he was not alarmed; sometimes days at a time went by when he could

not get rid of that throbbing. It was nothing.

In the living-room, he found Louise sitting in a chair with a book on her lap. But she did not seem to be reading. She had not taken off the dress she had worn to the cocktail party and she looked tired, he thought, tired and pale.

How she has loved me, he thought, all these years.

He cleared his throat. "I'm leaving now," he said.

"Yes."

"You look a little tired. You ought to get to bed early."

"I will."

"Goodnight, then."

"Goodnight."

He moved to the foyer and picked up his hat. The little scene of leavetaking accelerated something inside him; it brought back the good days, the good loves.

Outside, he stood on the corner, waiting for a taxi. He had Maggie's address in his pocket. She lived somewhere in the Village; a dreadful place, he thought, crowded and inconvenient.

The taxi streamed by, all of them filled. He began to get tired standing there. An autumn wind had blown up from somewhere, biting into his chest, chilling his small store of vitality. He wished that he had taken his topcoat.

At last he saw a lighted cab and signalled to it. It swerved to the kerb and he got in, giving the driver the address. Sinking back on the worn leather seat, he closed his eyes as they started off. The throbbing in his head was heavier now.

He thought, in sudden panic, I'm no good for anything any more. Upstairs, lying quietly in the darkened room, he had been all right. But now—his mouth tightened.

The throbbing in his head was very bad now. Go back, he told himself with his eyes still closed; go back; tell the driver to turn around and go back. But how could he go back? There was no going back, you had to go forward.

The car swerved. "Okay, Mac," a voice said.

Charles opened his eyes and

saw dazedly that they had come to a stop on a street lined with stores and restaurants. Was this where she lived? But there was the number he had given the driver on a door before him, a bright red door with a brass knocker; the rest of the house, made of some unidentifiable brick, was squeezed between a fruit store and some sort of night-club.

He got out of the cab, paid the driver, and watched the cab jerk away in a cloud of exhaust fumes. As he turned to face the house, he felt a sudden pain at the back of his eyes, like a hot knife twisting. Then it was gone. Don't go in, he told himself, you may be getting a migraine after all.

But even as he stood there, even as a faint wave of nausea lifted and fell inside him, he knew that it was important to him, not to go back but to go forward—up to the red door and the bell that had to be rung and the girl that had to be won and the young man that had to be shown and the book that had to be written.

After Steve had kissed her and moved away, Maggie stood motionless against the bedroom wall. She saw the dim contours of the furniture in the room, in her ears was the faint drift of dance music from a radio upstairs.

A door shut softly in the other room. He was gone.

She closed her eyes, unable to move. She was trembling. She thought: What happened? It had been so sudden.

She forced herself to open her eyes and move.

What time was it? She stood still, peering down at her watch in the dim light from the living-room. Ten minutes after nine, Charles would be here at any moment.

She lifted her head. Charles. Where was Charles in her mind? She could see only a dim figure, a blur of classic profile, clipped moustache. He had receded again as he had receded this afternoon, only now it was worse, much worse, she could hardly see him at all; there was only Steve's face in front of her, sharply detailed,

Housework is hard
... until you find
relief from BACKACHE



If backache is turning your housework into drudgery, it may be due to sluggish kidneys. That is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, SOON ... because many women gain relief simply by relying on De Witt's Pills to restore kidneys to health.

What happens when the kidneys become sluggish and get clogged up? Poisons and impurities choke up the system. Attacks of backache come on—painful reminders that your kidneys need help. Give it to them. Turn for help to De Witt's Pills, the tried and trusted

family medicine. Within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills are acting directly on kidneys. Stimulated to proper action, the kidneys clear away poisons and waste matter from the system. THAT IS WHY DE WITT'S PILLS RELIEVE BACKACHE (due to rheumatic conditions), JOINT PAINS, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & LUMBAGO.

To so many women, De Witt's Pills are a reliable standby ... an unflinching source of relief from pain. So, if you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come to you with the heartfelt recommendation of thousands of people all around you.

From chemists and storekeepers. Price 4/- or large economy size 7/-.

De Witt's Pills
FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES



BONDS

Slips star the moulded top

Keeps your sweater girl line
intact under summer fashions

Candy Wilson, our 5th Avenue Style Reporter, showed us how to mould our bra-tops the New York way, to sit pat under frocks, fit flatly under the arms!

Big asset: easy-to-adjust shoulder straps, that make Bond's slips fit you whatever your dress length. Exquisite frothy detail that Americans love (Candy Wilson again!) and priced so you can look lovely underneath, every day of the week. (Bond's again!)



Candy Wilson,
Bond's 5th Avenue
Style Reporter.

*You can match every one of these
pretty slips with other Bond's Undies*

TROUSSEAU *Nylon* TOO!

but priced to wear every day

Lovely airy nylon slips, knee-deep in fine pleating, encrusted with lace, secure seams, and flex-as-you-move fit! They wash like a dream, dry quickly to smooth perfection without pressing.

Black Swami Slip—27/6

White Swami Slip—28/3

Pink Nylon Slip from—53/6



A close-up of the lace.

Bond's are at most stores. If your store has run out write to Bond's Industries Ltd., Box 36, Camperdown, N.S.W. They'll gladly send the name of your nearest retailer that stocks them.

BOND'S

little girl *Slips*
at little girl prices!



from 14/3 to 20/6

such beautiful quality



from 14/3 to 20/9

from 12/3 to 17/-

big sisters can hand them down later

Little girls who envy mother's pretty slips now have their own little beauties... Frothy with lace, action cut for plenty of free movement. Mothers! Notice how they wash, notice their little price tags—and you'll always ask for Bond's.

Ask for **BOND'S** little girl *Slips* wherever you shop
(If your store is out, write to Bond's Ltd., Box 36, Camperdown, for the name of the nearest store that has them.)

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

the grey eyes, the strong mouth, the sandy-colored hair.

She moved into the living-room and clicked on the lamp next to the fat leather chair. She straightened, looking around her. At any moment, the bell would ring; Charles would walk into this very room. Oh, she had wanted to prepare herself! She had wanted to savor the moments before his coming, to dream of the things they would say and do. Now nothing was right.

She almost flung herself into the chair and looked up at the low ceiling. Steve came back to her mind and she felt a surge of anger, an indignation directed against him. It was as if, after a long time, she had almost completed a picture puzzle and suddenly he had come along and strewn the pieces about. It was all spoiled now; she could hardly make out the picture at all; it made her feel like crying. The bell rang.

Her hand went up to her throat. He's here, she told herself; he's come; he's right on the other side of that door. Oh, what a wonderful moment this was!

A wonderful, exciting moment, she told herself. Terribly exciting.

She swallowed. Something was wrong; she was not feeling the way she ought to feel.

She moved a few steps and opened the door. Charles was standing there, tall and elegantly narrow, smiling. He looked very pale and there was a heaviness in his smile.

"Ah," he said. "I'm late, I'm afraid. I had a little trouble getting through the customs."

"That's all right," she said. "Come in, Charles." And suddenly she was affected by a nervous gaiety as she closed the door and took his hat. She made an encompassing gesture with her hand. "I guess I should have prepared you for this place."

Charles looked around him, standing motionless. "Well, well," he said. "How unique." "Unique is hardly the word," Maggie said. "The landlady calls this two and a half rooms, but I think the half means the fireplace." She laughed and moved quickly towards the bedroom. "Regard. The left wing. Also the master bedroom, with room for one small master. On a clear day, you can see the bureau."

I'm chattering, she thought; I sound like one of those comedians that deliver a steady patter. Why am I talking so much? Why don't I look at him? But Steve's face flared in her mind again and she felt the hard insistence of his kiss in the darkness. ("Darling, darling...")

She felt suddenly hot; something fused and whirled in her mind, a pinwheel going round and round, the colors blurring, running one into the other, making her almost dizzy. Look at Charles, she told herself; turn around and look into his face; everything will fall into place then. But she could not turn.

"Charming," Charles said. "Charming." She turned to him, startled. Charming? Oh, no, the apartment wasn't charming. It was gay, it was crazy, it was unique, but never charming.

Charles' hand had gone up to his eyes.

"Charles?" she said quickly. "Are you all right?"

His hand dropped. He smiled. "Of course I'm all right." But the words, the smile had the same curious heaviness that she had noticed in the doorway.

"Why don't we sit down?" she said, the nervousness back, her eyes sliding away from him.

"Try that fat chair, Charles. It's like getting into a lifeboat." And she thought.

What's wrong? What's the matter with both of us?

Charles made a little bow towards the chair. "Women and children first."

"No, no, you sit there, Charles. I'll be fine here."

She made a move towards the daybed, with its chintz pillows lined up against the wall. But she felt his hand on her arm and she turned towards him again.

"Darling," he said. "How lovely you are."

A horn brayed in loud irritation somewhere on the street. Maggie swallowed.

"Darling," she said. But the word seemed as light and empty as a puff of air. She sat down on the daybed.

Charles turned abruptly and sank into the leather chair.

"Did you have a good dinner," he said, "with the young man?"

She stared at him. "How did you know about that?"

"He told me he was taking you," Charles' head was back against the chair and now his hand went up to his eyes again in a swift movement and then dropped just as swiftly, as if something had frightened him.

But Maggie hardly noticed the gesture. She was furious. Why had Steve told Charles about the dinner? Oh, he had done it on purpose. From that first moment of meeting he had sensed something between her and Charles, but he had hung around, making a wedge of himself that he had pushed determinedly between them. It had been inexcusable; the whole thing had been infuriating.

Why hadn't she turned to him right at the beginning and said angrily: "Go away; can't you see that you're interfering?"

Looking at Charles now she was instantly certain of what was wrong. She had lost something in his eyes.

RAISING

her head, Maggie looked at the dark fireplace. Suddenly she said: "Shall we light a fire?" She had planned to, before he came. Now the crackle would fill up the silences, the flames would cast interesting and violent shadows around the room. A fire always evoked a mood.

But Charles almost snapped: "Good heavens, no! As a matter of fact, I think we could use some air."

"I'll open a window."

She rose, moved three steps, and raised the window abruptly.

Instantly, a rush of sound poured in—the combined whines of the automobile motors streaming by, the blast of a horn, footsteps on asphalt, voices just outside, a man and a woman's, the woman's saying clearly: "I'm going to tell Shirley to put her hair back on the side," before it faded away.

Maggie turned to Charles, managing a grin. "An aunt of Julia's once stayed with us. She said the next morning that it was like waking up in the middle of Grand Central Station. Will you have a drink, Charles?"

"I think not."

He spoke heavily, as if he had forced out the words. And now, looking at him, she saw that his eyes were faintly glazed and his pallor seemed even more pronounced than usual.

"Charles?" she said. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," he said. "What makes you think I'm not?"

"I—don't know," she said uncertainly. And then she added quickly, "It's probably that green lamphade. Actually, anyone who sits near it looks as if he's coming down with beriberi." She turned and sat

down again on the daybed, facing him.

"Then by all means," Charles said, "let me shift to a more flattering area." He rose as if with an effort and came over to her.

"How wonderful it is," he said, "to be alone with you like this." He sank down beside her.

"For the first time," Maggie said. He was close to her, his face was only inches away. How handsome he was; his pallor seemed only to accentuate his handsomeness. Suddenly some of the old feeling for him came back in a soft rush.

His face came closer. She closed her eyes, feeling his mouth on hers. His lips were cold. She felt a downward spiraling inside her, a dropping to some low, sorrowful place. Everything is wrong, she thought; everything—

His lips were withdrawn. She opened her eyes. The light from the lamp fell full on him. His face had turned the color of a dirty handkerchief. "Where is the bathroom?" he said.

She gestured to a closed door only a step away from the daybed. He vanished into it, and was violently, noisily sick.

A prickle of sweat appeared on Maggie's forehead. Should she be in the bedroom when he came out? Maybe that would be better, then he wouldn't have to face her right away; maybe—

But she couldn't move.

The bathroom door opened. Charles stood there, leaning against the door jamb.

"Migraine," he was breathing heavily again and his hand had gone up to his eyes. "The pain is very bad. I must get home."

She stepped towards him. "But you can't go, feeling like that. You must lie down. Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, no." His voice was thick. He sat down heavily on the daybed. "I'll have the doctor when I get home. I must get home."

"I'll take you home. I'll get a taxi and take you home."

"No, no. Please—"

"I'll turn out the light," she said, "and go into the other room for a while." She swallowed. "If you want anything, call me."

He did not answer. He stretched out inert, breathing hard, his hand flung over his eyes as if to shield himself. She moved to the lamp next to the leather chair, clicking it off. The little room dissolved to dimness; there was only the faint light from the wall fixture next to the front door.

For a few moments, she stood motionless, hearing Charles' disordered breathing and the sounds from outside—the clicking footsteps on the pavement, the rise and fall of voices; the steady hum of automobiles rushing through the street. Everything that was steady and familiar in the sounds and the dim shape of things around her became suddenly unreal; she knew it was because of the inert figure on the bed.

That's Charles, she thought, lying there in the darkness; Charles in this room. But she could not believe it.

There was a stirring on the daybed and she turned. Charles had lifted himself to a sitting position. "I must go home," he said.

"Yes," Maggie drew in her breath. "I'll go with you, Charles."

"No, no." His breathing was even heavier than before. "I couldn't think of it." He rose, swaying slightly, to his feet. "Where is my hat?" He seemed almost blinded.

"Here," Maggie said. She was trembling. "Here it is. I'm going out with you to the street. I'll get you a taxi."

He started to say something and then his hand went up to his forehead. "Very well," he said. "The pain is very bad now."

She clicked the latch on the door and went out into the hall with him, and then out into the street. It seemed very crowded; the neon light from next door streaked the pavement with orange, and then green, and then orange again. There was a steady stream of traffic and people were strolling by.

With something like panic, she looked down the street for a taxi, but could see none. Her eyes swerved to Charles again. He was standing straight but his face looked ghastly.

I ought to see him home, she thought, right to his door—but how would it look to his wife?

Her eyes moved down the street again. The traffic had come to a stop now; horns were beginning to blow.

She turned to Charles distractedly. He looked as if he might faint. She thought: I should have let him rest inside and called him only when the taxi was here; then he would have been spared this.

Now she saw a sudden spasm go through his body; he turned abruptly to the kerb, his hand going up to his head, his whole body strained forward.

"Charles—" Maggie said, her hand going out to his sleeve. "Can I—?" Some people, passing by, turned their heads curiously.

"I'm all right," He had straightened. There were beads of sweat on his forehead.

Maggie turned her head in a panic now, looking for a taxi down the street. But the traffic was still at a choked standstill; nothing moved. With her eyes turning back again, she saw something that made her body stiffen.

Steve Hugo was making his way towards them, from across the street, twisting and turning his body to get through the stalled cars.

She was astonished. Where did he come from? she thought. A wave of relief flooded through her as she watched him come closer.

He hopped up on the kerb beside them. "Hello," he said. He seemed out of breath. "Hello, Mr. Hallowell. I saw you from across the street. Is anything wrong?"

Charles seemed to stiffen. "Good evening," he said. "Nothing is wrong. I feel a little ill."

Maggie turned quickly to Steve, as if to spare Charles. "Mr. Hallowell has a bad headache," she said. "A migraine. He's going home."

Steve looked at Charles. "I'll take you."

"No, no," Charles said. His hand went up to his eyes again. "I'll be quite all right."

"But I have to go uptown anyway," Steve said. "I'll drop you off."

Charles said something thickly that Maggie could not catch and then his hand dropped. "If you're certain," he said, "that I'm not taking you out of your way—" There was something almost ludicrous about the faint bow, the courtly politeness, the dignity that he was trying so desperately to maintain.

"Not at all," Steve said. He turned quickly. The cars were streaming past again, rushing forward as if in wild release from pressure, and two or three empty cabs were coming towards them. At Steve's signal, the nearest one swerved to the kerb.

Charles turned to Maggie. His features were sagging; he looked almost like an old man.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid—" But his voice faded and his eyes no longer seemed to focus on her; they seemed to



At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read what this man says:

I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger...

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream—rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids 7/6 and 4/- everywhere

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Get quick relief from
**backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
headaches
dizziness**



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

be turned inward on his own pain.

"It's all right," Maggie said. "Please—let me know how you feel." She turned to Steve. "You'll see that—?"

"Of course. Right to his own door." Charles had already got into the taxi. Steve hesitated. "I'll be back."

The door slammed; the taxi started off. Maggie watched it go and then she turned slowly and walked back into the house and the hall; she let herself into her own apartment and closed the door behind her. She stood leaning against it, unable to stop her trembling.

Poor Charles, she thought; poor Charles.

Suddenly, in her mind, she saw the look that Charles' wife had given her that afternoon at the party. A queer look. Cold. Almost hard.

Charles must have had plenty of women in the past, she thought; he's that kind of man. What must it have been like, all these years, for his wife?

She moved slowly into the living-room with the thought of Louise Hollowell pushing all others from her mind. And then she turned quickly towards the telephone, feeling a sudden calm; it was as if something had cleared and steadied inside her.

She would telephone Louise Hollowell.

Long after Charles had gone, Louise sat in the chair looking down at the opened book on her lap. She did not see the words. She kept hearing in her mind the small click that the latch made as the door had shut on Charles. How many times had she heard that click! ("I'm leaving now, Louise." "Good-night, Charles.") His turning to the foyer table to pick up his hat, the flashing look in the mirror, the tiny, jaunty adjustment of hat brim. The hand on knob. Click. Silence.

It seemed to drum in the room. The room was a vacuum of silence.

Louise clapped the book shut and jumped to her feet. She looked down at her watch. It was almost ten o'clock.

I'll go to the movies, she thought.

She was an habitual movie-goer. Through the years, after that click of the latch announcing Charles' going, she had automatically put on her things and gone to the movies. Sitting inside in the darkness, gazing up at the moving figures on the screen, she would be drugged by the sound and movement as if by an anodyne. She was a familiar figure to the ticket takers at the two neighboring theatres; taking her stub and tearing it in half, they would smile and exchange a few words.

Now she moved towards the foyer closet for her things, and then she stood still, with something inside her recoiling against the idea of sitting among strangers in the dark place, staring up at the terribly familiar faces. No, she could not go; she did not want to go.

She turned restlessly and walked to the window, looking down at the toy-like cars, the taxis streaming far below. Charles had taken one a long time ago; now he must be with the blond girl. That girl—how young she was! Charles must be reaching a ridiculous age to be going after a girl as young as that.

She moved to the chair again. She sat down and closed her eyes. She was tired. The cocktail party had been an ordeal for her as well as Charles.

The clock on the mantel gave a musical ping. She opened her eyes and looked at it. Ten-fifteen. She would get into bed.

Perhaps, as she lay there, sleep would come; it would be wonderful if sleep would come. She wanted the day to be over.

The telephone rang.

She felt a throb of anxiety. It was unusual for anyone to call at this hour. Was Charles—?

She rose quickly and went into the foyer. She picked up the telephone receiver. "Hello?"

"Hello? Mrs. Hollowell?" A feminine voice. Young.

"Yes?"

"This is Maggie Morgan. I don't believe we've met, but we were both at the Tauntons' this afternoon."

The memory of the pretty blond girl flared in Louise's mind. Her fingers tightened on the receiver. "I remember you."

"I had some people over this evening," the girl said, "and I'm afraid your husband was taken ill with a migraine. One of the guests is taking him home now." She hesitated for a second. "They left about ten minutes ago and should be there soon. I thought perhaps you would like to know so that you could call a doctor and not waste time."

"You're very kind to call," Louise said. "Thank you so much."

"Not at all. Goodnight, then."

"Goodnight."

PUTTING down the receiver, Louise felt slightly dazed. The little excuse that the girl had made about the guests had been, she thought, a thoughtful gesture to spare her feelings. And the girl had sounded so quiet and sensible. Somehow she had not seen her like that at the party—then she had had a dreamy, fevered look. It was hard to fuse the two girls together in her mind. She lifted the receiver and dialled the doctor's number. She was fortunate to reach him; he would be there, he told her, in half an hour.

After she had hung up, she moved to the chair and stood motionless, looking down at it. Charles was coming home. He had suffered a defeat, then, with the girl and himself. It was what she had waited for, but now she felt only a stirring of pity.

How humiliated he must have been, she thought.

She stood there for what seemed to be a long time. The mantel clock pinged again and she looked up, almost startled. It was ten-thirty. He would be here at any moment.

The doorbell rang. She turned quickly to answer it. When she opened the door, Charles came into the room, his face grey; as he moved, something in the hall caught her eye and she saw a young man entering the elevator.

"Get the doctor," Charles said thickly. His face was distorted. "My head is bursting."

She was, as always in a crisis, instantly calm. "Yes," she said, closing the door. "Go into the bedroom and take off your things. I'll be in to help you." P'd better not tell him, she thought, that the girl called.

She waited a few moments and then she walked quickly to the bedroom. In the dim light, she saw Charles swaying; she heard his breathing, the heavy, gasping breathing of a man in some final extremity of pain. He said, "There's a knife twisting behind my eyes; I can't stand it."

She moved swiftly, getting out his pyjamas, turning down the bed. She said nothing, because there was nothing to say. She knew that the gasps torn out

of Charles now were not weakness or a theatricality. He was suffering the most excruciating pain. Sometimes one shot of morphine did not even dull that pain and the doctor had to return and give him another.

In his pyjamas, Charles rose into his bed, but he did not lie down; he sat hunched forward with his forehead against his raised knees, his hands pressed against his eyes. "I can't stand it," he said again.

She moved towards him and then stopped helplessly. There was nothing she could do for him until the doctor came.

Charles moaned, and pity welled up inside her again. He looked—yes, he looked sixty-five. Was this the man who, less than two hours ago, had left the house with his shoulders thrown back and his hat tilted at a debonaire angle? From far back in the recesses of her mind, she thought: If the blond girl could see him now.

He could not seem to find a place for his head; he turned it from side to side like a man in torment and finally sat hunched forward again, his forehead against his raised knees. He did not groan now, but the nearly dark room seemed filled with the sound of his labored breathing.

From far out in the front of the apartment, the buzzer sounded.

Louise knew a surge of relief. "The doctor's here," she said. She jumped to her feet.

When she showed him in, the doctor was all brisk efficiency; he had just been leaving on another call when she telephoned, he told her. Now he seemed to be in a hurry to get there. In the kitchen, he sterilised the syringe, filled the glass barrel and went into the bedroom. Louise, watching from the doorway, saw him roll up Charles' sleeve, swab an area of skin with alcohol, and then plunge in the needle with a quick movement. After that, there were only a few murmured words and Charles' heavy breathing in the darkness.

The doctor rose, clicking his bag shut. "He'll be feeling better in a little while," he said. A few moments later in the foyer, the front door clicked shut behind him.

Louise, going back to Charles, found him lying down on his back under the covers. His eyes were closed.

"Try to sleep," she said. "I'll be in the other room."

"All right."

"Do you want anything before I go?"

"Just open the window a little more." His breathing did not seem quite so labored as before. The drug, she thought, was beginning to take effect.

After she had opened the window a few inches wider, she moved out of the room. In the living-room, she walked slowly to the window and stood looking down again into the street far below.

It had happened. A part of Charles had been used up; something inside him was gone and could never come back again. He would not even try to get it back again because he knew, too, that it was gone. It was a part that had never belonged to her. To the others, to the secret others, but never to her.

What was left did belong. She had waited a long time to claim it. Almost thirty years. And here it was; it had happened at last; it had really happened, she couldn't believe it. He had come home to stay.

But she did not feel the way she had expected to feel. She felt only tired, let-down, a little bitter. Perhaps it was because thirty years was too long to

Hallowell.
"Louise."
She was startled; it was like a voice from the past. But it was Charles calling from the other room.
What would happen if she did not go in to him now—if she never went into him again?
A little smile came to her mouth. Oh, it would be a irony—a delicious irony. To have the thing in her hands for which she had waited for nearly thirty years and then to throw it to the winds, to walk out, to leave Charles at the precise moment in his life when he needed her most.
"Louise!"
Her heart beat faster; the little smile was still on her mouth. A frantic note had already crept into his voice; he was disturbed, a little worried. He was so used to having her come at his first call, so used to have her waiting for his return from somewhere, waiting silently, uncomplainingly, happy only to have him back again. And now, when he had come back to stay, what if she were not waiting any longer? What if—?
"Louise!"
The smile faded from her face. It was as if everything in the present had receded and a tide flowed backward, taking her with it. Something dropped into place inside her, fitting neatly, tightly, leaving no space for anything else.
I love him, she thought. I will always love him.
She turned and moved with hurrying steps down the hall to Charles.
Ed, Dorothy realised, was getting a little drunk. Not that he was unsteady when he was on his feet and they were dancing (he danced surprisingly well and she knew that the studied smoothness of his steps was the result of a series of dance lessons), but there was an unnatural thinness in his eye and a faint slurring in his speech.
The band was playing now and the place was crowded; couples swirled right by her elbow as she sat at the table with Ed. She was almost buoy-

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

ant 'with hope; everything seemed to be going well. She had flattered him and made him laugh and feel important. She was making a fine start.

It was true, of course, that there was a series of hurdles before her which grew progressively higher as they neared the goal she wanted to reach. But she wasn't concerned about the very high ones in the distance (she would worry about those when she came to them)—what she had to concentrate now on was the small one in front of her—their next meeting. And the thought warned: Pin him down. Pin him down to something.

She looked down at her watch. It was almost ten o'clock. They would be leaving this place soon and if they didn't go on anywhere from here he would be seeing her home with nothing much said except: "I'll call you sometime."

She looked up at Ed across the table and something tightened inside her. He had signalled to the waiter, and the man was running over with an almost frantic smile on his face. "Check, Mr. Klinger? I'll have it for you in just a moment."

Out in the street, Ed turned to her, a cigar stuck in his mouth and his Homburg at a more rakish angle than before. "You want to see my place?" he said. "It's right down the street."

As she looked up at him, her mind raced. If I don't go up there, she calculated, he'll take me home; I may be saying goodnight to him in about twenty minutes. If I do go up there, he'll start something.

Well, what if he did? She was no junior-deb, she could look after herself.

She tilted her head archly. "Well, I don't know. What about my reputation?"

"You worried about that? I thought you were a woman of the world."

"I'm only kidding," she said. "I'd love to see your place, Ed."

When they reached his hotel and went inside the lobby, the desk clerk said: "Good evening, Mr. Klinger," the man behind the news-stand said "Good evening, Mr. Klinger," and the elevator operator touched his cap and said "Good evening, Mr. Klinger," with his face full of respect. But his eyes, sliding briefly to Dorothy, held something else; they were too knowing; they said: Some other dame he's taking up to the apartment.

Dorothy felt a sharp contraction inside her, but she stared ahead with a faintly cool smile on her mouth, as if she were amused by something.

A dream surged through her; she saw them all tipping their hats respectfully as she passed in and out of the hotel in her furs, the car keys jingling from her hand. "Good evening, Mrs. Klinger; good evening, Mrs. Klinger—"

THE dream was still surging through Dorothy's mind as they reached the apartment and Ed opened the door; it swept through her first words, flooding them with unusual warmth. "Oh, it's simply stunning, Ed! What a beautiful room!"

"It's comfortable," Ed said, taking her fur stole from her shoulders. But without even turning around to look at him, she knew that pride and complacency were leaking out of the corners of his mouth.

He showed her around. There was a living-room with chintz-covered seats and important looking lamps, a square bedroom with an enormous Hollywood bed.

"Oh, it's just beautiful, Ed! The whole place is beautiful!"

"Glad you like it, little lady." He made a slight bow. "You'll have to come up often."

The words had slurred again.

Once more, the thought darted into her mind: Pin him down to something. She cleared her throat and said prettily: "I want you to visit

me first, and soon, Ed. In fact, what about some night next week? Friday?" Her mouth grew stiff.
"Well," he said, "I think I'll be going out of town next weekend. But we'll make it. You really like this place, huh?"
"Oh, it's lovely." Her mouth still felt stiff.

"It's comfortable."
They moved back into the living-room. Ed went to the bar. "How about a drink?"

She didn't want one, but he would feel happier if she had one in her hand. "All right," she said. "But go easy, Ed." As she stood there, her tiredness gathered up in one big wave and almost pulled her under it. She moved to one of the seats and sank down. For a moment, hearing Ed busy at the bar, she closed her eyes and let her body sag. Oh, she thought; Oh, if only I never had to move again.

Ed came over and handed her a drink. His hand jerked and some of it slopped over on his hands and he laughed.

He's drunk, she thought. Looking up at him, seeing his small eyes, faintly filmy now, she suddenly knew what they had reminded her of all evening—they were like the tiny, ridiculous eyes of an elephant.

She took a sip of her drink. "Oh, it's good," she said. "It's the best one I've had all day, Ed. You do everything so well." She put the drink down carefully on the coffee table.

He had downed his drink and now he grinned winningly, as if trying to project a boyish charm, and made a jerky little bow. "Thank you, I'll lady." He turned and went back to the bar.

She heard the gurgle of whisky being poured into his glass and she got a harassed feeling. If she didn't pin him down soon to a future date, he would be too drunk to remember he had even made it.

He came towards her again. Halfway, he paused and downed his drink. He put the glass down on a table and it fell

straighten it. He came over and sank down beside her. He leaned towards her; his arms went out and then his mouth was against hers; he was holding her suffocatingly close.

For a moment, with her eyes closed, everything inside her was drawn up tight and hard with resistance. And then, through some dark slit in her mind, she saw her cubicle of an office at the store; she saw the figure on her desk that said she had not made her quota in four days—

She made herself go limp, she made her lips give out an answering pressure; she made of her mind and body an empty shell, brittle and imporous, through which nothing could penetrate, revulsion or fear or despair, nothing, nothing at all.

He leaned back, breathing heavily. "Why, Ed," she said. "Why, Ed." She shook her head. "I told you, you did everything well."

He laughed and lurched to his feet. "Plenny more where that came from," he said. He moved towards the bar again. She rose to her feet. "Ed, I think I'd better be getting home."

"Evening's young," he mumbled.

He came towards her, whisky slopping from the side of the glass he was holding, over his hands. His face was slack and his eyes filmy.

"Dottie, ole girl," he said. He downed his drink and then reached with his arm for her waist.

She almost shuddered. "Ed," she protested. She managed a laugh as she tried to push him away. "Ed, I really have to go."

"What's a matter?" he said. "You still worried about your reputation? You worried about being in a married man's apartment?"

She gave a short, light laugh. "Why, of course," she said. "After all, my rep—"

Something smashed against her. She pushed away from him, staring, the blood beating behind her eyes. "Married?" she said. "You're married?" "Separated," he said. "I gotta

Dottie, ole girl." He turned knocked his shin against a table and sank down into a chair so heavily that the chair rocked with his weight. "Married twenty-one years." He patted his knee. "Here y'are, Dottie. Come and sit on Papa's lap."

Dorothy stood without moving, without breathing, staring down at him. Her mouth was dry as paper, her tongue move and yet could hardly form the words. "Why don't you get a divorce?"

"Who wants a divorce? Who wants get married again?" He patted his knees again. "C'mon, Dottie, ole girl; sit down and take a load offa feet."

Her mouth was paper, there were fine wires strung around her head, cutting in, tighter, tighter; she was dizzy, the room looked queer, it swam, blurred.

She closed her eyes, swaying slightly, and when she opened them again, the room had righted itself. But the tight bands of wire were still cutting into her head and she breathed heavily, as if she had been running. All the loathing she had felt for him all evening was gathering inside her like a tide.

"I don't know," she said, "how I ever sank so low as to go out with you tonight."

For a moment he stared up at her with the foolish drunken smile on his face. Then a slow change came over it; it was almost ludicrous to watch bewilderment and then anger struggle to the surface.

He lumbered to his feet and swayed there. His face was red with whisky and anger. "Why, you ole bag," he said. "Who're you, talkin' to me like that? Did you a favor, spending good money on you. You think I go out with ole bags like you alla time?"

There was a burning inside her, it spread through her chest, scorching, scalding like liquid fire. She felt dizzy again.

But she straightened, drawing herself up, trying with a monstrous effort to reach some plane of dignity. She picked up her wrap and her purse from the chair and walked to the foyer door. Without looking

Are you in the know?



Between sets, do you keep your wave fresh...

- ☐ By combing only?
- ☐ By brushing and combing?
- ☐ By using a net?

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Hair care calls for brushing and combing in the direction the hair style follows. Then it can be gently coaxed into place. Every wise girl knows the value of fastidious grooming—knows the value of Kotex on "those" days. Those flat-pressed Kotex ends melt into your body. There are no bulges or ridges to show through the thinnest, or tightest dress.



You're sure a hat is becoming if...

- ☐ You love it at first sight?
- ☐ It passes the long-mirror test?
- ☐ Your best friend tells you?

That hat may be a honey—from a chair's-eye-view. But how does it look in a long mirror? In tune with your clothes? Right for your height? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that with Kotex you stay confident and comfortable at all times. Kotex has a moisture-proof panel deep down in the centre—forming a safety centre where you need protection most. And because it is deep in the centre you can wear Kotex either side.



And remember, you need a Kotex belt to give you complete Kotex comfort—complete confidence. Don't put off buying a new belt till next time. You'll only get true Kotex comfort when your belt is in good nick. There are three kinds to choose from:

- Featherweight (blue), 1/9
- De Luxe (mouvet), 3/6
- Wonderform (pink), 3/2

2/9
EVERYWHERE



More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

Should a girl go down the aisle first...

- ☐ Yes? ☐ No? ☐ Not always?

Usually the girl should be first to follow the usher down a theatre aisle. But when there's no usher the boy leads the way. Know what's what. Then when the moment comes you do the right thing by instinct. Poise keeps you confident. And to stay confident on calendar days, know what napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Only Kotex is shaped to fit you, tapering from a deep centre area to thin, flat-pressed ends. Only Kotex has feather-soft edges that won't go stringy, roll, or chafe. It is softer, and it stays softer, too, all through a trying morning when you have to be on your feet every minute. But be sure always to ask for Kotex in the box, for Kotex at its best. Sanitary napkins are scientifically designed to give maximum protection as they leave the factory. The box keeps them that way—no squashing—no damage.

KOB-36

**BEAR
TAPE
IS BEST
VALUE**

20 You GET
EXTRA INCHES
IN THE 1/2" ROLL!

The half-inch width is the practical width, too. It's the size your shopkeeper uses himself. That's good enough reason for buying "BEAR TAPE," apart from its greater value. But, in addition, because it's made here for Australian conditions, "BEAR TAPE" seals better, mends better, holds faster. It's the best tape buy in Australia.



"BEAR TAPE" 1/2" x 200' rolls in gaily coloured plastic dispensers.

BEHR-MANNING, makers of the famous "BEAR TAPE," are also the largest manufacturers in the Southern Hemisphere of high-quality Sandpapers, Pressure-sensitive Tapes, Adhesives and Coatings, as well as being makers of "PROOFKOTE."



**NOW
1/6"**

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

back, she opened it and closed it behind her.

The hall rang with silence. She moved to the elevator and pressed the buzzer. She put the fur stole around her shoulders. Don't think, she told herself; DON'T THINK. She stood almost rigidly, her eyes wide open, staring at the polished wood in front of her.

The elevator came; the door slid open with a little hiss of air and she stepped inside.

Don't think, she was still saying to herself outside as the doorman blew a blast on his whistle for a taxi.

When she reached her apartment hotel, the familiar, rather musty smell of the lobby rushed out to meet her.

Halfway across the floor to the elevator, she heard someone calling, "Mrs. Farnham!"

She turned. The desk clerk was smiling and holding up a slip of paper. She walked over. "Thank you, John." And as she moved to the elevator again, she looked down at the written message in her hand:

"Mrs. Taunton telephoned at 10.10. If you return before eleven, please telephone her. Important."

Dorothy's mouth curved slightly; she crumpled the slip in her hand. I can imagine, she thought, how important it is. In her mind, she saw Marion with her faded blue eyes, lifting her hand in a harassed gesture, caught up in some domestic vexation having to do with Iris' tonsils or the caterers or new fall draperies for the dining-room. Or maybe it was some piece of gossip that she had to tell.

Dorothy frowned, going to the elevator. No, not gossip; Marion was not a gossip; never had been; she talked a lot but it was only because she was interested in people and wanted to help them if she could.

After she had let herself into her apartment, she stood for a moment, looking down at the crumpled telephone message. "Important," it said. The

time was listed at ten-ten. Why had Marion called her at such an hour?

Important. She looked at her watch. It was almost eleven. And the telephone was right beside her. She might just as well—

She dialled Marion's number. It didn't even complete the first ring before there was a click. "Hello?" Marion's voice. Eager.

"Hello, Marion. It's Dorothy. Did you call me?"

"Oh, yes!" the voice was electric now. "How are you, darling? Did you have a good time with Ed Klinger?"

Dorothy cleared her throat. "Just fair; he was terribly dull. I won't go out with him again. What did you have on your mind?"

"Dorothy — you'll never guess." Her voice was charged with excitement. "Harry was here."

DOROTHY was aware of a thrust inside her, very sharp. "Harry?" Her body jerked stiffly to an upright position. "Was he there with his wife?"

"Oh, no — he didn't even come east with her. Dorothy —" A pause, as if she were gathering breath. "I don't think their marriage is such a success."

Dorothy could not move. Her heart gave two slow, heavy beats, and then began to hammer against her ribs. "What makes you think so?"

"Oh — from the way he talked. I could read between the sentences." A pause. "He seemed so lonesome. He looked the same, only a little heavier, I think, and his hair is thinning. But he's still so sweet, Dorothy. He asked for you."

There was a pressure inside her; it was almost difficult to breathe. "He did? What did you tell him?"

"Oh — about your wonderful job, and how you go out a lot and everything." A giggle. "I put it on thick. He asked

a lot of questions. Oh, Dorothy, maybe he's still interested."

She managed a little laugh. "Oh, I don't imagine so. But I'd like to see him just for old times' sake. Did he say where he was stopping?" Her hand tightened on the receiver.

"At the Beverley. He's going to be here for about a week more on business, he said, and then he has to go back." And then, hurriedly, "Darling, I have to say good-bye now. Ben's complaining — he wants to go to sleep. We're both dead on our feet from the party."

"All right," Dorothy said. "Thanks for calling, Marion. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Oh, Dorothy — Iris just got home a minute ago! She had a wonderful time with that boy. I knew she would. He —" And then, hastily: "Good-bye, darling. Ben is having a fit." There was a click.

Dorothy hung up. For a moment she could not move. And then she rose to her feet, pressing her fingers against her temples, feeling the sudden excitement and hope beginning to blaze inside her.

She lifted her head. I'll call him tomorrow morning, she thought. He'll come over — oh I know he will.

Maggie sat in the fat leather chair in her almost darkened living-room. For the past hour, she had been hearing the pulse of the orchestra's bass section in the nightclub next door beating through the wall, robbed of melody, stopping, starting again in a new rhythm with here and there another sound that was like the sound of a wave breaking on shore and which she knew to be the clapping of hands.

She felt a sense of bereavement. Charles was gone from her life. She had lost him or he had lost her — somehow they had lost each other. He would not be able to look at her in the old way again, nor she at him. How terrible it was. But it was true.

She swallowed and let her head fall back. She was tired. This had been a long day, she thought — a long, long day. Had it been only this morning that she had opened her eyes to a room still thick with shadow and, lying there, begun to day-dream about going on a honeymoon with Charles to Europe?

Yes, only this morning. Her first thought upon awakening had been: I'm going to see Charles today. And she had started dreaming. But of course she had told herself that she was being a fool. She had told herself that whatever she had with Charles had to end.

But so soon? How could it have ended so soon? When had it begun to slide away from her?

She stared up at the ceiling. When I met Steve, she thought. Not during those first few minutes — I couldn't see anyone but Charles then — but afterwards. He made me laugh, he made me forget Charles. And later, in the other room, when he kissed me —

She felt a rising heat inside her, remembering the wonderful quickening, his lips brushing against her throat in the darkness.

Now, at any moment, the doorbell would ring; he would be back. She could see his face very clearly.

Suppose, she thought, I hadn't met him today? Would I still feel about Charles now as I felt about him this morning? She didn't know. When Charles had come tonight he seemed to be searching for something in her face, something that wasn't there. Because of Steve. And it was because of Steve, too, that she had been mixed-up after Charles had come.

Thump-thump, came the bass beat through the thick wall, bull fiddle and drum and electric guitar. Thump-thump, thump, thump-thump. A faint wave of handclapping broke through the beat like punctuation.

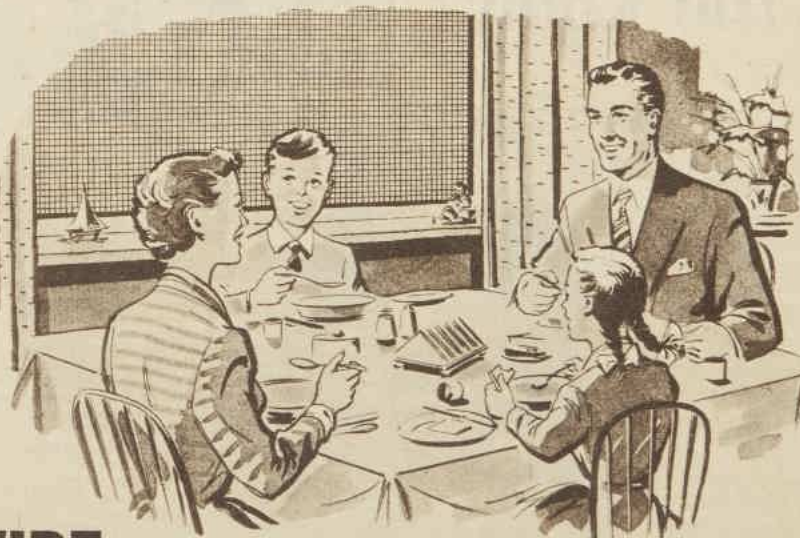
She turned her head and saw her typewriter in the corner. She felt a needle-prick of worry. I ought to be working, she thought; I ought to be

Read how the common house-fly could wipe out your family

YOU MAY BE REVOLTED BUT THAT'S BETTER THAN BEING DEAD!

Straight from manure heaps and filthy garbage, flies come into your home swollen with dirt and germs. Each fly is covered with myriads of tiny, sticky hairs — and each hair can carry enough infection to wipe out your whole family. Whatever they touch, food, plates, cutlery — even if they just brush it as they pass — immediately becomes a breeding ground of germs. The eating habits of flies are even more disgusting. The moment the toothless fly lands on your food, it vomits an infection-charged fluid to

liquefy it before eating, then sucks through its hairy, syphon-like mouth. Medical research recognises the common house-fly as one of the greatest potential dangers to community health. Flies can carry such deadly diseases as POLIOMYELITIS, TUBERCULOSIS, DYSENTERY or GASTRO-ENTERITIS into your home — on to the very food you eat. Your surest protection against fly-borne diseases and all insect pests is "Cyclone" screenwire on doors and windows. Decide NOW — see your hardware dealer without delay.



**Protect your Family, your food
from all insect pests**

FLY PROOF YOUR HOME NOW WITH

Cyclone SCREENWIRE

Manufactured by

CYCLONE COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LTD.

Homemaker

Running a home is no small job, even with the help of modern equipment. That is why so many young wives have a household cheque account. Paying the grocer, insurance, time payments, rent, and so on, is quickly and easily done in your own home when it is simply a matter of writing a cheque. What's more, a current account provides a permanent record of your expenditure.



See the Manager of your local branch of the

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

AS408C

The
MAGIC

of mustard...



Never forget the freshly-made Mustard!

It's just as essential as pepper and salt

to bring out meat's distinctive flavour. Use it to give

a relish to a grill, a delicious tang to stews,

a new lease of life to sandwiches. And most certainly

with rich dishes, such as

roast pork or roast duck.



KEEN'S MUSTARD

makes all the difference!



V37

OUR TWO-PART SERIAL

working on my millinery article. The last cheque from Ben's office had come in too long ago and there were bills to be paid, and the monthly cheque to be mailed to her mother—

The doorbell rang. Her hands went up to her hair and then dropped. She took a deep breath. She moved to the lamp and clicked it on. Then she went to the door and opened it.

It seemed to frame Steve naturally, as if he had stood there many times before. "Remember me," he said dryly. "To buy a round-trip ticket next time. This is proving to be an expensive evening."

"Hello," she said. "Hello, Steve, come in." She closed the door carefully behind him and turned. "That was—nice of you to take Charles home."

"Think nothing of it," he said. "We specialise in door-to-door service."

"How did you leave him?"

"Not so good."

He moved into the living-room, sank down into the big leather chair and, with his hands on its arms, looked up at her. "The poor guy. He must have suffered agony on that ride home, but he sat there as if he were attending a board meeting. He didn't say a word the whole time. I didn't either." He shook his head. "But the driver made up for the two of us. His name was Stanley Slowalski; he's having trouble with his mother-in-law, his wife, and his kidneys; he buys prune juice by the case. Poor Hollowell. It must have been coming out of his ears. He looked desperate."

Seeing him sitting there, where Charles had sat so short a time ago, seeing the startling difference between the two faces—the first slightly sagging, greivish, the one before her now so taut and fresh-colored and young, she felt a tightening in her throat.

"You keep saying 'Poor guy,'" she said. "Poor Hollowell. I hope that's only because he was suffering from a migraine."

He looked at her levelly and when he spoke again, his voice was bland. "Only. But don't get me wrong. I could feel sorry for a lot of other things about him—that he's all burned-out, for instance, or that his dignity went down the drain during your little tryst together. But why should I?"

He jumped to his feet and walked to the window; he wheeled around angrily. "Why should I feel sorry for him? He's had his day; he's had his share. He must have packed enough of everything into his life—more than I ever will. I don't care if he can't squeeze in another love affair. The thing that got me was that he picked on you."

"Why shouldn't he have picked on me? Just because he was a few years older—" But she saw in her mind the grey face; she heard the heavy, labored breathing—

"A few years older?" Steve said, angry again. "He was old enough to be your father!" He turned away moodily. "Ah, he's a tired actor, that's all. He used to pull the house down, but he can't any more. All he craves now is a little new applause and he's not getting it. I suppose I should feel sorry for him there, too."

Maggie swallowed and turned her face away. A tired actor. Charles. His beautiful, theatrical voice, his gestures, his smoothly rolling phrases. Yes, there had always been something of the actor about him. A tired actor. Craving a little new applause and not getting it. That was what he had been searching for in her eyes to-night—nothing more than a little warmth, homage, response.

Something stung at her eyes. And I let him down, she thought.

"Hey," he said. "What's the matter?"

"I don't know." She swallowed almost painfully. "I feel as if I've—lost something. As if somebody died."

A heavy truck lumbered by on the street; there was a drift of music from a radio somewhere. She could only hear Steve clearing his throat.

"It wasn't," he said, "anything that wasn't going to die soon anyway."

She stared down at the carpet and the pattern blurred. "I know." She drew in her breath. "But not so soon. I can't believe yet that it's gone."

"Cheer up," he said. "You've got me."

She couldn't look up. A sadness swept over her and the drift of music from somewhere outside swelled and became a part of that sadness; she was lost in the moment, in the tiny drift of time that was passing by.

She looked up. "This was something special," she said. "This was something that doesn't often happen to a girl."

"I don't often happen to a girl, either." And then his voice changed; he made a gesture with his hand, as if he had been angered again. "Ah, what am I kidding myself for? Hollowell had it, all right. I could see that. I could understand women going overboard for him even now."

There was a sudden easing inside her; she was grateful to him. "Yes," she said. "He was different."

Steve said moodily: "I admit it." He turned away to the window again, his hands bunching inside his pockets.

A thought darted into her mind. "Where did you come from before," she said, "when Charles was here? You left around nine and when you came from across the street it was after ten. Where were you in between?"

He turned to her and his face was flushed, as if he were still angry. "If you want to know, I was across the street in a restaurant, watching the house."

"Watch—" Suddenly, astonishingly, she was happy. "What are you so angry about?" she said. The happiness spread inside her, opening like a flower, sending out little shoots, little tendrils of warmth.

"Because you've been driving me crazy all day. I wish I'd never set eyes on you."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure." He hesitated. "Well—almost sure."

She looked at him. She tried to remember Charles' face, but it was gone, it floated away from her like a child's balloon, higher, higher, until it was only a pale blur of light in the darkness.

A sudden gust of night air billowed the curtains, bringing something fresh and cool in the room. Outside, horns brayed in an irritated chorus; footsteps clicked by on the pavement; there was the sound of a woman's laughter, high, a little lost.

Looking at Steve, she knew that her sense of loss, of bereavement had lessened. It was almost as if Charles—the Charles she had loved, the Charles that had blinded her eye and brought a tightness to her throat—had died a long, long time ago and had been buried along with something else she had loved and lost.

The image of her father came into her mind as she stood there. But it blurred and dissolved before she could see it clearly or even know why it had come.

(Copyright)

He's got something to sing about.



He's so happy he could sing his head off, because every time his nappy's changed mother smooths on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It's the best thing out for safeguarding against nappy rash.

Every time you change baby's nappy, get into the habit of smoothing on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, then changing nappies becomes a happy, nappy routine.



Trade **VASELINE** Mark

"The wonder jelly" is available everywhere. It's a "First Aid Kit in a jar" For cuts, burns, bruises, chapped lips, dishpan hands, skin irritations, scales. "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of Chenabrough Mfg. Co. Can'd.



"COLOURFUL." "UNUSUAL." "SO ATTRACTIVE!"

Yes, that's what we hear about the wonderful new embroidery designs—so have fun with your needle and you'll soon have your friends in stitches, too.

And with Clark's Anchor embroidery thread your designs will look their best. Smooth, handsome and durable, Clark's threads are easier to work with, look better, last so much longer. The extraordinary range of fast shades helps you to create unusual and extremely attractive effects in embroidery.

Traced Linens of distinction recommend Clark's Anchor Embroidery Threads. Ask to see the latest designs in FAUTLEY'S, INVINCIBLE, PARA, SHIRLEY ART, PRINCESS and ARTOS.

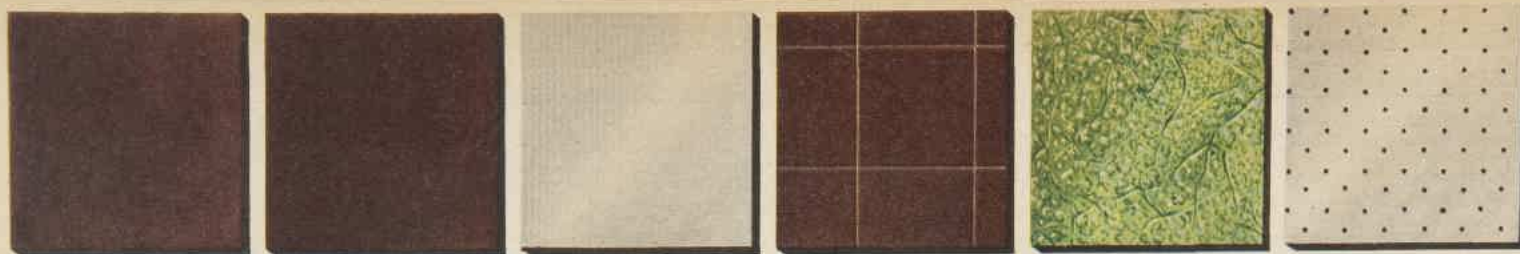


CLARK'S ANCHOR

Fast Colours

Embroidery Cotton

At good stores throughout Australia



Each of these 6 Masonite Hardboards

has a specialised use in the building or modernisation of your home

Masonite Standard Presdwood

is perhaps the most versatile of the famous Masonite boards. It has a smooth, hard surface which can be readily painted or stained, as you choose. Alternatively, it can be polished in its natural brown. Masonite Standard Presdwood, like all the Masonite boards, is easy to use. Any handyman using ordinary tools can work wonders with it. Use it for all indoor work—there's not a room in your house where Masonite Standard Presdwood can not be used effectively. It makes an ideal siding for kitchen cupboards and is perfect for cupboard doors and drawers. Use it, too, for panelling walls or ceilings, for built-in cupboards in the bedrooms and the bathroom. Use it, too, for built-in and unit furniture. Standard Presdwood comes in economical 12 ft. by 4 ft. sheets in thicknesses of $\frac{1}{8}$ in., $\frac{1}{4}$ in., $\frac{3}{8}$ in., and $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Recognise Genuine Masonite

by this symbol stencilled on the back of every sheet. It's your guarantee of the good-looking, life-time-lasting, easy-to-use qualities you've come to expect from Masonite.

Masonite Tempered Presdwood

is Standard Presdwood which has been specially treated during the manufacturing process. It is impregnated and baked with special tempering oils in order to give it greater strength. It has a steel-tough surface and is virtually impervious to moisture. It is very like Standard Presdwood in appearance except that it is slightly darker in colour. It can be worked with ordinary tools quite as easily as Standard Presdwood, and can be finished in similar ways. Masonite Tempered Presdwood can be used for all outdoor applications. Painted, it is a splendid material for the sides of sheds, or the garage. Inside your house it can be used on the kitchen work-bench surfaces and for table tops. Masonite Tempered Presdwood is ideally suited for any surface that needs to withstand hard wear. For instance, you can use it as a kick-strip to give protection to the base of cupboards or the bottom of doors. It makes a most attractive floor covering, too. Buy it in those big 12 ft. by 4 ft. sheets in thicknesses of $\frac{1}{8}$ in., $\frac{1}{4}$ in., $\frac{3}{8}$ in., and $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Masonite Primecote

is Standard Presdwood to which a coat of a special water base formula paint has been applied at the factory. It saves you time and expense on jobs that are going to be painted. Use it for walls, for kitchen cupboards—in fact, for every job that needs a painted surface for the best effect. The base is suitable for all types of paint finishes—oil, water, lacquer or synthetic enamel. You can buy Masonite Primecote in 12 ft. by 4 ft. sheets in these thicknesses: $\frac{1}{8}$ in., $\frac{1}{4}$ in., $\frac{3}{8}$ in., and $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Masonite Temptrile

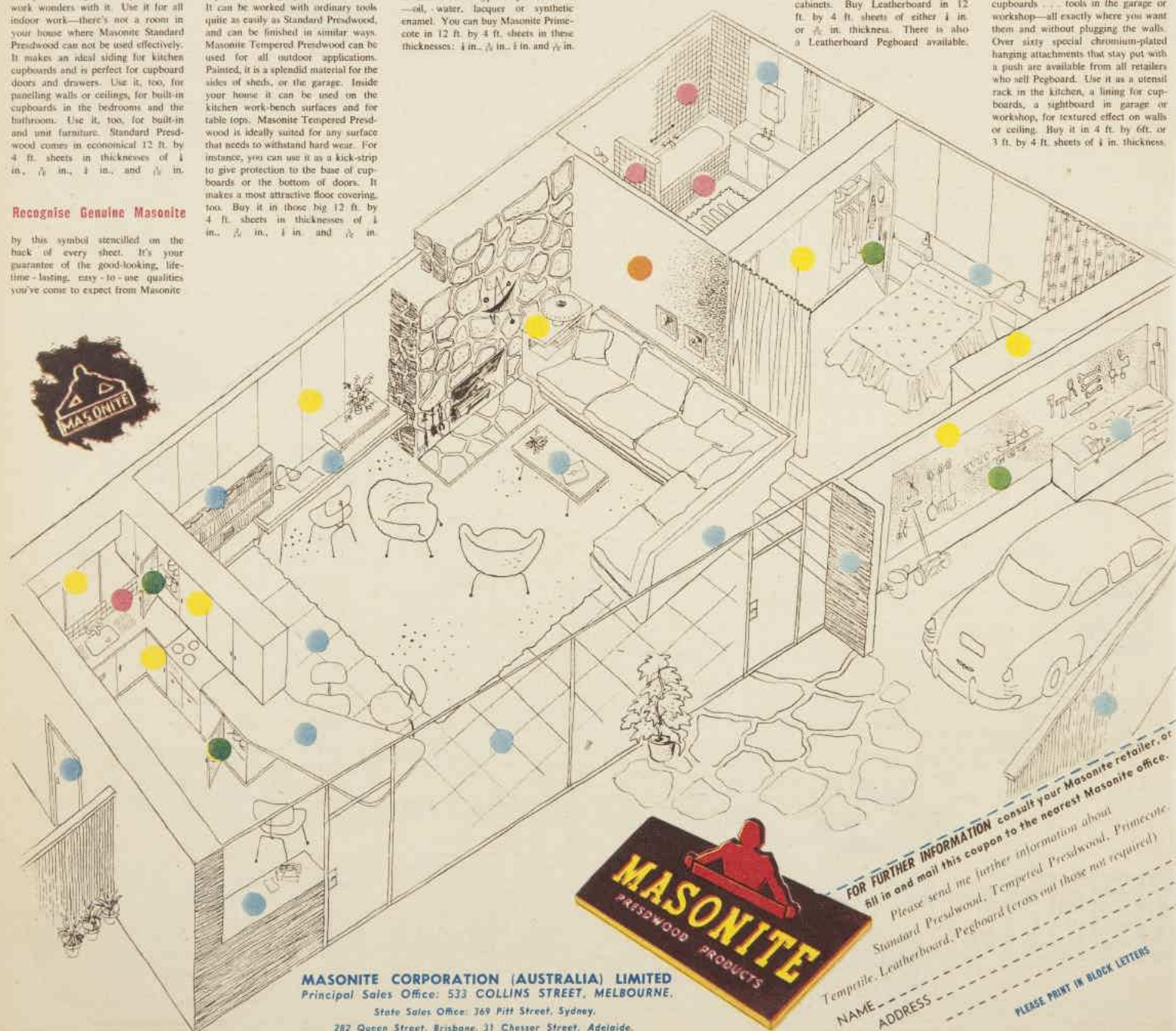
is Tempered Presdwood with the tough surface scored to simulate wall tiling. It's only a fraction of the cost of ordinary tiles! Use it on walls in bathroom, kitchen, laundry. It can be quickly and simply nailed to stud walls. Buy it in 12 ft. by 4 ft. sheets in $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness with either 4 or 6 in. tile patterns.

Masonite Leatherboard

has a grained surface for all the world like expensive Spanish leather. It is made in either Standard or Tempered form. You can use it indoors for special effect. It makes a very interesting and decorative textured wall and is very effective as a siding for a cocktail bar. It can be used on doors and inside cabinets. Buy Leatherboard in 12 ft. by 4 ft. sheets of either $\frac{1}{8}$ in. or $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. There is also a Leatherboard Pegboard available.

Masonite Pegboard

is Tempered Presdwood in a new and wonderfully practical form. Thousands of clean-cut holes are drilled at either 1 inch or half inch centres. It's a board you can really put to work for you! With Pegboard in your home you can hang pictures, vases, ornaments in your lounge room... pots and utensils in the kitchen... clothing in bedroom cupboards... tools in the garage or workshop—all exactly where you want them and without plugging the walls. Over sixty special chromium-plated hanging attachments that stay put with a push are available from all retailers who sell Pegboard. Use it as a utensil rack in the kitchen, a lining for cupboards, a sightboard in garage or workshop, for textured effect on walls or ceiling. Buy it in 4 ft. by 6 ft. or 3 ft. by 4 ft. sheets of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness.



MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
Principal Sales Office: 533 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
State Sales Office: 369 Pitt Street, Sydney.
282 Queen Street, Brisbane, 31 Chesser Street, Adelaide.



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION consult your Masonite retailer, or fill in and mail this coupon to the nearest Masonite office.
Please send me further information about
Standard Presdwood, Tempered Presdwood, Primecote,
Temptrile, Leatherboard, Pegboard (cross out those not required)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS

Does your family get enough Vitamin C?

Vitamin C prevents and cures scurvy and is essential for the formation of strong, healthy bones and teeth or to build resistance against attacks of colds, flu, rheumatism and respiratory virus infections. Specialists recommend a minimum daily intake of Vitamin C of from 70 mgm. for adults, down to proportionately smaller amounts for children.

To get this amount of Vitamin C, every member of your family would need to eat, daily, one large orange and nearly half a pound of fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes—or supplement their present diet with a roll pack of **Vit-o-Fruits**. Delicious lime-flavoured **Vit-o-Fruits** are the most healthful sweets to eat, because every roll pack contains 70 mgm. of essential Vitamin C, plus cane sugar for energy and glucose to steady the nerves. Children love **Vit-o-Fruits**.

One roll pack a day will help to keep your family healthy, active and gay, all year round.



Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause aching backache? Do you think even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying **Don's Backache Kidney Pills**. Lazy kidneys can cause backache, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. **Don's** is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with backache—get **Don's** today!



Make Baby's Hair CROW CURLY
2 Weeks Treatment
3-6 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

PIMPLES HELPED 1ST DAY

A Madness Most Discreet

Continuing
from page 55

Swinnithwaite relived part of last night's arguments with Clare about Derek Farrar. "It's no wonder he's well informed about Spain," Clare had said. "After all, he's history master at a school for boys in Sydney."

At that point Miss Swinnithwaite awoke. She struggled upright in her seat.

Almost at once she realised that it had become quite dark—night, in fact. She must have slept for several hours! Then she noticed that the coach was moving rapidly, and also that this was not her coach.

In her haste and terror at Toledo it had seemed the right coach—but it was not. All the notices pinned above the driving seat were in Spanish. All the passengers nodding half-asleep around her were Spanish. The guide was Spanish.

Almost hysterical, Miss Swinnithwaite struggled to her feet, shouting: "Where am I?" The guide swung round in his seat, regarding her with an expression first bewildered, and then—she decided—menacing.

The other passengers sat up and began to take an embarrassing degree of notice. Everybody spoke at once. Tides of Spanish ebbed and flowed around Miss Swinnithwaite. The guide started lunging down the aisle to harangue her.

She could understand nothing. They could understand nothing.

All Miss Swinnithwaite knew was that the coach was rushing through the starlit Spanish night like a comet which no power on earth could arrest. She was among lunatics.

Desperately Miss Swinnithwaite dredged her mind for the word "where" in Spanish. "Donde?" she asked, pathetic now, all her headmistress's stuffing gone. She must know where she was being taken!

"Donde?" repeated the guide. He smiled suddenly, spreading his hands: "Sevilla, Señora!"

Seville! thought poor Miss Swinnithwaite. Oh, no, it couldn't be true that she, Agatha Swinnithwaite, M.A. (London), founder and headmistress of Thornford College, was being whisked through the night to Seville while her own coach carried Clare safely to Barcelona.

The coach swayed round a bend; Miss Swinnithwaite sat down abruptly, with something between a sob and a moan. How to explain that she didn't want

to go to Seville—that her friends were bound for Barcelona? How to explain that she must send Clare a telegram from the nearest town?

How, indeed, to explain her own presence in the wrong coach—with no ticket, only a few pence in her purse, and . . . ultimate horror . . . not even her travellers' cheques—those Open Sesames to the world!

This time she couldn't stifle a sob. At that moment she felt a hand laid, quite gently, on her wrist, and a voice murmuring across the aisle.

It was the little man. The little man to whom she had spoken in Toledo; but now, it seemed, even to Miss Swinnithwaite's disordered imagination, that the expression in his brown eyes was kind.

"Mademoiselle," he was saying, in a French that sounded unbelievably, exquisitely familiar: "soyez tranquille, Mademoiselle. Je vous aiderai."

"Merci!" cried Miss Swinnithwaite. "Merci!" She made it sound like a prayer.

"I'll never forgive myself," Clare Marshall told Derek Farrar as, nearly three days later, they waited at Barcelona's chief railway station for a train from Seville.

Derek said uncomfortably, "Oh, I don't know, it wasn't your fault that the old girl got herself lost in Toledo. We looked for her hard enough—and long enough!"

"I shouldn't have walked off with you and forgotten about her," Clare said remorsefully. "I'm glad you walked off with me," Derek murmured.

"That telegram she sent us," Clare mused. "I wonder how on earth she managed it—from some little wayside town, too? She doesn't know a word of Spanish; her French is rusty; and she'd left all her money behind at the Madrid hotel."

"The British Consul must be staking her," Derek said.

"Well," he added with a sigh, "it won't be long now. Here comes her train—and that's the end for me! This is our last minute together. Miss Swinnithwaite doesn't approve of me."

"She doesn't approve of any strangers," Clare answered quickly, conscious that she had almost used the word "foreigners."

At that moment, the train ground to a standstill—and

from a first-class carriage emerged Miss Swinnithwaite. She was smiling; and she was not alone. Behind her stepped a small, middle-aged, foreign man.

"Clare, my dear!" cried Miss Swinnithwaite, kissing her protégée neatly on the cheek. "How nice of you and—er—Mr. Farrar to meet me!" Her smile even embraced Derek.

She turned to her companion.

"And this," she said, "is Señor Vallombrosa, who lives here in Barcelona, but who happened to be in that terrible coach. He has been most kind. In fact, without his help . . ."

Señor Vallombrosa hadn't understood a word, but he bowed and beamed. He was a widower, and he had always admired the English . . . so ruthless, so self-sufficient!

"And now," added Miss Swinnithwaite brightly, "as you, Clare, have all my luggage safe at the hotel, there's no need for any of us to waste further time here. I'm sure that you can find friends with whom to spend an hour or two." She paused. "You must learn to judge the characters of those you meet, Clare, and then to show friendship where it will not be abused. In this world, it is our Christian duty to give friendliness where we can," she added severely.

"What?" gasped Clare.

"Yes," went on Miss Swinnithwaite majestically, "and so, perhaps, you and Mr. Farrar can make plans for dinner? I am having dinner at what Señor Vallombrosa tells me is a most delightful restaurant—with Señor Vallombrosa." She turned to the little man. "Dinner, n'est-ce pas?"

"Main out!" Señor Vallombrosa cried gallantly, offering her his arm.

The two middle-aged figures, one round and one square, moved off along the platform. Clare and Derek fell into step a discreet distance behind them.

"We-e-ell!" said Clare, when she could speak. "We should 'use our judgment' when meeting strangers, forsooth!"

But Derek wasn't listening. "What should we all do," he asked, "if ever the schools of the British Commonwealth gave up teaching French?"

If he had only known it, Miss Swinnithwaite was at that moment asking herself the same question

(Copyright)



Everyone will ask for the secret of the flavour—when you serve this delicious home-style Steak and Kidney Casserole. And here is the secret

"Steak and Kidney" —with a difference!

TASTY SCRAMBLE

A tasty snack for breakfast, lunch or hasty week-end meals . . .

Ingredients:

4 eggs; 1 oz. butter; ¼ cup of milk; 3 teaspoons Bonox; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; 4 slices of buttered toast; pinch of pepper.

Method: Prepare 4 slices of buttered toast and keep warm. Heat the butter and milk in a saucepan or double boiler, add Bonox and a pinch of pepper. Now pour in the well beaten eggs and stir until the mixture thickens. Spoon on to the hot toast, sprinkle with parsley and serve at once. Serves 4.

For rich meaty gravy

Whenever you make gravy add a spoonful of Bonox . . . you'll be delighted with the richer flavour it adds.

Ingredients:

1 lb. buttock steak; ½ lb. ox kidney; 1 onion, chopped; 1 tablespoon Bonox; 1 cup water; a little dripping; seasoned flour.

Crust:

4 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. prepared suet; pinch of salt; cold water.

Method:

Cut the steak into small pieces, blanch and cut up kidney. Chop onion, dip meat in flour and fry. Add the Bonox and water, cover and simmer 1 hour.

Now make the crust: Sift flour and salt and mix with suet. Add cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll out 1" thick to the size of the casserole. Pour meat mixture into casserole and place crust on top, making sure there is enough liquid. Cover and cook in a mod. oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Remove lid for the last 10 minutes. Six generous serves.

Remember— the secret of that richer, meatier flavour is the tablespoon of Bonox.



Give your cooking a flavour lift with BONOX

Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks . . . add it to soups, stews and gravies. Bonox adds the concentrated goodness of rich prime beef to all your cooking. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. jars. Eat it and drink it for a lift! KB42

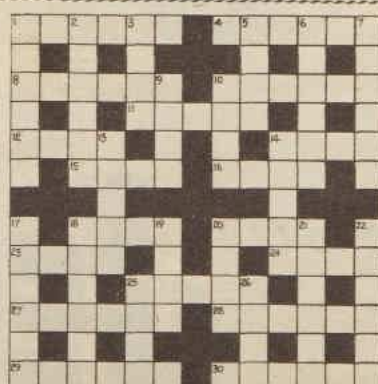
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Upward movement of a perfume (6).
4. A lot of alternative in a storm (6).
8. Tincture to make mistle with an insect (6).
10. Small cask of 4½ gallons in beer is characteristic of any lofty mountains (6).
11. Gaze away a stick in ease (5).
12. Mechanical implement is reversed to plunder (6).
14. Reliable though it could be a ruse (4).
15. First denies, then asserts and the whole is a knob (4).
16. A diplomat sadly conceals floor covering (4).
18. "The moist Upon whose influence Neptune's em-

- pire stands. (Shakespeare, Hamlet) (4).
20. Reptile and the end is the finish (4).
21. Flat vessel which in Australia is worth three pence (4).
24. An editor who has up alternative may produce a period of time (4).
25. Weapon which a bookie may use for a listener (5).
27. Flower of wolves (6).
28. A mixture of gin and ale is cheering (6).
29. Sprinkle over a medical boundary line (6).
30. Does this inner organ belong to a thin bookmaker? It sounds so (8).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. Representatives of an article with short gentlemen (6).
2. Vehicle which a Frenchman would consider good may be a diamond or just a piece of charcoal (6).
3. Wind at this hour blows from the rithman's left hand (4).
4. Applied to the body makes a special class of sailor (4).
5. Do backwards with your written obligations is hateful (6).
7. Two more than 3 down (4).
9. Joyce Kilmer said that only God can make it (4).
10. The first man (4).
11. High frequently in the centre (5).
13. Give grudgingly and end in a variety of a color (5).

17. Unemotional and dense if does not take tea (6).
18. Specimen of which you may take off the head and still remains plenty (6).
19. If you grip sideways the inside will be mature (4).
20. "I must show out a Which is indeed but sign." (Shakespeare, Othello) (4).
21. Foresee like a god (6).
22. The name of this sort conjures up thoughts of the Round Table (6).
23. It's cozy, but if you turn it, they may shun (4).
24. Harvest which could yield a pear (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

The HEIRLOOM Classics

Beautifully illustrated in colour and black and white, with strong, attractive binding, this series is unexcelled for the library, for rewards, for gifts.

Price 11/6
From All Booksellers

Tell a good jelly by its flavour

So easy, so good, so tempting—all desserts made from jelly crystals or tablets are delicious Summer foods . . . Remember how good and good for you jellies are. Remember, too, that jellies make life easier for you. And, remember, tell the better jelly by its real flavour and perfect set.

ENJOY THESE NEW FLAVOURS and OLD FAVOURITES:

Raspberry, strawberry, loganberry, red currant, black currant, port wine, lemon, lime, orange, mandarin, grapefruit, apricot, pineapple, fruit salad, vanilla.



... Set them
for Summer!

Cool . . . Sparkling . . .

JELLIES

Your most economical desserts!

INSERTED BY DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF AUSTRALIAN JELLIES

Page 72

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 13, 1955

INTRODUCING A
NEW FEATURE:

Luxury recipes from a noted Restaurateur



The sumptuous-looking dishes on this page come from the fabulous recipe collection of Tony, director of Sydney's fashionable Colony Club, who has consented to reveal some of his secrets for the benefit of readers.

LOBSTER PARISIENNE EN BELLEVUE

Cook two large lobsters in the following Court Bouillon: 4 quarts of water, 1 cup of vinegar, 14 large sliced onions, 2 carrots, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 stalks of celery, 2 bay leaves, 2 level teaspoons of fresh thyme, 4 level tablespoons of salt, 10 peppercorns.

N.B. The lobster must be fresh, i.e. alive.

Cook the lobster for 30 minutes. When cooked, allow to cool and carefully remove the tail meat in one piece, making sure not to break the shell. Cut the meat part in slices and decorate with slices of truffles and fresh tarragon if obtainable. Coat them with aspic jelly until they are well covered. They may also be coated with mayonnaise to which has been added a little dissolved aspic jelly, then decorated and given a final coat of aspic jelly.

Make a cushion of bread by cutting a whole loaf diagonally so that one part

is higher than the other. This bread must be fried in deep fat. It may be spread with butter mixed with chopped parsley to give a green color. The bread must not be eaten and is used only as a cushion

on which to display the lobster when it is served. Place the shell on this cushion in the natural shape of the lobster with the head resting on the higher part of the bread cushion.

For garnishing prepare a vegetable salad with diced cooked vegetables to which have been added small pieces of lobster cut from the trimmings. Bind with mayonnaise and melted aspic jelly. Fill small moulds and set in the refrigerator for one hour until set. You may also use half tomatoes garnished with different purees of fish or whipped cream, lettuce salad, hard-boiled eggs. Garnishings may be coated with aspic jelly if a more brilliant effect is desired.

Dress the lobster on its shell lying on the cushion with claw meat on the claws, tail meat on the tail, etc. Arrange the slices so that they overlap. Arrange all the vegetables around the lobster with pieces of

Continued on page 74

A BED of violets and parsley makes an attractive setting for this elaborate dish of jewfish in aspic. Mixed vegetable salad arranged in tomato cups is served as an addition to the fish.



GIANNI BATTISTA, head chef of the Colony Club, puts the finishing touches to Chicken Rosemary. Recipe on page 74.

EVERY week famous restaurateur Tony (pictured above) will supply us with a recipe for a luxury dish. People who like good food spiced with imagination have something to look forward to.

Housewives with a flair for high-style cooking and with that precious commodity, time, will be able to prepare and serve the dishes by following the step-by-step directions given by Tony.

The recipes given in future will be simpler than those illustrated on this page, which were prepared specially for display by a chef under Tony's direction.



LEFT: This dish is cleverly arranged to suggest lobsters crawling up rocks to reach a coronet of prawns. Mayonnaise is colored and piped to give a decorative effect. See recipe for Lobster Parisienne en Bellevue.

Doctors know it
All mothers should

Only Velveeta gives you all milk's goodness



HEARTY BREAKFAST

Pop Velveeta under your griller and you'll watch it toast into mouth-watering, golden goodness. Perfect as a hasty, tasty breakfast, or for lunch, snacks and suppers. Remember, too — Velveeta gives you *all* milk's goodness and is digestible as milk itself! So good for all your family at any time.

Yes! Velveeta gives you *all* the goodness of milk. So you see, Velveeta offers you *extra* value — because of its extra *food* values. Remember, too, Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves you money — you don't need butter with Velveeta. Pasteurised and processed for purity. Ask for Velveeta in its yellow 8 oz. packet.



Velveeta

made by **KRAFT**

Sweet wins £5

This week's recipe
contest winner:

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE
PIE (at right)

Pastry: Two ounces shortening, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 4oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1½ level dessertspoons cocoa, pinch salt.

Filling: Two level table-spoons cornflour; ½ cup water, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1½ cups diced preserved pineapple, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, extra ½ cup sugar for meringue, shredded coco-nut.

Cream shortening with sugar. Add egg-yolk and coffee essence, beat well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, knead on floured board. Roll thinly, line 8in. tart-plate. Pinch frill around edge, prick base with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool. Prepare filling. Blend corn-



flour with water, add pine-apple, juice, and sugar. Stir over low heat until mixture boils, simmer 3 minutes. Re-move, gradually add beaten egg-yolks. Fill into pastry-case.

Beat egg-whites to mer-

ingue consistency with extra sugar, spoon over cold pine-apple filling, sprinkle with coconut. Set and lightly brown in moderate oven.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Kelly, 22 Church St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

LUXURY RECIPES

Continued from page 73

aspic jelly stamped out with fancy cutters or diced. Serve mayonnaise separately.

JEWELRY IN ASPIC

Cook a 16lb. jewfish in Court Bouillon for 1½ hours very slowly. Then chill and serve with any kind of mixed vegetable salad. Serve either mayonnaise or green sauce.

Court Bouillon: Eight quarts of water, 1½ cups vinegar, 2 sliced onions, 2 carrots, 1 sliced lemon, 2 sprigs parsley, chervil, stalk of celery, 2 bay leaves, 4 level table-spoons salt, 10 peppercorns, 2 level tea-spoons fresh thyme.

Green Sauce: Six cups mayonnaise. Add 4 level tea-

spoons of chopped fresh tarragon, chives, chervil, and parsley, and 3 level dessertspoons of green spinach prepared as follows: Boil leaves of spinach for a few minutes. Place in cold water, drain well, and rub through a fine strainer. Mix well, correct the seasoning.

COLD CHICKEN ROSEMARY

Four boiled chickens, ½ cup prepared goose liver paste, 3 cups hot chicken veloute (thick cream sauce), 1 cup of fresh cream, 2½ cups of chicken jelly, 3 level table-spoons un-flavored gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 8 slices truffles, 2 level tea-spoons of salt, 1 level tea-spoon white pepper, tarragon.

Remove the breast from the cooked chickens and cut breast lengthwise in two parts. Flatten them and trim to oval form. Spread prepared goose liver smoothly over each breast and legs and put in refrigerator for a while. Soften gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Add to hot chicken veloute with salt and pepper, mix well. When gelatine is dissolved add the cream. Then cover prepared chicken breast and legs with prepared sauce.

Reconstruct the chicken to its normal form by carefully placing the breast of chicken on the carcass. Then when well set, coat with chicken jelly, then decorate with truffles and tarragon leaves just before the jelly sets.

Serve with lettuce salad.

Family dish

AN appetising rabbit and bacon pie which makes four ample servings and costs approximately six shillings is this week's family dish.

RABBIT AND BACON PIE

One rabbit, 3 dessertspoons seasoned flour, 2 rashers fat bacon, 3 shallots or 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 4oz. shortcrust or quick puff pastry (made with 4oz. flour).

Wash and clean rabbit, soak 1 hour in salted water. Drain and dry. Cut into joints, coat with seasoned flour. Chop bacon (rind removed), cook gently until fat is melted, remove. Add rabbit, brown lightly, adding a little extra fat if necessary. Remove rabbit, add chopped shallot or onion, brown lightly. Place meat, bacon, shallot or onion, and sliced tomatoes in layers in piedish, sprinkle with any remaining flour. Mix Worcestershire sauce and parsley with stock, season, pour into dish.

Roll pastry slightly larger than dish. Glaze edge of dish, cut a ½in. strip of pastry and place around edge, glaze, then completely cover dish with pastry. Trim edge, cut a slit in top, decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Glaze with milk, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat, cook further 1½ hours.

BE FREE FROM PERSPIRATION ODOUR every minute of every day...



A super-effective, "Action-Proof" ingredient now in ODO-RO-NO—perfected after years of research—brings you the safest, surest deodorant protection ever known!

2/7 & 4/6

Rely on double action



ODO-RO-NO CREAM

STOPS BODY ODOUR INSTANTLY
CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY

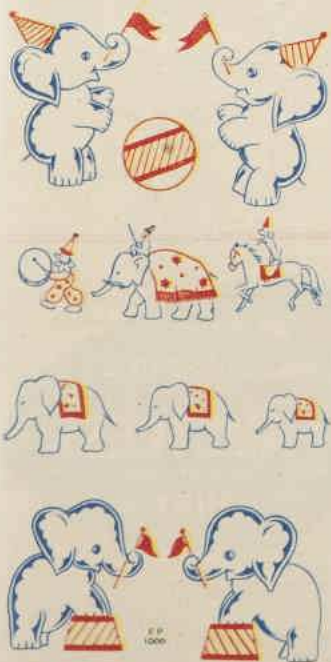
Also available—liquid Odo-Ro-No with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.

NEW IRON-ON COLOR TRANSFERS

Swift, easy way
to decorate clothes
and house linens.



ELEPHANT IRON-ON TRANSFER (No. F.P.1000), size 5in. x 10in., features eleven nursery motifs. Color transfer, 2/-. Pattern for apron for little girl in sizes 2yrs., 4yrs., and 6yrs., price 1/3 each. Transfer and pattern complete, price 3/.



● These wonderful new color-fast transfers, which are available now from our Needlework Department, come from America. Imagine — with one swift stroke of a moderately hot iron you can transfer the clear, fresh colors of selected motifs from transfer sheets to blouses, aprons, dresses, playsuits, and all kinds of nursery accessories and house linens. The colors are fadeless and will wash beautifully. Make your choice and order today.

Three transfer sheets are available. They measure 5in. x 10in. and feature many iron-on motifs as illustrated and cost 2/- each. Paper patterns can also be had of the three lovely gift aprons shown on this page, price 1/3



EARLY VICTORIAN IRON-ON TRANSFER (No. F.P.1006), size 5in. x 10in., features several motifs for aprons, guest towels, curtains, breakfast-cloth corners, and other accessories. Transfer, price 2/-. Pattern of apron in medium size, price 1/3. Transfer and pattern complete, price 3/-, post free.

ORDER these iron-on transfers and apron patterns now from our Needlework Department. See address, page 77.

CHICKEN IRON-ON TRANSFER (No. F.P.1003), size 5in. x 10in., features 12 chicken and little flower motifs. Transfer, price 2/-. Pattern for girl's apron in sizes 6yrs., 8yrs., and 10yrs., price 1/3 each. Transfer and pattern complete, price 3/-.



Mobo TOYS KEEP THEM HAPPY

MOBO CHAIR DESK

Keep the 2 to 6 yr. olds happy and busy. One side is a blackboard with numbers and letters, can be tilted for easy writing. Becomes meal tray simply by turning it over. Very strong and gaily coloured.



MOBO ROCKING BRONCO

Safe, shallow-curved rockers, adjustable stirrups and rubber gripped handle bar.



MOBO MAGIC STROLLER

Brings any Dolly or Teddy to life as if by magic. It's all done by control in the handle.



MOBO KIDDY TRIKE

Extra value front-wheel drive. Saddle and back bar adjustable, three positions.



MOBO MINABIKE

Chain driven, balancing outriders and adjustable saddle. For the very young there's the smaller MOBO TOT-CYCLE.



BUY OR LAY-BY AT ALL GOOD TOY SHOPS



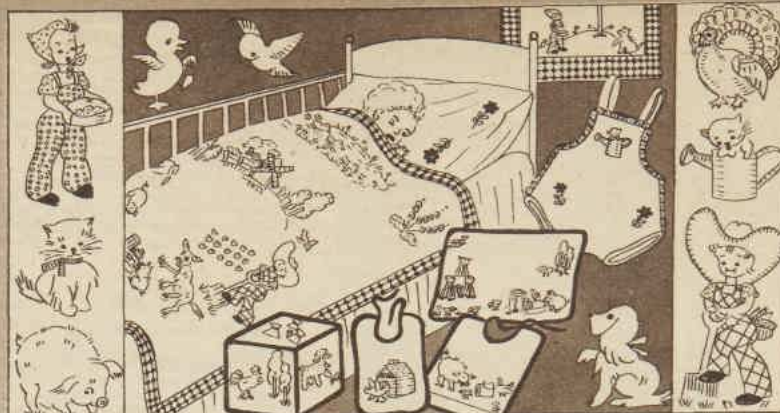
Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

EMBROIDERY MOTIFS FOR TODDLERS

RIGHT: Amusing figures of children, birds, and animal pets from our "Down on the Farm" embroidery transfer No. 145 are seen in this picture. The transfer sheet, which measures 24in. x 28in., features 24 designs for children's wear and nursery needs and is available now from our Needlework Department. Price, 2/6. See address, page 77.



CLEVER "MAKE-OVER" WINS £3/3/-

THE conversion of an old dressing-table into three items of furniture for the home wins this week's prize of £3/3/- in our homemakers' contest on how to make something new from something old.

Mrs. R. L. Forbes, "Maror-niba," 333 Edinburgh Road,

Castlecrag, N.S.W., sent in the winning entry.

Mrs. Forbes says: "We had an old dressing-table for which we had no further use. We dismantled it and converted it into a telephone table for the entrance-hall and two bedside cupboards for our small son's bedroom."

"There was not much work entailed in converting the

end-sections of the dressing-table into cupboards, as shown in the sketch below. The door opens to three rows of drawers, used for accessories. All we had to do was to clean and strip each cupboard and give it a coat of cream paint.

"The sides of the middle section of the dressing-table were cut and shaped to fit neatly into a corner of the entrance hall. The table was then secured by two wall brackets. A glass top and a new black handle for the drawer were fitted, these being the only accessories we had to buy."

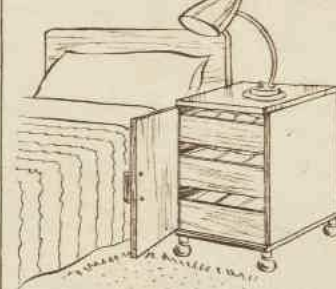
Address your entries to The Editor, Homemaker Department.



SPACE-SAVING telephone table, with a fitted glass top, was made from the shaped middle section of an old dressing-table, then painted.



ABOVE: This sketch shows the old dressing-table, from which two bedside cupboards and a telephone table were made.



LEFT: One of the bedside cupboards made from the end sections of the dressing-table. Drawers hold underwear and other items.

Complementary feeding

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ALTHOUGH the majority of nursing mothers have a full supply from the beginning, some do not experience full lactation until the baby is five to six weeks old and a complementary feeding has to be given.

The shortage of breast milk is made up by giving a bottle with a suitable milk-mixture immediately after each breast-feed, but unless this complementary feeding is well managed a baby will often prefer the bottle or refuse to take the breast.

Quite often this trouble is due to using a large-holed teat on the bottle so that the baby gets food so easily it will not work hard on the breast to get its natural food.

This and other factors for successful complementary feeding are discussed in a leaf-

let which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped, addressed envelope must be sent.

Mothercraft Bureau

Sister Mary Jacob is in attendance each day at the bureau's office, 6th floor, 149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Telephone B0656, Ext. 290, for further information.

Our Mothercraft Service Bureau provides a free advisory service for expectant mothers. Daily pre-natal classes are held for the benefit of young mothers.



Everyone looks better in a

FAULTLESS

SHIRT

* Tailored from Wonder WEMCO fabric

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3410.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's sunrock. Sizes, length 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. pleated edging. Special price, 2/6.

F3406.—One-piece styled with a sailor-type collar and matching cuffs plus a wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3407.—Dress with pretty, low neckline and flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3408.—Tailored shorts and sleeveless blouse designed for plain and striped fabric. Sizes, blouse 32in. to 38in. bust, shorts 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist measurements. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3409.—One-piece dress with softly gathered bodice top and skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 755.—BOY'S SUNSUIT AND JACKET
The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality headcloth. The color choice includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink and green. The iron-on color transfer, no embroidery required, is 2/- extra. The bias tape is not included. Sizes 17in. length for 1 year, 9/3; postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 18in. length for 2 years, 10/6; postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 19in. length for 3 years, 11/2; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 12/9; postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

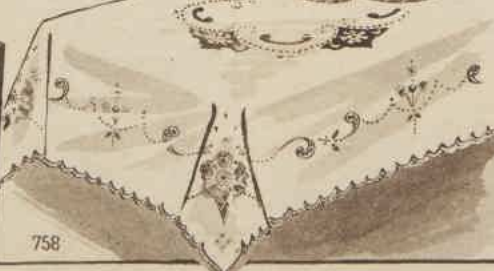
No. 756.—CUSHION COVER
The cover is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream or white linen and on headcloth in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink and green. Size 18in. x 18in. Price, linen, 9/11; headcloth, 5/3. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 757.—COTTAGE PICTURE
Obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on white or cream linen and on fine lawn in white, blue, lemon, pink and olive-green. Sizes, 11in. x 17in. Price, linen, 5/3; lawn, 3/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 758.—CUTWORK LUNCHEON CLOTH
The cloth is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on white or cream Irish linen. Table napkins are obtainable to match. Price, sizes 36in. x 36in., 19/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 45in. x 45in., 22/6; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 54in. x 54in., 43/9; postage and registration, 2/3 extra. Table napkins to match, 11in. x 11in., 1/6; postage, 3d. extra.

No. 759.—WRAP-AROUND HOUSE FROCK
Attractive house frock is obtainable cut out ready to make with a detailed step-by-step instruction chart. The material is check cotton, the color choice includes red and white, pink and white, blue and white, green and white, and lemon and white. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Price, 35/11. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 18/- sent by registered post.

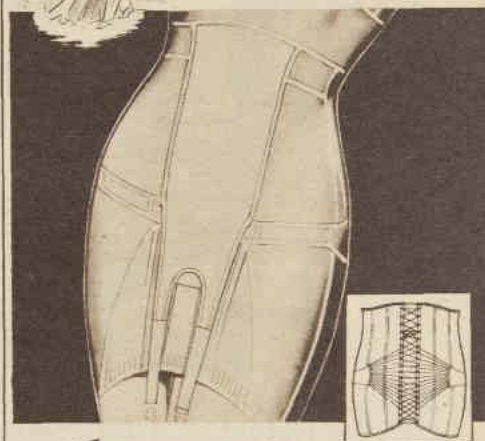


Want to look lovelier at 50?

WATCH YOUR SUPPORT LINE

NOW!

Jenyns, more than any other corset, offers the correct anatomical support and control so essential for the assurance of health and beauty now and through the years to come.



Jenyns
PATENT CORSETRY

Designed to be the Guardian of your Health and Beauty

The popular Jenyns Patent Corset is made in a variety of designs and styles with a model and fitting designed for your figure type. Each model is hand finished in a wide range of beautiful quality materials. Every Jenyns is long-wearing, washable and guaranteed.

Your correct JENYNS Figure Type & Size is available at...

SYDNEY: Bon Marche, Reuben Brisch, Buckingham, Marcus Clark, Pladum, Elizabeth, Farmers, Marx, Foy, Sasser, Gelling, Grace Bros., Anthony, Hordern, Hordern Bros., The Hub, David Jones, McCabhan, McDowell, Saxon, Waltons, Wares, Winn. NEWCASTLE: Scotts, Wills. W'GONG: Gwynn, Brown, Salom, Walter Lane, Wollongong Corset Salon. MELB'NE: Ball & Welch, Buckley & Nunn, Cox Bros., Dicky Dock, Foy & Gibson, Georges, Harts, Hicks Ackmann, La Figure, Mantons, Mutual Store, Myer Emp., Miss Parlett, Paynes, Sister Porter, Miss Quinn, Rays, C. M. Read, Treadways, Warlands, Ways. GL'ONG: Bright & Hitchcocks. BRISBANE: Allan & Stark, T. C. Barrie, Cursons, Jane Drummond, Edwards & Lamb, Finlay, Isles, Jenyns, Retail Corsetry, McDowell & East, McWhirter. IPSWICH: Bonnes, Crick & Foot, W'HAMPTON: Jai, Stewart. TWBA: Pigott. WARWICK: Pigott, Johnsons. ADELAIDE: C. Birks, Cox Bros., J. Green, Foy & Gibson, J. Martin, Miller Anderson, Moores, Myer Emp., Peoples Stores, Rundle Corset House. PERTH: Aherns, Bairds, Beavis, Bon Marche, Cox Bros., Economic Stores, Foy & Gibson, Moores. FREMANTLE: Pailows. HOBART: Brownells, Cox Bros., G. P. Fitzgerald, Mathers, Miss McChesney, J. T. Soudy. LAUNCESTON: Ludbrooks, McKinnlay.

JENYNS PATENT CORSET PTY. LTD.



Detergent Action plus Seismotite Dissolves Grease on contact!

Buy the BIG 14-oz. Economy Tin



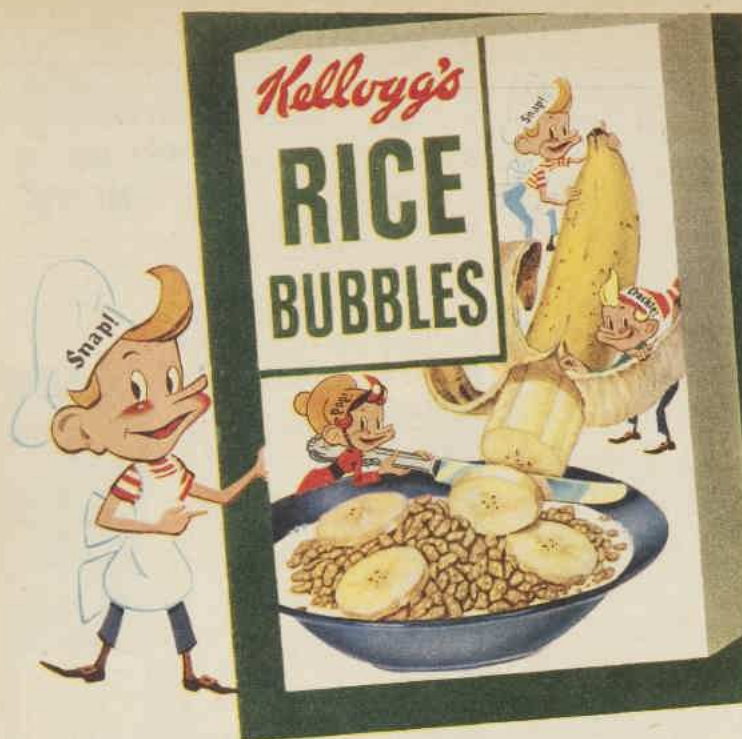
Your sink and bath—even your grimest pots and pans—Old Dutch will clean them shining bright in next to no time. The amazing new grease-dissolver in Old Dutch cuts stubborn grease on contact!

OLD DUTCH Does the Whole Job in Half the Time

TRUE BOOKS

This attractive series of factual books for the young is adding new titles constantly. Each is expertly written, illustrated, and on a subject of general appeal.

Price 7/6 From All Booksellers



The crispest cereal that ever came out of an oven!

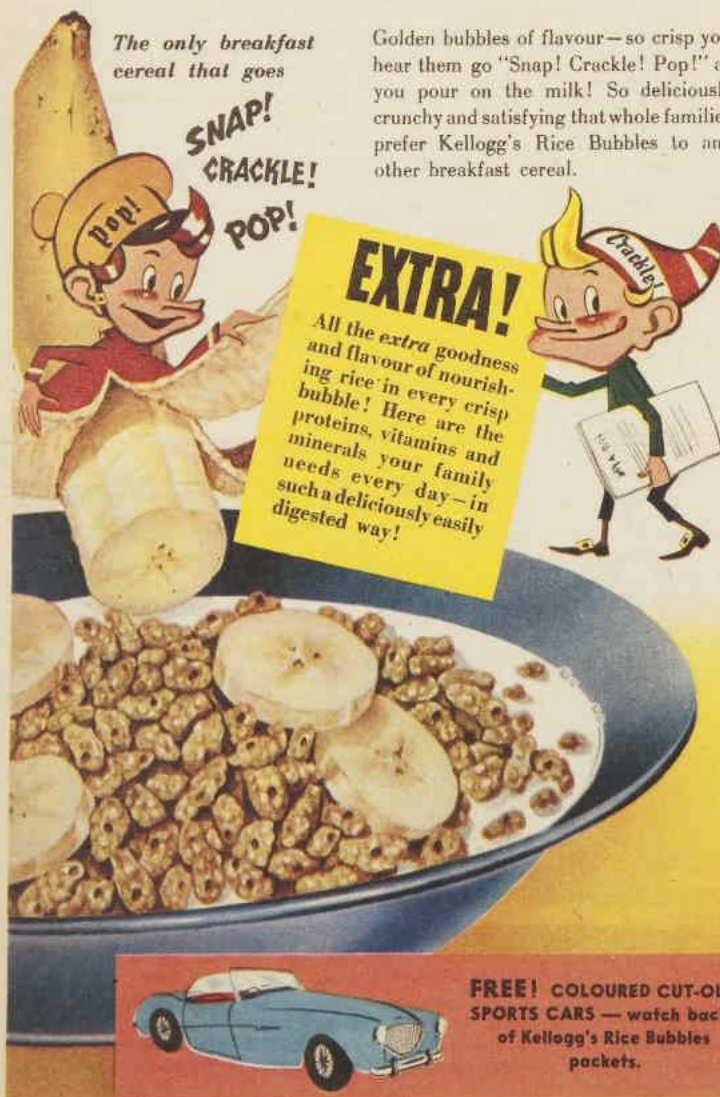
The only breakfast cereal that goes

**SNAP!
CRACKLE!
POP!**

Golden bubbles of flavour—so crisp you hear them go "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as you pour on the milk! So deliciously crunchy and satisfying that whole families prefer Kellogg's Rice Bubbles to any other breakfast cereal.

EXTRA!

All the extra goodness and flavour of nourishing rice in every crisp bubble! Here are the proteins, vitamins and minerals your family needs every day—in such a deliciously easily digested way!



FREE! COLOURED CUT-OUT SPORTS CARS—watch backs of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles packets.



TO BE CONTINUED

All Silver
needs weekly
Silvo care...



Only when your silverware is
gleaming does it reflect your
side in your home. To keep
it shining beautifully is no
task at all when you use liquid
Silvo, the quickest and safest
silver polish.

The Silvo straight from the tin
does not harm the delicate
surface of silver.



Ever since grandma
was a girl...



...she's known the
value of genuine
PHILIPS



Are you reading
Australia's most
exciting "Comic"
Strip
**THE STORY OF
NED KELLY**
in the
AUSTRALIAN 'BOY'
All Newsagents 9d.



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out
ready to make

Lynette

Thea

"LYNETTE."—Cool one-piece made in floral cotton everglaze. The material features a white flower printed on navy, pink, green, blue, and maize.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 22in. and 34in. bust, 67.5, 36in. and 38in. bust, 59.11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 22in. and 34in. bust, 46.6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 48.7. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

"THEA."—Matron's frock designed on slimming lines. The material is check silk jersey. The color choice includes brown and white, red and white, blue and white, green and white, mustard and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 38in. and 40in. bust, 61.11, 42in. and 44in. bust, 63. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 38in. and 40in. bust, 51.9, 42in. and 44in. bust, 64.7. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

FROM YOUR VERY
FIRST BRUSHING



Instant Protection from TOOTH DECAY -BAD BREATH



**ONLY KOLYNOS
COMBINES
ENZYME-DESTROYING
FORMULA WITH
CHLOROPHYLL — PLUS A
SPECIAL DEEP-CLEANING
ACTION!**

Dental Science has proved that certain enzymes in the mouth produce tooth-decaying acids. Dental science has proved, also, that Chlorophyll stops bad breath instantly—and helps keep your gums firm and healthy.

Now, in Kolynos Chlorophyll Toothpaste, you get both an enzyme-destroying formula and active Chlorophyll. Not only that—you get them in a better form. Kolynos Chlorophyll Toothpaste combines these two benefits with a deep-cleaning, lively foam of tiny

anti-decay bubbles which surge around and between your teeth. These active bubbles find their way into crevices where decay germs breed. They give your entire mouth the full benefits of Chlorophyll—plus the full benefits of the enzyme-destroying formula. That is why Kolynos Chlorophyll Toothpaste gives you instant and greater protection from tooth decay and bad breath.

COOL! MINTY!



LARGE
and
MEDIUM

**FIRST with CHLOROPHYLL!
FIRST with ENZYME-DESTROYING
FORMULA in Australia**

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

Make you certain of the

3C's

(CONFIDENCE, COMFORT
and CONVENIENCE)

for hygienic protection
ask always for

**Modess
29**



139/42



Have
WHITER teeth
in 10 days!

**American
Formula!**



Kiddies
love it!

NEW TOOTHPASTE SAFELY REMOVES DULLING FILM

Here's an entirely new toothpaste that cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before! American-formula NYAL Toothpaste is different. In place of soap, it contains a highly-activated dental detergent which foams instantly and safely removes dulling film and stains from the teeth. This new smooth-textured white toothpaste whitens and brightens the teeth as you never thought possible. The clean, refreshing flavour of new NYAL Toothpaste comes from the special blend of genuine American Peppermint Oil with mild flavouring oils. Children like it, too! See for yourself how new NYAL Toothpaste really cleans your teeth. Try it! Get new NYAL Toothpaste from your chemist to-day! Large Tube— 2/7



Prevent "Wind" Pains

After each feeding, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Smooth, even pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes— 2/6, 4/3.

NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA



Gentle Natural Laxative



Thousands of mothers prefer NYAL Figsen above all other laxatives because Figsen is gentle yet thorough in action; easy to take; pleasant tasting. Figsen acts *naturally* and won't upset even sensitive stomachs. Two strengths—*Regular*, equally suitable for adults and children; *Double strength*, for adults who find that they need more positive laxative action. Regular, Double strength, 2/3; 3/6.

NYAL FIGSEN

Nyal



Soothing Relief for sore inflamed eyes!

NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper . . . 4/9.

NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

Soothing Relief from skin irritations

The new, *modern* formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream quickly gives comforting relief from diaper rash, cradle cap and urine scalds. Contains *Calamine* to help soothe pain and discomfort; *Benzocaine* to give instant relief from pain, irritation and itching; *Lanolin* to make the skin soft and supple. Large tube— 2/3.

NYAL CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM



Novel Gift Pack

Here's a grand present for baby at any time— "Nikko," the NYAL Baby Powder Bear, made in the new polyethylene pliable plastic. When squeezed, produces fine mist of silky smooth Nyal Baby Powder. When empty, "Nikko" becomes a durable nursery or bath toy. There's no waste when you use "Nikko"—the powder can't spill.



"NIKKO" the NYAL BABY POWDER BEAR

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

NYAL Antacid Powder 3/6, 6/-
NYAL Aspirin-Codine Tablets . 2/-, 3/6
NYAL Cold Sore Cream 2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion 2/3
NYAL Corn Remover 2/3
NYAL Creophos 3/9, 6/3, 7/6
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin . 4/6
NYAL Esterin Tablets 3/6
NYAL Eye Lotion
(with Plastic Eye Bath) 3/9

NYAL Milk of Magnesia Tablets . . 4/6
NYAL Prickly Heat Powder 3/-
NYAL Santanettes (Warm Tablets) . 3/6
NYAL Soothing Syrup 2/6
NYAL Vitamin & Mineral Tonic, 6/-, 11/-
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic . 5/9
NYAL Worm Syrup 3/9
NYAL Zinc Cream (jars or tubes) . 2/3
NYAL Holdrite Dental Plate
Powder 3/-, 4/3

NYAL Kleenrite Dental Plate Paste . . 2/7
NYAL Baby Oil 3/-
NYAL Camphor Ice 2/-
NYAL Kwik Tan Cream 2/6, 3/11
NYAL Kwik Tan Oil 3/11
NYAL White Lip Solve 2/3
NYAL Sunburn Cream 2/-
NYAL Antiseptic Healing Cream . . . 4/9
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough
Elixir 3/6, 5/6
NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir, 5/6, 9/6